

Nine Stories by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, A. B. Cooper, E. J. Oxenham, Mary Stewart Cutting, &c.
March, 1908. 6d.

THE QUIVER



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Face Cover 2.

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"The Quiver"
March, 1906.

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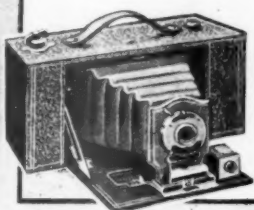
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"The Quiver," Mar., 1908.
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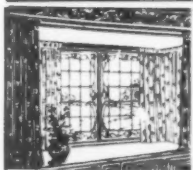
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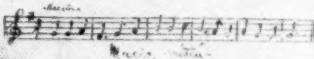
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Now look at him! The doctor ordered him Cod Liver Oil Emulsion.



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"I have much pleasure in testifying to the benefits which my child has derived from Cod Liver Oil Emulsion. Up to the age of four months he was a delicate and puny child. The doctor ordered him Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, so I started by giving him it, and by the time he had taken the second bottle we noticed a great improvement in him, so I continued giving it with such success that I can honestly say he is one of the finest children in the town. He is just fifteen months old, and during teething he is no trouble whatever."

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

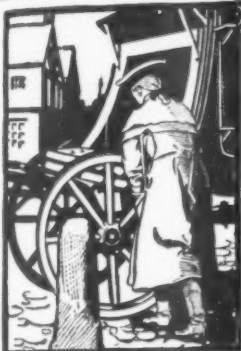
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At all Branches
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Or by Post from the Manufactory, Nottingham, for 2/1 and 1/4 respectively.



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whole set, and which he thought had but little pretence to take such a liberty. But, upon his demanding the reason why it did so, the wheel replied that it was natural for people who laboured under any affliction or infirmity to complain."

This old fable of the wise man Æsop has a present-day application. For as it is with the wheels of a coach, so it is with the Organs of our wonderful Bodies. When in good order they do not "creak" or complain. A man in perfect Health scarcely knows that he has a Liver, for instance; and it is the same with all the Organs of Digestion. Directly these make their presence felt by feelings of Discomfort, such as Pain, Distension, Nausea, loss of Appetite, Weariness, and Despondency, rest assured that there is something wrong with them.

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Liver, in Mr. Kight's interesting case, did its work well. It was in good order, and even its presence was not felt. By some errors in diet, and probably lack of exercise, this happy state of things ended, and the Liver "complained," after its own usual fashion, by setting up Pain and Discomfort. Mr. Kight had been a happy man previously, but now everything looked gloomy, and he suffered, as his letter says, from Mental Depression for three weary years.

There is a way out of such miseries, and after trying "nearly everything without benefit," Mr. Kight took a few doses of GUY'S TONIC. This was the "way out." The Pain disappeared, all the ugly Symptoms of Liver Complaint vanished, there was no more Constipation, the sallow Skin resumed a healthy hue, the furred Tongue became clean, the faintness, nausea, and other unpleasant troubles were removed, and in cheerful spirits and good health Mr. Kight went on his way, recommending to others the Remedy that brought him relief.

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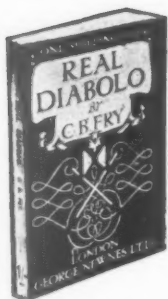
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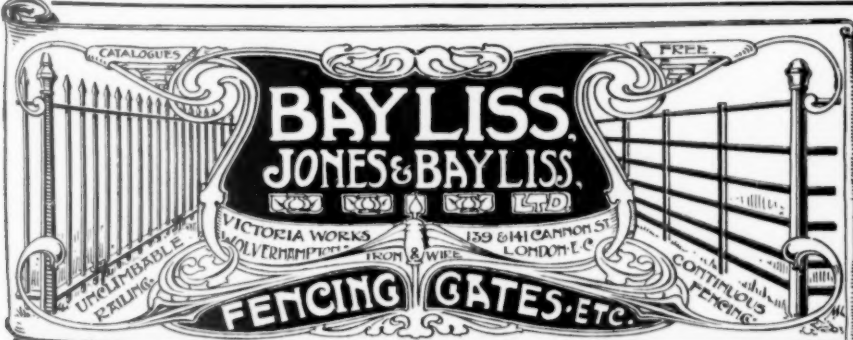
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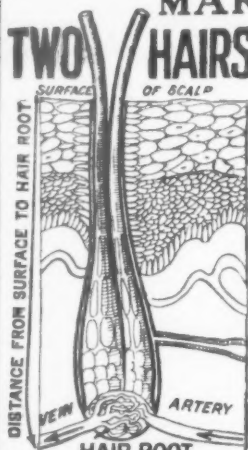
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The Quiver, March, 1908.

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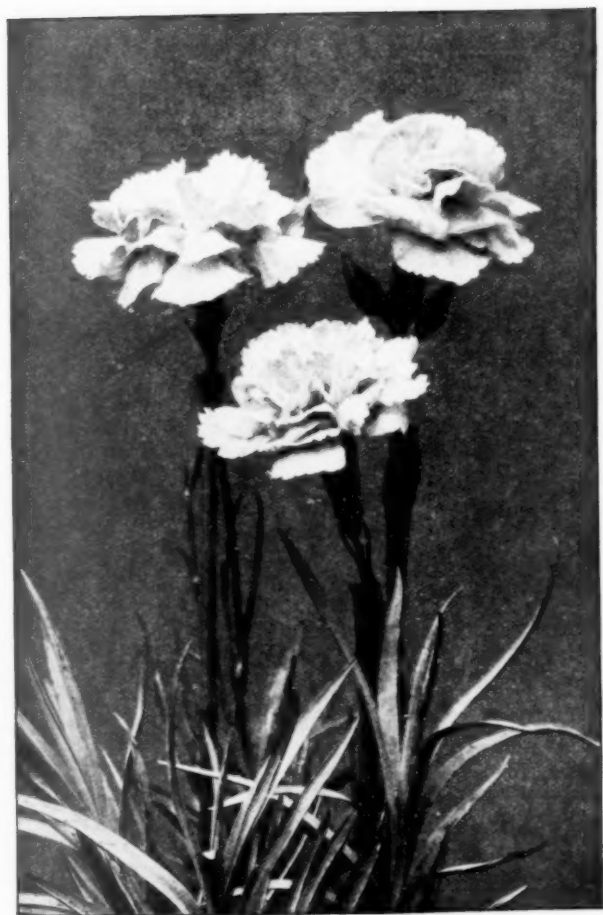
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THE STEPPING-STONES.

(Drawn by Percy Tarnant.)

Fanny Crosby at Eighty-Seven.

A Talk with the Author of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

America's most famous hymn-writer tells how some of her most popular songs were written—Memories of Moody and Sankey.

By **GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.**

THERE are few, if any, more interesting octogenarians in the world to-day than Fanny Crosby, the famous hymn-writer, who has been blind from early childhood. She is easily the foremost living author of sacred songs. Many of her hymns have become classic, and will be sung for generations to come. No one can estimate how many millions have been inspired to nobler living by such songs as "Rescue the Perishing," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Blessed Assurance," and "I am Thine, O Lord." As has often been the case with notable hymn-writers of the past, Miss Crosby's contributions to hymnology have been extremely prolific. She has written 6,000 sacred songs, in addition to hundreds of other poems on religious themes. Her hymns have been translated into many languages and dialects, and every day her lines are breathed forth in praise by tens of thousands in all lands.

Frances Ridley Havergal's Tribute.

Of all the tributes paid to the genius of the blind poetess, none exceeds in beauty that of the late Frances Ridley Havergal, the gifted English writer of sacred poetry and prose. In a letter to Miss Crosby she sent the following lines:—

"Sweet blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant, how can it be
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
Are the notes of one who may never see
'Visible music' of flower and tree?"

"Dear blind sister over the sea!
An English heart goes out to thee.
We are linked by a cable of faith and song,
Flashing bright sympathy swift along;
One in the East and one in the West,
Singing for Him Whom our souls love best."

To-day, at eighty-seven years of age, Miss Crosby is mentally and physically almost a prodigy—as, indeed, she has been throughout her entire life. When only six weeks old, she became blind through improper treatment of her eyes; but the loss of sight served only to quicken her mental faculties. While yet a child she began learning whole chapters from the Bible, and she declares that at ten years of

age she could repeat from memory practically all of these seven books of Scripture: Genesis, Exodus, and Numbers, in the Old Testament, and the four Gospels in the New. In later years she displayed the same marvellous power of memory. On one occasion she contracted to supply a Western publisher with ninety hymns. She composed forty-five, and then dictated the series, and did the same with the remaining forty-five.

Happy in her Old Age.

In her eighty-eighth year Miss Crosby is living quietly at the home of her niece at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in full possession of her mental faculties, and as vigorous and sprightly in conversation and demeanour as a young woman. She still writes hymns when the spirit moves her, and her outlook on life is that of a person twenty years her junior.

Perhaps the most unexpected phase of Miss Crosby's character at her advanced age is her spirit of merriment and joyousness. She has the happy laugh of a girl, and one is not long in her presence before she comes out with some bit of fun or quaint, witty saying which makes her visitors roar with laughter. She declares she is still "full of mischief." But the purpose of her merriment is to give others pleasure; and her pastor declares that Miss Crosby is as great a saint as she is a writer of sacred verse. The blindness of the poetess has not made her morose in the least. Long ago she said she thanked God for her affliction, for it enabled her to accomplish far more for her Master than she could otherwise have done.

It was recently my privilege to have a long conversation with Miss Crosby, through the kindness of a physician of Bridgeport, who is one of her most intimate friends. For more than an hour the poetess sat in the house of her niece, and kindly told for the benefit of my readers how some of her most popular hymns were written, relating several of the many remarkable experiences with which her life has been crowded.

We had been conversing only a few

moments when the doctor arose and secured a tiny book, which he placed in Miss Crosby's hands, explaining that she spoke more fluently when she clasped a book. The authoress received it gratefully, and exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Ah, doctor, I had the smallest book you ever saw given to me yesterday. *It was no bigger than a minute.*" After the company had enjoyed a hearty laugh at this sally, one said he recently saw a book as small as one's thumbnail. But Miss Crosby would not reveal the dimensions of her book. She simply reiterated that "It was no bigger than a minute."

The Inspiration of a Dream.

Miss Crosby declared her inspiration for hymn-writing came about partly as the result of a remarkable dream or vision she had over forty years ago. She said she had always had a fondness for astronomy, though blind, and that one night she dreamt she was in an observatory looking through a great telescope at a singularly bright star. Finally she was permitted to visit the star. She said:

"I felt myself rising from earth, passed out beyond the planets, and found my star a sun. I saw that my guide was a supernatural being. We landed on this star, and soon came to a narrow river, and I looked across it and saw the most beautiful trees; they differed from our trees in that there was no vestige of decay in their leaves, the verdure was perfect. And then under the trees I saw beautiful forms; they were walking to and fro, and their faces were radiant with joy. I turned to my guide and said, 'Let me cross that river; please let me cross that river.'

"He said, 'No, mortal, thou must first pass the portals of the grave, for nothing earthly can enter there. Go back to earth, fulfil thy mission, and then come, thou shalt cross the river.' He continued, 'Thou shalt hear one chord of the music.' Oh, it was such a chord! It was beyond description; I could not describe it. Then I awoke suddenly and was borne quickly to earth, and I wept to think I could not cross that river. Two years after that I began my work of writing Gospel hymns. That vision gave me the inspiration for the writing of them."

Miss Crosby said she could not recall the first Gospel hymn she had ever written, but that one of her earliest sacred songs began thus:—

"We are going to a home beyond the skies,
Where the roses never wither, and the sunlight never dies."

which was quite in harmony with her vision of the land beyond the river.

As the blind poetess went on to tell how some of her most famous hymns were written, and of touching incidents in connection with them, she became as enthusiastic as a young woman.

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

In speaking of the birth and mission of that beautifully tender hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," which has brought comfort to millions of sad hearts, she said:

"Mr. W. H. Doane, the author of the music, came to my house one morning, and he said that he was anxious to get the next train for Cincinnati, his home, and he was very anxious as well that I should write a hymn for a melody which he had just written, and which he played. Then he said, 'In order to do this, we have only forty minutes. Can you do it?' I smiled, and said, 'We will try.' So I ran upstairs to my room, and, as I always do, knelt down and asked Divine assistance. I finished the hymn in less than fifteen minutes. But I believe the Holy Spirit dictated that hymn. It was born for a mission, and that was to comfort sad and lonely hearts.

"I have heard a great many stories in regard to that hymn. Dr. John Hall, one of the most prominent ministers in New York, told me that he went one day to visit one of his parishioners whose little girl was lying in bed very ill. The gentleman came in tears into the reception room where the doctor was waiting, and Dr. Hall said, 'Has the little one gone home?' 'No,' said the gentleman, 'but she wants me to do something that I cannot do. I never sang a song in my life, and she won't be comforted until I sing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.' 'Never mind,' said the Doctor; 'I will get up and sing it for her,' and he went to where the little sufferer was, and sang the hymn until he came to the third line of the last verse, when the little spirit plumed its wings, flew away home, and was 'safe in the arms of Jesus.'"

"Rescue the Perishing."

Although totally blind, Miss Crosby has been an active worker in Rescue Missions for a quarter of a century. It was through a beautiful incident which occurred at the Bowery Mission, New York, one night, that the well-known song "Rescue the Perishing"—which became one of the favourite hymns of the Moody and Sankey campaigns, and

~*~ GOD BLESS THEE ~*~

Beloved friend, thou canst not know
how much I prize thy greeting,
Or how its deeply treasured words
my heart is still repeating.
And while I ask in trusting faith
that no rude storm may press thee
To thy own prayer, the best of all,
My heart repeats,
God bless thee!

God bless thee, wherever thou art
His richest gifts bestowing,
And may thy cup of life with joy
be filled to overflowing.
Oh, may the everlasting arms
in tender love caress thee
Dear, precious friend, thy prayer is mine,
I breathe it now.

God bless thee!

Fanny J. Crosby

A MESSAGE FROM FANNY CROSBY
TO MR. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER,
SIGNED BY THE HYMN-WRITER.



MISS CROSBY IN HER GARDEN.



THE HOUSE IN BRIDGEPORT WHERE MISS CROSBY
LIVES WITH HER NIECE

has since been used constantly in revival meetings and in Mission Halls all over the world—was produced. Miss Crosby said :

"One night I came into the mission to find it filled to overflowing. As I entered it seemed to me that there was a soul in that mission that I must have—some mother's boy was there who must be converted that night. I sat still just as long as I could, and then I arose and said, 'If there is a mother's boy in this room who has gone away from her teaching and her God, I wish he would come to this platform and let us pray for him.'

"A young man about eighteen years of age stood up, and said, 'Did you mean me? I have wandered from my mother's teaching and her God. I promised to meet mother in Heaven, but I cannot if I continue in my present course in life.'

"I caught both his hands, and said, 'Here, boy, kneel down, and let us pray for you.' We did pray for him, and as we arose that boy's countenance was radiant with joy. He had large, black, sparkling eyes. He said, 'Now I can meet mother in Heaven, for I have found God.'

"Then the subject, 'Rescue the Perishing,' about which a friend and I had recently talked, at once flashed into my mind and I could think of nothing else. I went home, threw off my wraps, and did not retire until I had written the lines of the hymn."

An Interesting Sequel.

Several years later a striking sequel occurred at the close of a lecture by Miss Crosby. When urged to relate it, she said :

"About two years ago I went to Lynn, Massachusetts, to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. During the remarks I made I told this story of 'Rescue the Perishing.' Afterwards, while I was shaking hands with the audience, a man came up and, grasping my hand, said: 'Miss Crosby, I am the boy you prayed for that night. I am the boy that told you I had wandered from mother's teaching and mother's God, and you prayed for me. I found the dear Lord that night and gave myself to Him, and since that time I have been trying to live a consistent Christian life. Good-bye; if we never meet here again, we will meet up there.'"

The lines of "Saved by Grace," which is one of the most popular sacred songs in use to-day, were composed as the result of

a quiet meditation on the glory of the future life. In telling how it sprang into being, Miss Crosby said :

"The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, a distant relative of mine, died very suddenly, and at the last prayer meeting that he ever attended he took as the subject the fear of death. He said that no Christian ought to fear death. He said it was not hard for a Christian, if faithful, to die. The grace that the Lord gave us, the grace that taught us how to live, would teach us how to die. Well, after his death, those remarks were published in a booklet. Mr. Biglow, of Biglow and Main, brought the book and read it to me, and we talked about it for awhile, and then he went out of the room, and I sat there thinking of it.

"Saved by Grace."

"I said to myself, 'I wonder what will be my first impression when I reach Heaven? Why, of course my first impression will be that I shall be overwhelmed with its glory and beauty; and then I shall see my Lord and Saviour face to face.' Then came the thought, 'What then? Why, tell the story, saved by grace, and that will take me into eternity.' And then I just sat there and wrote the piece :

"And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace."

Not infrequently Miss Crosby's hymns have been suggested by listening to some touching or tender melody, and the words immediately sprang up as if they were wedded to the music and had only awaited a master-mind to unite them. She gave me two instances of this method, which resulted in two of her finest devotional hymns, "Blessed Assurance" and "I am Thine, O Lord. I have heard Thy voice." She said :

"I have a friend in New York by the name of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, who is a very fine musician. One day, while I was visiting her, she played that melody, and said, 'Fanny, what does that say?' I said, 'It says "Blessed Assurance," and I think I ought to write that hymn right here.' While she was playing the melody I sat down and wrote the lines. Mrs. Knapp is the author of the melody."

The other case occurred in Cincinnati, where Miss Crosby had been working hard one day with Mr. Doane, a music publisher and composer. Miss Crosby said :

"We had been working quite hard that day, and Mr. Doane said, 'I guess it is time

to rest.' He got up and played that melody 'I am Thine, O Lord.'

"I said, 'Mr. Doane, that is lovely.'

"He said, 'What does the melody suggest to you?'

"I replied, 'That melody says, "I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy Voice, and it told Thy love to me."'

"He said, 'Will you write that?'

"I will,' I said, 'if you will please leave me alone,' and I sat there and wrote it right away."

As we talked about one and another of her hymns, Miss Crosby said she thought "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was her favourite of all her songs. In speaking of a certain song, she said, "I wrote that hymn through tears," and presently she gave her philosophy of the art of hymn-writing in the following words:—

"I have always said that every poet ought to have his or her heart broken before he or she writes a line, because if we do that we can feel more keenly the sorrows of others. Unless we have gone through with something of others' sorrows we cannot feel for them as we ought, we cannot have sympathy."

Marvellous Answers to Prayer.

Miss Crosby's life has been filled with striking and remarkable answers to prayer. Again and again she has sat down to write a hymn, but she could not compose a single line. Then she would pray, "Lord, find the subject; direct me." And at once she would have the inspiration, and the hymn would flow out in a direct answer to her petition. When I asked Miss Crosby for an example of an answer to prayer on the plane of material things, she replied:

"I came down to Biglow and Main's store one morning quite early. I wanted a temporal blessing. I knew I would get it. I wanted it then, and told the Lord all about it. Just after I had ceased telling Him the door of my room opened, a person came in, took my hand, and put precisely the amount I wanted in it, closed my hand over it, and went out, and I do not know from that day to this who did it. I know that my prayer was answered. Before I left my studio I wrote 'All the way my Saviour leads me' on the inspiration of the moment."

Miss Crosby was a warm friend and admirer of both Moody and Sankey, the famous evangelists. She wrote many songs for their "Gospel Hymns," which sold by the million copies both in England and

America. In recalling her friendship with Mr. Sankey, she said:

"Mr. Sankey would come to Biglow and Main's store every day. We liked each other from the first. I used to go to hear Moody and Sankey when they were at the Hippodrome; then I wrote for Mr. Sankey, and we became firm friends."

Talks with Mr. Sankey.

"I went to see Mr. Sankey about two years ago when he was sick. He did not know that I was there. I was very quiet the first time. The next time I went in he said: 'Fanny, tell those who love me and are praying for me that I am holding on to Christ and Christ is holding on to me, and by-and-by we will see Him face to face, and tell the story "Saved by grace."'

"Then a year ago I went to see him again. As I got into the hall something happened. I do not know what it was, but I burst out laughing. He said to his attendant, 'Fanny Crosby is in this house. Go and tell her I want her.'

"When I came to his bedside, he said: 'We are on this side yet, and if I go first I will wait for you by the tree of life on the bank of the river, and I will take you and we will go hand in hand to our Saviour, and we will tell Him how much we love Him.'"

In giving her recollections of Dwight L. Moody, Miss Crosby told how she was once raised up from death's door in answer to the prayers of Mr. Moody and others. She was taken seriously ill in New York in midsummer, and she thought her end had come.

"One day I felt as if I was almost in sight of the harbour. And I made up my mind that if I felt on the coming day as I did then, that I would gather my friends together, and bid them good-bye."

"A Basket of Pleasures."

"While I was meditating I was conscious of a superhuman agency, and mentally I heard a voice, saying, 'I have a basket of pleasures for you. Which one will you take?' I replied, 'The only pleasure I desire is restoration to health, if it be the Lord's will, and the presence of my Lord and Saviour.'"

"And then the voice said, 'Are you willing to give up all for your Lord and Saviour?' To which I answered, 'Yes, yes. Living or dying, I am the Lord's.' The voice replied, 'Then it will be well with you,' and from that hour I began to get better."

"In a few days I received a message from Northfield, Massachusetts, saying that on the very day of my vision they had received a telegram from New York stating that I was very ill, and that it was thought my end was approaching. The telegram was received while Mr. Moody was conducting his summer conference. It reached there just before the hour for an address. Mr. Moody at once turned the hour into a prayer-

meeting for my recovery. I believe that my restoration to health was in direct answer to their prayers."

It has been a strange and yet beautiful compensation for this singer of "songs in the night" of blindness, that the great events of her life have hinged upon dreams or "visions" in which she has seen as clearly as one with natural sight. As Miss Crosby said to me: "Whenever I dream anything



(Photo. Higgin and Main Co.)

MISS FANNY CROSBY LISTENING TO MR. SANKEY SINGING.

of note or consequence I dream I see it. I always dream I see." It was a vision that gave her inspiration for writing gospel hymns; it was a vision that informed her of a longer life on the earth; and finally it was a dream or vision which led to her conversion when a young woman.

Miss Crosby dreamt that a friend who was her chief adviser lay ill. She felt she could not give him up. He asked her then if she would promise to meet him in heaven, and she replied, "By God's grace I will." Of the effect of the dream Miss Crosby said:

"He had large blue eyes, and he looked up at me, and then closed his eyes; and then the next morning I thought the first thing, 'I promised to meet Mr. C—— in Heaven, and I am going to do it.' He was living, and I never told him that dream. This was in the spring. They had a protracted meeting in 30th Street, and it seemed to me that I must be converted, if ever.

I knelt at the altar one night, and said, 'Lord, I give myself to Thee; but, oh, let me have the assurance that I am Thine to-night, for if I do not I never will.' I felt just that way. When they came to that verse, 'Here, Lord, I give myself away,' I sprang to my feet and cried, 'Hallelujah! I do give myself away from this moment,' and from that time until this I have never had a doubt."

That was sixty-five years ago, and no one can measure how much the world has been enriched by the consecrated genius of Miss Crosby since that event. What has been the secret of the songs she leaves as a heritage to future generations? Miss Havergal described it when, in another part of her poetic tribute to the blind singer, she said:

"How can she sing in the dark like this?
What is her fountain of light and bliss?
Her heart can see, her heart can see!
Well may she sing so joyously!
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of His face."



Vita Brevis!

"While we have time, let us do good unto all men."

LIFE is so short a span:
Let us make speed
To do the good we can.

Life is so short a song:
Take we good heed
To sing no note that's wrong.

Life is so short a mile:
From the straight road
Let none our steps beguile.

Life is so short a toil:
Work only best,
Good work that shall not spoil.

Life is so short a stress:
Speak only words
To hearten and to bless.

Life is so short, so fleet:
Set not one thorn
To wound another's feet.

Life is so short a hill:
Brave the rough steep
With dauntless heart and will.

Life is so short a strife:
Courage! Fight on.
Peace crowns the warrior's life.

Life is so short a day:
Stretch out thine hands,
Help others on the way.

Life is so short: be spent,
Give all, keep naught;
To serve is heart's content.

Life is so short: to part
Is not for long;
Look onward, lonely heart.

Nay, life is long! Death's gate
Openeth to where
Christ and thy loved ones wait.

Yea, life is long! Death's door
Is the straight gate
To life for evermore.

Life is eternal! Heart,
Courage! To-day
Is but Life's prelude part!
E. M. DAWSON.

Auntie Jane's Piano.

A Complete Story.

By **ELSIE JEANETTE OXENHAM.**

AUNTIE JANE gazed round her room with a look of deep content. She had scrubbed the kitchen, and moved all her belongings from the front bedroom to the little room over the kitchen. She had baked scones and cakes and made a wonderful pudding. She had dusted every corner of the parlour with minutest care. Last of all, she had polished the shining sides of the piano, and rubbed up the broken candlesticks. For the piano was her greatest treasure, and, moreover, had gained her a distinct social standing in the village. No one else in Penrhos had a piano.

Yet there was a touch of dissatisfaction in her look. The neat little room seemed wanting in something. Then her face cleared. Of course! There were no flowers, and English folk always liked to have flowers about them. Her own were over, so, thinking she had plenty of time, she hurried off down the road to borrow some roses from Mrs. Hughes at the farm.

But the coach was early that afternoon, and as she entered Mrs. Hughes's gate it turned the corner and drew up. A crowd of children gathered instantly from all the gateways, and their mothers and grandmothers appeared at windows and doors also, for a stranger must expect to be stared at, and they all knew that Auntie Jane's niece was to arrive that afternoon. They were curious to see if she were like her father, who had gone away thirty years ago to make his fortune, or if she took after her mother, the English stranger whom he had married in Australia. So all eyes were fixed on the girl as she climbed lightly down from her seat beside the driver, reached up for the bag he handed to her, and looked eagerly round.

She had been looking forward to this visit to her father's home, and had come prepared to be delighted with everything. The wide road to the sea, the cottages here and there, each with its low wall and gate and strip of garden—she had heard of them so often that she felt at ease at once.

And she knew which was her aunt's house, in which her father had lived as a boy—the end house, with the green arch over the gateway—and she went to it without hesitation, to the surprise of the onlookers.

Nell looked about with interest as she opened

the gate. The slabs of blue slate in the gateway and before the door, the tiled path through the little garden, the bushes of giant hydrangea and the great tree fuchsia growing against the house; the plants filling the windows and the big shells on the sills, were new to her though typical of the district. She knocked, waited awhile, then knocked again.

Miss Jones from next door came hurrying down her path and in at the next gate.

"Mrs. Roberts iss gone out," she explained. "But you must go right in—yess, indeed, you must."

She led the way in herself, and Nell followed doubtfully.

"Sit down an' feel at home," said Miss Jones hospitably. "I am sure Mrs. Roberts will not be ferry many minutes. You will be Miss Nell, from Liverpool?"

Nell assented, and followed her down the red-and-blue tiled passage into the front room.

It was a small room, dark because of the plants in the window, and very full of furniture. The table, couch, and chairs took up most of the space, and the piano, which filled all the rest, seemed rather out of place.

Miss Jones saw her glance at it, and was delighted to enlarge upon the subject.

"That iss Mrs. Roberts's pianny, an' if she iss a bit proud of it it issn't a great wonder for there issn't another in Penrhos."

"She must be very fond of music."

"Ay, she iss! But it's not much of it she can hev, for there are not many can play to her, you see."

"Doesn't she play herself?" Nell asked in surprise.

"No, indeed. When would she be learning to play the pianny? Oh, she doesesn't play more than a note now and then, just to hear the sound of it. She can't play tunes."

"I wonder she bought a piano if she doesn't play herself."

"Ah! that iss just what we would like to know—where Mrs. Roberts's pianny came from," said Miss Jones, delighted to find a new listener. "It cam' home one day in a cart, an' she hass neffer told us where she got it. I don't think she would buy it, for a pianny must cost a deal o' money."

"Perhaps someone gave it to her?"

"Who would be giving her a pianny?"

Nell could not answer, so Miss Jones chattered on.

"Mrs. Roberts iss most ferry fond o' the pianny, but it do seem a shame to hev it standing there for no use. She tries it herself now and again. I hev heard her play the notes over, all ferry slow, from the bottom to the top an' back again, just to hear it wass all right. An' I hev heard her talk to it, when she was lonely, or mebbe she was just speaking to the cat."

"Perhaps she'll let me play to her."

The door burst open, and Auntie Jane came breathlessly in, for she had seen the coach and had been informed by all the small boys that the stranger had arrived.

No one had quite understood her feeling with regard to this visit. The neighbours had entered into her excitement and delight, but they had never suspected her secret foreboding. For Nell was twenty and had lived abroad. Perhaps she would despise the village ways, and sneer at the old folks. Auntie Jane had seen that kind of thing before in town-bred young ladies, and her expectancy had been tinged with anxiety.

But one glance at Nell's sweet face dispelled her fears, and she took the girl in her arms and assured her again and again of her welcome.

Auntie Jane was a little old woman, a twenty-years' widow, dressed always in black. Her eyes were kindly, but had a wistful look—for they had been lonely years since her man was lost at sea—and her worn face was sad when in repose. But it lit up when she spoke, and was glowing happily as she greeted the bright-faced girl.

"I haf been telling Miss Nell about your pianny," said Miss Jones, "an' she wass saying she would mebbe play to you now an' then."

"Why, I'll be delighted! I'll play all the time if you like, auntie."

Auntie's eyes shone with anticipation.

"Then you will mek me ferry happy, Nell. Now come away upstairs. There iss a thing I must tell you, lass," she said, when Nell had duly admired the bedroom. "I hev asked a little party to-night, because you are here."

"Oh, auntie, you shouldn't have troubled! It's very good of you, dear, but I didn't expect parties."

"There iss another thing I must tell you," Auntie Jane interrupted quickly. "I hev been fearing you would not enjoy it ferry much, Nell; but it iss done, an' I cannot change it now. You see," she hesitated, "I hev asked some o' the old folks, who know all about you. I hev not asked the young people,

an' I hev bin thinkin' mebbe you would rather talk to the girls than their mothers."

"I'll be delighted to meet your friends, auntie. I can see the girls to-morrow."

"They are so eager to see you, an' it did seem fair to ask the old folks first," Auntie Jane said anxiously.

"Of course," Nell smiled.

"There iss another thing I must tell you," her aunt confessed. "I hev bin thinking mebbe you would be able to play the pianny to us. You see, we are so ferry fond o' music, an' no one can play to us here."

Nell laughed. "You must make use of me while you have me. I'll play as much as you like."

"Then all Penrhos will be glad you hev come."

The party was a strange one to be invited to meet a young girl. But Nell, amused at the interest in herself which had brought the guests together, greeted them with a warmth which established her in their hearts at once.

First came Thomas Griffiths, who was over eighty and rarely ventured abroad, but had made an exception out of curiosity concerning the visitor; then Mrs. Morgan, who was seventy-nine, very deaf, and always busy; old John Davies, who was a great-grandfather and was welcomed everywhere for his jokes and stories; and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who came each leaning on one arm of their farmer son Jack, for the father was blind and the mother had been crippled with rheumatism for the last ten years.

Then the parlour was full, and Auntie Jane had to beg them all to sit down while she prepared tea. She had intended to do this alone, but Nell scouted the idea, and finally she and Jack Williams took the matter into their own hands and allowed auntie simply to superintend.

Jack had only intended to bring his parents to the door and return for them in the evening, but Auntie Jane had captured him, and begged him to stay and talk to Nell. And Jack, having seen her as the coach passed his gates, did not require much persuasion.

The feast—a mixture of tea, dinner, and supper—had cost Auntie Jane much thought, for it was long since she had entertained so large a party, and she was somewhat anxious as to the result. But her good faring was heartily enjoyed by everyone, and the outspoken praise made her blush with pride. The party grew merry over old jokes and stories, and under cover of the conversation Nell and Farmer Jack rapidly became good friends.

Then old John Davies—called "old," even

in Penrhos, since the birth of his great-grand-child—called for music.

"It is not everyone can give us music, but we've all heard Mrs. Roberts's piano before, and we want to hear it again. Perhaps Miss Nell will give us a tune."

At which speech Auntie Jane blushed again with pride and pleasure, and Nell smilingly went to the piano. When she had played for a time she began to sing, and sang the old songs so sweetly that old eyes grew dim and old heads nodded approval, and Auntie Jane's old face glowed with delight.

And when the guests had reluctantly said good-night, and Farmer Jack had managed to tear himself away, it was found that all the children and half the grown people in Penrhos were gathered round the gate or sitting on the wall.

"I'm that pleased to hev somebody to play the pianny to me," said Auntie Jane next day. "I hev neffer had as much music as I wanted before. No, lass, you shall not help me in the kitchen. But you might gi' me a tune while I peel the potatoes."

Nell laughed, and went to the piano. Then a knock took her to the door.

"Here's a letter for you, auntie."

"A letter for me?" And Mrs. Roberts studied the writing, stamp, and postmark in astonishment with a touch of dismay.

"I only hev letters from your folk, an' they would not write to-day when you are here. It iss not your father's writing either, to be sure."

She summoned up courage to open the letter at last, and Nell set to work on the potatoes.

Then she turned suddenly at a strange sound—a gasp of dismay from the old lady. Auntie Jane's face was white and frightened, and she was trembling all over as she read the letter; Nell gazed at her in dismay.

"Auntie, dear, what's the matter? Is there anything I can do?"

But Auntie Jane folded the letter with shaking hands and put it hurriedly out of sight.

"It iss nothing—it iss all right, Nell. It— it iss from a friend I hev not heard from for a long while. There iss nothing to be troubled over."

But the startled look on her pale face, and the frightened expression in her eyes, gave the lie to her words, and Nell bent over her anxiously.

"I wish you'd tell me, dear. I know there's something wrong."

"Then you think—your old auntie—iss

telling fibs?" stammered Auntie Jane, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "You—you shouldn't think such things, Nell. I—I'll go upstairs a minute. Would ye mind making a start at the potatoes?"

Nell watched her anxiously as she crept away, as unlike the bustling little woman of the night before as she could well be, and washed and peeled to the accompaniment of anxious thoughts.

"She looks twice as old as she did before that wretched letter came. I do wonder—but she won't tell. I must try to get it out of her somehow. There might be something I could do. I wonder what it means!"

The potatoes were boiling before Auntie Jane came down, and when she appeared her eyes were red and had still that look of frightened dismay. But she would give no answer to Nell's troubled questions beyond asserting again that there was nothing wrong.

"I hev bin thinkin', lass, you should go for a walk on the beach this afternoon," she said, as Nell laid the cloth for dinner. "If you do not mind, I will not come, for I—I am not feeling ferry well."

"And I've been thinking that if you would lie on the sofa, auntie, and perhaps have a nap, I would play to you all the afternoon. The other folk can hear another day. Just now I want to play to you."

Nell, pondering the matter, had decided that this was the only thing she could do. If her aunt would not tell her trouble, she could not comfort her by words, but perhaps the music she loved would soothe her. But to her surprise the old lady seemed to shrink from the suggestion.

"No, no. I do not want music to-day. I—I could not—you must not play to me to-day, lass. You will go out, to please me. Nell, an' I will rest when you are gone."

Nell watched her anxiously during dinner, and saw that she ate almost nothing. And when, in response to her aunt's repeated entreaties, she went out for a stroll, she had not the heart to admire the beautiful beach with its wide view of sea and mountains, but soon hurried home for fear she should be wanted.

To her surprise, as she entered the gate, she heard the sound of the piano, and found Mrs. Roberts standing beside it, touching note after note, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, auntie, how can you? You know I'm be only too glad to play to you! Why did you send me away? Auntie, what is the matter?"

But Mrs. Roberts had hastily dried her eyes



"Perhaps Miss Nell will give us a tune."

and closed the piano, and now she stumbled off upstairs without a word, and locked herself in her own room.

Nell stood staring at the piano, surprised and frightened.

"What does it mean? I wish I could understand!"

She waited anxiously for a while, then made a cup of tea and carried it upstairs. But auntie would not admit her, and with deepening anxiety Nell had to go down unsatisfied and wait there alone.

It was six o'clock when auntie crept downstairs, silent and shy, and very much ashamed of herself.

"Hev you got yourself some tea, lass? I'm most fery sorry to hev left you by yourself so long, but I—I fell asleep, an' did not know it wass so late."

Nell looked at her. Her eyes were red and heavy, and it was plain she had not slept. She confessed to a headache, so Nell made her some more tea, and dropped the subject of the trouble for a time.

"Now," she said presently, "you sit there and rest, auntie. You look ever so much better for that tea. I'm going to sing to you."

But to her surprise Mrs. Roberts protested again.

"I don't want it to-night. You're a good lass, an' I thank you; but—but—I'd rather ye didn't touch the pianny to-night. We'll just hev a quiet talk together. Tell me more about your brothers at home."

All that evening she would not have the piano touched. Next morning she came down heavy-eyed and weary after a sleepless night, and Nell's anxiety grew to alarm. If she could have found the fateful letter, she would have read it and solved the mystery, for she longed to help, but it was safe in Auntie Jane's keeping.

During the forenoon Mrs. Roberts called her into the parlour. She was standing by the piano, dusting it with loving care. It was an old instrument, and in some circumstances would have been considered worn out; but she had polished it till it shone like new. She put down her duster and sank into a chair beside the piano.

"There iss a thing I must tell you, Nell. I hev let it wait as long as I could, but—but you must hear it now. Don't you think too badly of me, lass. Other folk will, mebbe—"

"Why, auntie! As if I ever could!"

"Wait till I hev told you. That letter—it wass from Mrs. Lloyd, who lived at Bryntirion, the big house near Morfa. I wass nurse to her babies before she went away. She—she iss coming to see me this afternoon."

"That's very nice, I'm sure," Nell said, much puzzled. "You'll be pleased to see her again."

"But—but—she iss coming to take the pianny away!" sobbed Auntie Jane.

"To take it away? Your piano? But how can she? Auntie, dear, what do you mean? We won't let her take your piano."

"But it's *not* mine! It iss hers, an' I hev neffer told anybody. I hev let them think it wass mine all these years. It iss as bad as if I had stolen it. I hev bin most fery wicked," sobbed Auntie Jane, finding relief in confession. "I—I thought it would be so fine to hev a pianny, when nobody else had one. I wass so proud of it, an'—an' she said she might neffer come back! I let them all think it belonged to me. Oh, what will they say? I—I can neffer tell them."

"I don't quite understand," Nell said gently, holding her in her arms. "Tell me about it quietly, dear. Did Mrs. Lloyd give it to you? Did she go away?"

"She went to India. She asked me to keep the pianny till she came back. The rest of the things were to go to town an' be stored; but she said the pianny would be better in a house wi' folk living in it. The folk here didn't know where it came from. Now I shall hev to tell them all about it, an'—an' they'll know it wass neffer mine at all. I'll be that lonely without it, too! For ten years it's kep' me company, and I wass neffer lonely with it there. I—I can't get on without it. An' she'll be here this afternoon."

Nell comforted her as well as she could, but how to help she did not know. There seemed nothing to be done. If Mrs. Lloyd came for the piano, it would have to be given up. But she insisted that at least the neighbours need not be told. Let them ask questions! They need not be answered.

"Auntie, dear, I think you should go to bed, and let me see Mrs. Lloyd," she said thoughtfully. "I'll tell her you are ill. And it won't be far from the truth if she comes much longer," she said to herself.

"It would be no use. She would say she must go up an' see me."

"Well, you shall wait in the kitchen, an' if I can keep her from bothering you, I will."

So Nell was on the watch for the carriage, and when it drove up she had a good look at Mrs. Lloyd before going to the door.

She was well dressed, but she stopped at the gate to speak a word of Welsh to the children who came running from all quarters. Her face was good-natured and homely, and N.

said to herself, from behind the plants in the window :

"She looks kind. I've a good mind to tell her it will break auntie's heart to lose the piano. I don't believe she'd take it away if she knew. It's an old thing, anyway. But I hardly like to. I might have to tell the whole story, and auntie couldn't stand that."

She led the great lady into the parlour, and explained that her aunt was not very well, which was only the truth.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. You must let me see her if it's possible," Mrs. Lloyd said heartily. "You see, I want to ask a favour of her. Is this my old piano? How wonderfully she has kept it! I hope she is not really ill."

"To tell you the truth," said Nell, deciding on a bold step, "I think it is the thought of parting with the piano. You see, she has lived alone with it for ten years, and it has been a kind of companion. I think she feels

it will be like saying good-bye to an old friend."

Mrs. Lloyd laughed gently.

"Has she been feeling upset about it? I am so sorry. I should have explained in my letter. Perhaps, if you take her my message, she'll be willing to see me. I came to ask her if she could make room for the piano for a while longer—in fact, if she could keep it altogether. We're settling down in England, and of course we're having to furnish our house almost over again. My husband has bought a new piano, and we're going to use our best old one for the children's practising. But we don't want a third, and this one is really past hard work. It was nearly worn out when I sent it to Mrs. Roberts, but I thought it might please her to have it. So if you think she can still make room for it——"

And Nell hurried off to tell the good news.

"It iss more than I hev deserved," sobbed Auntie Jane, when she understood.

OUR DIAMOND WEDDING.

JUST sixty years ago to-day

The bells rang out our marriage lay;

Our love was young, our hearts were strong,

Hope sang her softest, sweetest song;

The distant heights we longed to climb

Were rosy still with morning's prime,

The long, long road that stretched before

We pictured smooth and shaded o'er;

We deemed the hottest noontide hours

Were fragrant with the breath of flowers.

Yes, sixty long, long years ago,

The world to us was all aglow

With love and hope, and light that knew

No shadow; then the glamour grew

Faint with the passing of the years,

And weary eyes shone dim thro' tears;

The roads grew rough ere we had done

One half the journey, or had won

The nearest of the hills that lay

So very, very far away.

Aye, sixty years have come and gone,

But hand in hand we've wandered on Thro' clouds and sunshine, storm and stress,

Sharing Life's sweets and bitterness.

And now at eventide we stand

Together on the Borderland;

We watch the sunset rays that gild

The gates of Death—the air is filled

With wordless whispers none may hear

Save those whose feet are very near

The shores of that vast, tideless Sea

Earth's children call Eternity.

JANE MULLEY.

Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

The Dean of Peterborough.

WE are glad to hear of the improved health of the Very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough, who has often contributed to the pages of "The Quiver." Dr.



(Photo: Austen.)

THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.

Barlow is one of the busiest of Evangelical clergymen, and has left pleasant memories of his energy behind him in Islington, Bristol, Oxford, and Clapham. He was appointed in 1901 to the Deanery of Peterborough. At the last Church Congress Dr. Barlow read an interesting paper, an easy task for one who speaks as easily with the pen as in the pulpit, and who has many articles on current topics to his credit. He was for several years the examining chaplain to the Bishop of Liverpool.

Where Shepherds Worship.

WE give on this page a picture showing one of the most curious places of worship to be found in Scotland. It is a small conventicle in a secluded glen on the most northerly farm in Dumfriesshire. The worshippers, who are chiefly shepherds, with their wives and children, come from no fewer than five parishes and three counties. In the days when the minister's home was the mountain and the wood this was a favourite spot with the hill-men, and at least four great gatherings were held here during "the killing time." The voices of Richard Cameron and James Renwick have been heard in this upland solitude, while at one of the shepherd's houses in the vicinity the Covenanters met.



"The Chalice of the Grapes of God."

IT is said that there are only six or seven pre-Reformation chalices in the United Kingdom, and one of these is to be found at St. Elian's Church near Colwyn Bay, North Wales. It is 6½ inches in height, says the rector, the Rev. Powell Owen, and has a

hexagonal stem with a knob near the centre. It is ornamented with Gothic tracery and pierced openwork. The inside of the bowl is gilt, and the lip on the outside is gilt to the depth of



(Photo: Thomas, Colwyn Bay.)

A PRE-REFORMATION CHALICE.

three-quarters of an inch. One face of the base is gilt also, and on that face is executed very roughly a representation of the Crucifixion. The chalice has been dated at about 1480, but it was not originally made as it now appears, for the lip was added by a rector of Llanellian who sought to evade Archbishop Parker's order to the clergy to melt down all chalices which had been used in the Mass, so that the lips of the worshippers should not touch any metal that had been put to such use. By placing the lip round the cup the rector of Llanellian obeyed the order in a sense, and at the same time preserved his chalice.



A Touching Booklet.

THE China Inland Mission (Newington Green, N.) has published a tiny booklet entitled "David," containing a most pathetic biography of a little boy who was specially interested in missions and had hoped to go out as a missionary. After his death it was decided that in memory of his beautiful life a mission should be supported in China. The little book costs fourpence, and cannot fail to impress all who read it.



WORSHIPPERS IN ONE OF THE MOST SECLUDED GLENS IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Tattoo as Temperance Pledge.

KIM KYONG SYOP is a big, strapping fellow, energetic in body and zealous in spirit, who is engaged in selling the Scriptures in Korea. Five years ago he was worshipping evil spirits, says a missionary who sends home the story to the British and Foreign Bible Society. For three years he sacrificed a cow to them each year. When Kim became a Christian he cleared out of his house and premises twenty-seven "devils' nests," made of paper and old rags. On the ball of each thumb Kim has a black spot, and the missionary asked him if they were tattooed. "Yes," said Kim, "I did that when I vowed to give up strong drink—so that if ever again I raised a glass of liquor to my mouth in either hand, I should see that spot and remember my vow."



Bible Free on the Railway.

I DO not think many of my readers have any conception of the help that is given by foreign Governments in the distribution of the Scriptures through the British and Foreign Bible Society. I notice in their last report that the German Emperor sends a yearly subscription of 500 marks to the Society's agency at Berlin. In Russia many valuable privileges are enjoyed, including free carriage over the railways for all consignments of the Scriptures, amounting to several tons each year. Free railway passes are also granted to many of the colporteurs. Most of the river steamship companies in the Russian Empire grant similar concessions as to passage and transport, while in Siberia the Society is exempt from taxation. The Japanese authorities have also granted free passes for agents and books on the railways which they control in Manchuria.

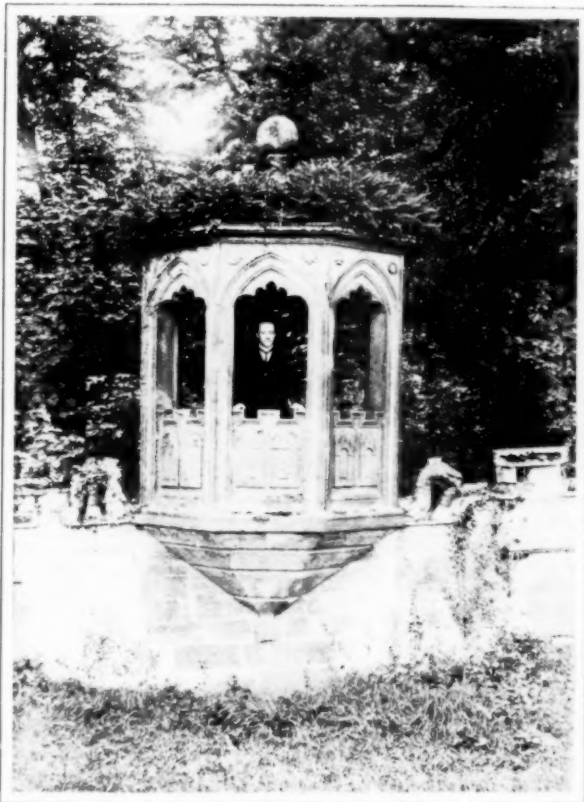


Half Fares for Ministers.

IN South America I find that similar privileges are also enjoyed by the Bible Society. Its colporteurs in Argentina are exempt from the taxes imposed upon all classes of peddlars. Free passes are also granted on important railway lines in Bolivia,

Chili, Colombia and Peru, and on steamers along the Pacific coast—representing altogether a saving to the Society of at least £500 a year. Similar generous concessions are enjoyed from the railway and steamboat authorities in British Guiana. In South Africa, too, the authorities are not behindhand in helping on the good

Tong Castle in Shropshire. This striking and picturesque octagonal stone pulpit is only a few yards from the main road, and is quite visible therefrom. The open tracery and heraldic emblems carved on the pulpit relieve it of all bareness. Inside is a stone seat, with a lion's head carved at either end.



(Photo: Chandler.)

AN OUTDOOR PULPIT.

work of spreading the Gospel. All ministers of religion are allowed to travel at half fares, and the Transvaal Government has remitted the licence tax on the colporteurs in that colony.



Pulpit out of Doors.

ONE of the least known, and certainly one of the least used, out-door pulpits is to be found built in the boundary wall of the famous

A Sea-Tossed Bible.

A REMARKABLE find was made by a Shields trawler while fishing fifty miles from the Tyne. When the net was hauled on deck a Bible was recovered from the load of fish. Inside the book was a ticket of membership of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, bearing the name of Martin Jensen, of South Shields. The Bible and shipwrecked mariner's ticket were taken to Mrs. Jensen,

who at once claimed them as the property of her husband, who was serving on board the Tyne collier "Stag" when she disappeared with all hands in the North Sea. The Bible and ticket were in an excellent state of preservation in view of their having been submerged for practically seven months.



A Popular Material.

ONE of Scotland's most valuable products is wincey, a material which stands the hardest washing without being affected in colour or size. The genuine wincey is appreciated all over the world for dresses, suits, underwear, and children's garments. Messrs. William Small and Son, Edinburgh, supply winceys in all varieties, with "Winsco" as their trade mark, and our readers cannot do better than make acquaintance with this beautiful and lasting material.



Dried Meat in the Collection.

IN parts of North-West Canada there is little or no money in circulation, and the pastor of a mission church does not think of handing round the bag. But, nevertheless, an offertory is taken. The Indians bring in whatever articles they have, such as moccasins, furs, dried meat, "babiche" or raw-hide strings used in making snow-shoes, and sometimes fish. These are received and changed into money, which is applied to the support of the mission. At one of the missions the Indians give, as a rule, from £20 to £25 annually, which means a good deal for people who have no worldly goods, and who live on what they can get from hunting and fishing.



Ploughing in Palestine.

IN his account of going up to Jerusalem the Right Rev. W. Ridley, late Bishop of Caledonia, gives a curious illustration of the primitive farming methods employed on the plains of Palestine. "Such a light little instrument is the plough," he says, "that the workman guides it with one hand, and easily picks it up at the end of the field to turn it round and begin a new furrow. The teams

were the oddest ever seen. A single camel, aggrieved-looking as usual, was harnessed to the tiny plough he towered over; here and there a faded blue buffalo, with his moist nose in the air, ploughed his furrow; there is a pair of little oxen, and another team of more bonny milch cows labouring not far off; but to see one yoked with a donkey, and another with a mule added the grotesque to the old-world picture. Horses were rare. The ploughman kept out of the furrow altogether, and trudged on with one hand on the plough and a little goad in the other."



Buying Words.

ONE of the greatest difficulties with which missionaries have to contend when translating the Scriptures is to find suitable native words for certain expressions in the Old and New Testaments. The Rev. Dr. Gunn, who has laboured in the New Hebrides for nearly a quarter of a century, has described some of his trials in mastering the language. One of his methods was to pay the natives a fixed rate for every hundred words they brought to him. The more intelligent of the younger men would write down lists of words, sometimes getting from the older men words not in general use. For all that were new to him Dr. Gunn paid at the rate of ninepence per hundred. There were many words indeed for which there were no equivalents in the language, and in such cases the corresponding English word was used and described by speech or picture. The word "tent" was rendered as "the house that is carried about," and "widow" as "a woman whose husband is dead."



India Past and Present.

THREE Indian missionaries, whose periods of service aggregate over one hundred years, have just been comparing the present position of Christianity in the great dependency with what it was thirty years ago. Mr. Wade, of the Punjab, went out in 1863, when the year's baptism in the mission to which he was attached numbered forty-two; last year they were 547. There was then one native pastor,

now there are seventeen. Forty-five years ago there were no medical missions in the Punjab—now they are placed all round the frontier, besides a large one at Amritsar; there were no Church Missionary Society ladies, except wives of missionaries—now there are thirty, of whom five have medical qualifications; Mr. Wade says that the machinery is more efficient than ever it was before, and there are greater opportunities.



Veterans of Fifty Years.

MR. LASH, another veteran missionary, with the record of forty years in Southern India, is proud of his share in founding the Serampore College at Palamcottah, Tirunelveli, and the Buchanan Institution at Pallam, Travancore, with their branch schools, in which altogether over 2,500 are now receiving their education. And lastly, Mr. Goodhue, with a record of not less than twenty years, says that in his district of Masulipatam, in the Telugu Country, the Christian adherents have increased since 1890 from 2,000 to nearly 6,000; and there is about the same number in the neighbouring district of Ellore, where the veterans, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, labour still after fifty years of service. What a contrast with the unrelieved darkness and superstition of a generation ago.



London's New Golconda.

HATTON GARDEN has long had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest quarters in London, and its riches have been increased by the establishment of a new treasure-house by Mr. Stewart Dawson. Australia knows him well, for in every large city at the Antipodes he has established a palace of jewels, where the most precious stones and the choicest examples of the jewellers' and silversmiths' arts may be obtained. Now it is the turn of London, and in Hatton Garden you may find a vast collection of beautiful goods at prices to suit every purse. But cheapness and nastiness do not go hand in hand, for everything in Stewart Dawson's shop is the hall mark of artistic workmanship.

Romances of Church-Building.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

NOTHING is much more striking to him who endeavours to know his own country than the vast amount of romance associated with the Church. It crops out again and again, often in such a form that it cannot be overlooked, and its recurrence is, perhaps, most frequent in connection with the building of churches. Many a village is redeemed from being commonplace by its sacred fane, which may yet derive its sole interest from the circumstances in which it was erected.

If some of the stories which cling to churches are improbable, if in strictness they are folklore rather than history—though, after all, these twain are near of kin—it is tolerably certain, at any rate, that they have some foundation of reality. There is, for instance, a legend about Swaffham Church, Norfolk, which in all likelihood has a basis of truth. Tradition relates that John Chapman "dreamed a dream," in which he was directed to take his stand on London Bridge and there await certain tidings. Obeying, he was accosted by a man, who, hearing of his vision, advised him to go home, adding:

"You might as well take notice of a dream of mine, for I dreamed that if I went to Swaffham, in Norfolk, and dug about the root of a certain tree, I should find a box of gold."

Chapman returned home, dug in the place indicated, and found two boxes of gold, out of which wealth he built the north aisle of Swaffham Church.

A tradition of the same order belongs to Great Ponton Church, near Grantham. Anthony Alleys, when abroad in the year 1519, sent his wife a cask, labelled "Calais Sands." On his return he inquired for the cask. Being informed that it was in the cellar, he told his wife that it contained much of the wealth he had amassed during his absence. Subsequently he and his wife conferred as to the disposition of the money, and, as they had no offspring, they decided to build a church, with the result that the present fine structure was erected.

To a different order of romance belongs that of the actual raising of some churches. Many are the strange sources from which materials were, and are still, drawn. One of the oddest was the depths of a coal-mine, 400 yards from the surface, whence came the rock of which the church at Hucknall Huthwaite, Notts, opened only a few years since,

was constructed. This is believed to be the greatest depth at which stone for building purposes has been obtained. The cost of the church, more than £4,000, was subscribed mainly by the local colliers.

While, too, numbers of churches have been built by their congregations, there is one which was erected by a single pair of hands. This edifice is Stivichal Church, near Coventry. The original building, said to have been of Saxon origin, was taken down at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and thereupon a Coventry stonemason, named Green, began the erection of the present church, and ultimately finished it without any help save a labourer's. He cut stone in winter and built in summer, and was altogether on the job, which he is stated to have carried out as an act of penance, about seven years.

Some day a similar story of sustained effort will be told of another church. Situated in a certain town in the Midlands, it has been slowly, very slowly, rising for years, one or two courses of stones having been added as its founder, whose ambition it is to defray the whole cost, has been able to find money. Close by is the old parish church, which is said to be large enough for the population; but the structure designed to supplant it nevertheless continues to grow at the rate it has grown for more than a decade—a monument of faith in an ideal.

Such one-man structures, indeed, furnish not a little of the romance of church-building. Sometimes vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself, or the founder dies suddenly, and as a consequence the edifice from which such great things were hoped is never completed. A melancholy example of unfinished temples stands in the village of Hassall, near Sandbach, Cheshire. Painfully struck with the lack of provision for the spiritual needs of the people, a local gentleman had designed a church in modern style capable of seating about four or five hundred people; and in 1836 building operations began, and went on steadily until Queen Victoria's Coronation in 1837, when it was so near completion that the walls and roof were finished and the scantlings of the floor partly put in. On the following day the benevolent gentleman was seized with his last illness, whereupon, notwithstanding that the building could have been completed at small cost, work was stopped. Nor has it since been resumed, despite the obvious waste

of money—to ignore everything else—represented by the structure in its present condition. The masonry and woodwork are now “adorned and hallowed,” as Mark Twain would say, with the names of hundreds of visitors from the surrounding towns and villages.

Some such story is generally attached to an unfinished church, but a notable exception to this rule would appear to be the best known of these “follies” in the whole country—a roofless sanctuary which crowns the “Mump,” one of those tors that rise suddenly out of the marshes at Athelney, in Somersetshire. Overlooking the river Parret at Borough-bridge, this building bears the date 1734, and is known all over the countryside as the “church that was never finished.” There is, however, some conflict of testimony about it. On the one hand, we have, in addition to the local tradition, the evidence of the building itself, which does not bear marks of much antiquity, and which has nothing to show that it has ever been used; on the other, Collinson states that it was dedicated to St. Michael and that mention of a chapel occurs early in the records of Athelney Rectory.

If, again, a one-man church is completed, it is not infrequently a distinct architectural “freak.” Till recently—“thorough restoration” has, for once, effected an improvement—there was a curious specimen at Loudwater, near High Wycombe. Outside it resembled a paper mill; within it was like the cabin of a ship at least a century old. A substantial brick building, solid enough, albeit atrociously ugly, it was built in 1788 by a paper-maker for the accommodation of the inhabitants, many of whom were at that time engaged in the manufacture of paper; and the peculiar character of the edifice was due, so the report runs, to the desire of the founder to immortalise his business. He is said, in fact, to have intended it to be a permanent advertisement! Not the least singular feature of the so-called

“paper-mill” church was that it had no name. It never bore one, or, if it did, people had forgotten it long before it was restored.

Another kind of romance is associated with the building of memorial churches. As a modern case in point, there is none better than a new edifice at Ealing. Its main peculiarity consists in that it was not raised till nearly a century after the death of the person—Spencer Perceval—whom it is intended to commemorate. Perceval was killed in 1812, and the story of his murder is one of the outstanding tragedies of Parliament. A certain bankrupt, John Bellingham, was arrested under the Russian law, and thereupon appealed

to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who rightly refused to interfere. There was absolutely nothing in the circumstances that called for his intervention. Foiled in this quarter, Bellingham sought redress from Perceval, then Prime Minister, only again to meet with a rebuff. On this he appears to have been filled with hatred of the Government, till at last his blind fury mastered him, and, meeting the unfortunate Perceval in the lobby of the House, he placed a pistol to his breast and fired. The Premier died in a few minutes. His murderer was tried



A CHURCH WITH A WOODEN NAVE.

at the Old Bailey, and, though a plea of insanity was set up, he was found guilty, and subsequently hanged. Only seven days after the crime he went to the scaffold. The idea of building a church to the memory of Perceval was long afterwards conceived by his surviving daughter, who left £11,000 for the purpose.

Besides the tardiness with which the church at Ealing was built, there are two other curious circumstances connected with it. One is that the dedication is to All Saints, because Perceval was born on All Saints' Day; the other is that the site—given for the present purpose by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild—was a part of the grounds of the house in which Perceval was living at the time he was assassinated.

HANGING

CHAPEL.

LANGPORT.



A HILLTOP CHURCH LEFT
UNFINISHED.



A
CHURCH
BUILT
BY
ONE
MAN.

A beautiful memorial church at Appleton-le-Moors, near Scarborough, also has its romance. Joseph Shepherd, a native of the place, left it a poor, friendless boy, went abroad to seek his fortune, and returned, not only loaded with money, but full of good resolutions. After performing many acts of usefulness, he set himself the task of building a church; but before his crowning work was completed he was called to his eternal home, and his wife then finished the edifice as a memorial to him.

Historic romance clusters round a church which is generally regarded as a battle memorial—as, indeed, in a sense it is—that at Battlefield, Shropshire. Battlefield is the scene of what is now called the battle of Shrewsbury—the great conflict which was waged between Henry IV. and the Percies, and which ended in a victory for the royal arms. Two thousand three hundred gentlemen and more than six thousand private soldiers were slain in this sanguinary struggle, and among those who fell was Hotspur, the brave Henry Percy. Him Falstaff (according to his own account) slew after fighting “a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.” “I look to be either duke or earl, I assure you,” says the fat knight, in boasting of his success. The honour, however, could more justly have been claimed by Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V. On the spot where, traditionally, the gallant Hotspur yielded up his spirit—a spot where many of the dead were buried—the victorious King built a chapel, and settled in it two priests to pray for the souls of the slain; and this edifice was the forerunner of Battlefield Church.

Of the original chapel only vestiges remain, the present structure having been founded in the early part of the sixteenth century by Richard Hussee. It was to have, he provided, five chaplains, “to pray for the good estate of the King while he lived, and after his death for his soul and those of Richard Hussee and of Isolda, his wife, and those of their heirs, and, finally, for the souls of all that fell in battle on that fatal spot.” The primary intent of the building accounts for its consisting of one covered space, without division into nave and chancel, and also, it may be presumed, for a statue of Henry IV., armed and crowned, which is outside the east window, beneath a beautiful open parapet.

The very remarkable sanctuary at Greenstead, Essex, is another instance of a parish church having grown from a small chapel which was not erected as a place of public worship. In 1013 the body of King Edmund, removed three years previously from Bury to London

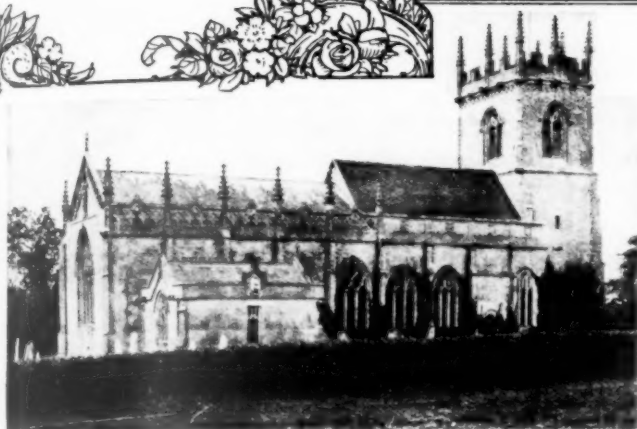
for fear of the Danes, was brought back, and on its way it rested at Greenstead, where a wooden chapel was built in its honour. This structure was of a primitive kind. The walls were composed of the trunks of oak or chestnut trees, split and roughly hewn on both sides, set on end close to one another, the bottoms resting on a low sill of brickwork, and the tops being fastened by wooden pins into a frame of rough timber which supported the roof. Window there was none, as the structure was intended merely as a temporary resting-place for the body of the saint. The dimensions, too, were meagre enough. From end to end the fabric measured 29 ft. 9 in., the width was 14 ft., and the height at the sides only 5 ft. 6 in.

This structure, after the lapse of nine centuries, forms substantially the nave of the present church. The roof and the windows are additions; but the walls consist of the original timber, on which the marks of the axe may still be seen. In the building is preserved a panel showing the martyrdom of St. Edmund, while one of the dormer windows contains a fragment of ancient stained glass representing what is conjectured to be the crowned head of the King.

Finally, by what combination of circumstances came it that some churches have roads through them or under them? There must have been peculiar reasons for so unusual an arrangement; but what these were it is difficult to imagine.

The case of St. John the Baptist's Church, Bristol, is well known. That edifice is situated right over the ancient gateway into the city, and occupies the whole extent of the wall and what was part of the fosse or ditch. Formerly the sides of the gateway formed part of the church, but through these are now openings for pedestrians. Was the church built as it is at present, or was the gateway made later and driven through it? There has been nearly as much discussion on this point as over a cognate but more familiar problem—what came first, the hen or the egg?

A minor, but none the less curious, instance of the same peculiarity is at Langport, Somersetshire. Here the road is crossed by an arched structure, the upper stage of which is known as the “hanging chapel.” Of Perpendicular date, it was originally dedicated to “Our Lady” and devoted to religious uses; but at its time it has played many parts. For some years it served as the grammar school, while in recent times it has been a masonic hall. It is yet another illustration of the mutability of things mundane.



BATTLEFIELD
CHURCH,
WHERE
HOTSPUR
FELL.



BEGUN,
BUT
NOT
COMPLETED.



A BELATED
MEMORIAL:
THE CHURCH AT
EALING
TO THE MEMORY
OF
SPENCER PERCEVAL.



Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

PART I.

SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplores her poverty, but her sister Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage for them is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition. Meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her.

The story moves on for twenty-five years, and finds Miss Fallowfield at Dinglewood Hall in the enjoyment of her fortune, most of which is spent in charity. Phoebe and her husband are dead, and their child Dagmar, now grown into a pretty young lady, lives with her aunt, from whom she has expectations of one hundred thousand pounds. The problem at Dinglewood—discussed with much shrewd wisdom at the weekly Dorcas meeting—is the appointment of a new vicar. Miss Fallowfield, who holds the patronage of the living, at first favours the Rev. Theophilus Sprott, but Dagmar declares for somebody "young and good-looking and nice." The Rev. Theophilus is the son of Mr. Timothy Sprott, head clerk to Messrs. Duncan and Somers. Miss Fallowfield's lawyer, and Timothy, inspired thereto by his pushful wife, puts in a good word with his employer on behalf of his son. But at a dinner at Dinglewood Hall the Rev. Theophilus shows such a spirit of narrow-minded intolerance that Miss Fallowfield dismisses him as a possible new vicar, and under the advice of the Bishop of Merchester appoints the Rev. Luke Forrester to the vacant living. The new incumbent, a widower of some fifty years, has the rare quality of unworldliness. With him comes his son Claude, a young man of twenty-three, architect by profession, and imbued to the finger-tips with the love of beauty and a truly religious instinct.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AN intimate friendship quickly sprang up between the Hall and the vicarage, after Mr. Forrester and his son had settled down at the latter. And before that winter was over this friendship promised—at any rate in one quarter—to ripen into love.

Its course, however, did not run altogether smoothly as regards the younger members of the party. There was a mutual antagonism, as well as a mutual attraction, between Claude Forrester and Dagmar Silverthorne. The pagan side, so to speak, of Claude's nature responded at once to the girl's brightness and beauty; but the irresponsible vein in her never failed to jar on that part of his character which was almost monkish in its austerity. There was nothing of the Puritan about the young architect, but there was a great deal of the mediæval monk, two extremes which to the casual observer would seem much the same, but which are really essentially different. Outwardly the two types exhibited alike the same uncompromising sternness and unbending asceticism; but fundamentally there was a great gulf fixed between the domesticated yet unromantic Puritan, who regarded art as a delusion of the flesh and beauty as a snare of the devil, and who hardly dared to show any love even towards his wife and children lest he should thereby seem to be putting the creature

before the Creator; and the mystical and elaborate monk, who was so absorbed in the entrancing mysteries of his spiritual life that he had no time and no inclination for earthly ties, and who toiled long and late to master such arts as those of painting and sculpture and architecture, so that he might thereby illumine the Word of God and worship Him in temple made with hands.

This monastic phase in Claude Forrester's character was at constant warfare with Dagmar's thoughts and words: she took nothing seriously, while he took everything in that manner; and they were both as yet too young to have acquired that charity which suffers long and is kind, and which is rarely, if ever, an acquisition of the twenties. Moreover, Claude was always comparing Dagmar with his idealised remembrance of his mother—much to the former's disadvantage. True, the girl was merry and young and very beautiful; but so was his mother, he argued, and she was good and wise as well. She, he felt sure, would have understood and sympathised with that ascetic strain in his nature which Dagmar alternately quarrelled with and laughed at.

On the other hand, Dagmar's easy-going, lightheartedness rebelled against the austerity which was an ingrained part of Claude's nature; and whilst he thought her too frivolous, she considered him too severe.

But although she was as yet far from falling in love with the vicar's son, her intercourse

with him opened her eyes to some of Mr. Rainbrow's faults as well as to a good many of his own. She had a decided amount of natural cleverness, and she was soon able to discover the difference between Claude's thorough knowledge of art and Octavius Rainbrow's pretended proficiency in it. There is nothing which shows up paste so quickly as the appearance on the scene of real diamonds; and Claude's artistic culture was very real as far as it went. He was also a well-read and well-informed young man all round; he could hardly have lived with his father without being so; and Dagmar was quick to compare his conversation with the conversation of the worthy Octavius and to discriminate between the two.

But the awakening of the Sleeping Beauty to intelligence, if not to love, in no way suited Mr. Rainbrow's book. He fully intended eventually to marry Miss Silverthorne when he had enjoyed the freedom and pleasure of single life a little longer; in short, until he was tired of it; and he had no intention of letting any other man step in and annex what he considered his own property. Although he was foolish enough to believe that he did see himself as others saw him, he was wise enough to know that this vision should be kept at all costs from the eyes of his future wife, wherein he showed a somewhat profound knowledge of the ethics of conjugal happiness; and he had no idea of allowing "that puppy Forrester," as he called him, to teach Dagmar to criticise the criticisms of *The Morning Sunset*.

Now, as has already been mentioned, there was a certain leaven of sense in the lump of Mr. Rainbrow's foolishness, and this leaven led him to the conclusion that when two young (or even older) people of opposite sex meet each other every day, and quarrel with one another at least three times a week, Cupid is sharpening his arrows, if he has not already fitted one to his bow. Of course the little god may not actually shoot—sometimes he does not—but he is at what soldiers call "tention," and there is danger abroad.

So, after long and careful consideration, Octavius made up his great mind that it is even better to get a thing at once than to lose it altogether; that it is a happier fate to marry the woman you love while you are still young enough to enjoy yourself, than it is to see her married to somebody else. And then he did not forget that hundred thousand pounds which Miss Fallowfield had settled upon her niece, and of which she made no secret—his artistic perceptions were far too clear to lose sight of a little detail of that kind. Like the Reverend Mr. Sprott, he did not approve of early marriages as far as his own sex were

concerned; but he shared that gentleman's opinion that ample means on the lady's part to some extent neutralised the objection.

Therefore one bright, frosty morning, when Octavius happened to be staying at his uncle's, he rode over to Dinglewood Hall to perform the operation which is usually described as "putting a spoke in the wheel" of young Forrester. As luck would have it, he overtook Miss Silverthorne on the high road, where she was taking the daily "constitutional" on which her aunt insisted; and he naturally alighted from his horse (or rather from his uncle's horse) and joined her. Now the luck which brought about this meeting was not altogether favourable to Octavius, for he was a very inferior horseman, and was always more or less in mortal fear of the animal he bestrode. True, on this occasion he no longer bestrode his steed, but he had to lead it, and that frightened him still more, as the fear of being either kicked or bitten was added to his other terrors of being either kicked up into the air or trampled down into the ground. He would not have ridden at all if he could with any decency have got out of it; but his uncle was such an excellent horseman himself, and was so contemptuous of all men who were not, that even the superb self-complacency of Octavius shrank from showing the white feather when Mr. Duncan offered him a mount.

Therefore the environment of his interview with Miss Silverthorne was by no means a happy one. Like the politician who explained that "he was obliged to follow his adherents because he was their leader," Mr. Rainbrow had to dance after his uncle's favourite hack in any direction that the sweet will of the animal indicated, and it must be admitted that the creature's methods were circuitous.

"I am very fortunate to have this favourable opportunity of a little friendly talk with you, Miss Silverthorne," he began, as usual rich in alliterations. He did not think it necessary to add that his gratitude was augmented by the fact that he had met the vicar's son walking towards Merchester some five minutes before he overtook Miss Silverthorne walking in the opposite direction, and he at once jumped to the obvious inference (for as the trunk of an elephant can pick up a pin as well as uproot a tree, so the great mind of Octavius could turn aside from profound criticism of the arts and sciences to study the follies of mere human nature) that the lady had accompanied the gentleman for a mile or two on his way.

"So you may be, Mr. Rainbrow; but I am afraid your horse does not share your pleasure."

Dagmar, fresh from a violent quarrel with Claude Forrester, found the conversation of Octavius somewhat cloying.

"I have been feeling for some time," he continued, "that there has arisen some bar or barrier between your spirit and mine. There seems to be a discord in the harmony of our friendship, a break in the continuity of our souls' communion."

At this point the horse—as if to illustrate and accentuate the last sentence—made an effectual break in the continuity of the conversation by darting incontinently to the other side of the road, Octavius still dangling from the bridle like a charm from a watch-chain; and it was some minutes before the skittish animal could be induced to allow its leader to walk once more by the side of Miss Silverthorne.

When comparative peace was restored (and it was only comparative, as the steed walked with a hiccupping sort of movement which continually threatened to drag Octavius's arm out of its socket) that gentleman proceeded to remark:

"I put down this discord in the former harmony of our friendship to no fault upon your part, no failing upon mine, but to the introduction of a third and unsympathetic factor between us—in short, to the intrusion of Mr. Claude Forrester."

"But he isn't a factor," explained Dagmar, with every appearance of childish innocence; "he is an architect."

"I care not for his profession; I am only concerned with his practice," replied Octavius, with a wave of his hand indicative of the indifference which he felt towards the calling of the younger Forrester. But the horse mistook the significance of the gesture, regarding it as an encouragement to playful mirth, and caroled about the road accordingly.

When the exuberance of the playful creature was once more calmed down, Octavius again attempted to proffer his suit.

"You see, dear friend, my point is this. Your sympathy and friendship have meant so much to me that I cannot bear that any man—be he architect or otherwise—should come between us; and this is what I am profoundly and painfully convinced that Mr. Forrester is doing."

"He is doing nothing of the kind," retorted Dagmar. "In the first place his opinions have no effect whatever upon me—I don't even listen to them—and in the second place the mere fact that he thinks a thing always makes me think the very opposite on purpose."

This confession served to raise the spirits of Octavius, and would have proved even more consolatory than it did had not the horse raised the arm of Octavius still higher. While he was endeavouring to regain his equilibrium, Miss Silverthorne continued:

"I can't think what makes you think I am friends with Mr. Forrester, because we are the greatest enemies imaginable. I can't bear the sight of him."

"Then I can only wonder at the power of feminine endurance which makes you so frequently impose upon yourself the unendurable, Miss Silverthorne."

"You are quite mistaken," replied Dagmar with natural, and therefore pardonable, indignation, "in supposing that I see Mr. Claude Forrester so often because it is any pleasure to me to do so. I merely do it in order to influence for good, if I can, anyone who is so prejudiced and misguided."

"Of course, Miss Silverthorne; feminine unselfishness is as proverbial as feminine endurance. But I am nevertheless somewhat relieved in my mind to hear that you do not agree with all Mr. Forrester's opinions."

"Agree with them? I should think not! I don't agree with a single one—I wouldn't do so for anything; and the irritating thing is that all the time I know they are right."

Octavius was unable to reply to this, as at that moment he was poised above the ditch on the other side of the road.

"I wouldn't mind agreeing now and then with a man if I knew he was wrong," Dagmar went on, more to herself than her companion, "but a man who is always right—and who knows he is always right—is too aggravating for anything."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Rainbrow, when he was once more trotting quietly by the side of his uncle's fiery steed, "the young man may learn wisdom by experience. He may even become wise enough to be wrong sometimes." (A height of wisdom to which the speaker himself had never attained.)

But the young lady shook her head. "No, he won't. Nobody ever learns anything by experience."

"Pardon me, Miss Silverthorne. I consider experience the only accredited teacher. *Experientia domum*, as the Latins have it." Among his many accomplishments Octavius was not a great classic.

"Well, then, it isn't. I've never learnt a single thing from experience, unless I knew it before the experience began."

Octavius smiled the smile of the superior. "Still, your experience has as yet been limited, dear friend."

"Not in some things; and the more experience I have had the less it has taught me. For instance, I've written the menus for Aunt Charlotte's dinner-parties ever since I was a little girl, and I've never written one without having to look in the dictionary to see how many 'l's' there are in 'filleted soles.' I don't

know even now how many there are; and I never shall," Dagmar added with triumph.

"Well, dear Miss Silverthorne, let us turn away from such trifling matters as menus and Forresters and filleted soles to higher subjects: let us talk about ourselves. And that brings me to the object of my visit to you to-day. I want you to obviate the possibility of Claude Forrester or any other man coming between us, by uniting your lot indissolubly with mine. I want us to be one in fact as we are in spirit—one in heart as we are now one in soul."

"Do you mean to say that you want me to marry you?" Dagmar was nothing if not direct.

"That is the dearest wish of my heart."

"Well, then, I couldn't possibly do such a thing, so it's no good worrying about it any more."

Octavius started as if a jug of cold water had suddenly been overturned over him, but fortunately the horse did not notice this action, but hiccoughed cheerily along. "I do not quite grasp your meaning," gasped the swain.

"I only mean that it is absolutely absurd to think of my marrying you, so we'd better drop the subject at once and talk of something pleasant," replied Dagmar, with the utmost amiability.

Octavius exhibited distinct annoyance. "There may be reasons against your marrying me, Miss Silverthorne—though I confess that at present I fail to perceive them—but I cannot see wherein the absurdity of the suggestion lies."

Dagmar began to laugh. "Can't you really? Well, then, if you can't, it is no good my trying to explain it to you. If you don't see a joke at once, you'll never see it; nobody ever does."

"Pardon me, but an offer of marriage is not a joke."

"Not all of them, perhaps, but a good many are; and this seems to me a particularly funny one."

"I fail to perceive the humour of the situation, although my unusually keen sense of the ludicrous is one of my most distinguishing characteristics."

Dagmar, with much affability, proceeded to make the joke plainer. "If you could only see yourself, Mr. Rainbrow, you'd see at once how funny you are; I'm sure you would."

Octavius drew himself up with as much dignity as his uncle's horse and his own meagre inches would allow. "There is nothing ridiculous in the love of an honest man, Miss Silverthorne; it is one of the crowns of your sex. I am no false lover, believe me—no fickle knight who loves and rides away."

This was too much altogether for Dagmar's

gravity; she burst into a peal of girlish laughter. "I never for a moment thought you were, Mr. Rainbrow. You don't look much like loving at the present minute, but you look still less like riding away. But if you like to try it, I don't mind giving you a leg up."

Now six months ago—before the Forresters had ever set foot in Dinglewood parish—Dagmar would no more have dared thus to gibe at the art critic of *The Morning Sunset* than she would have dared to blaspheme; which effect of the baleful influence of Claude was not lost upon Mr. Rainbrow, and was resented accordingly. To find that his especial young woman looks at him through another man's eyes is a most unpleasant experience for any mother's son.

"Then do I understand, Miss Silverthorne, that you refuse my offer of marriage?"

"Of course. What else did you expect me to do?" replied Dagmar, with the callous cruelty of extreme youth.

"Then I think I have a right to inquire the reason of this refusal. Is it my religious views to which you so much object?" Octavius always plumed himself upon his scepticism, which was of that simple and childlike blend which blindly accepts anything unless it happens to be true.

Dagmar opened wide her violet eyes in sheer amazement. "Good gracious, no! Whatever would a man's religious views have to do with marrying him or not?"

The face of Octavius slightly fell. It would have been a great gratification to him to regard himself as a martyr to his own unfaith. "Then you do not object to my religious views?" he asked, hoping that the reply would be in the affirmative after all.

"Oh dear, no! Not in the least. Besides, I don't know what they are."

Then Octavius did well to be angry. "Not know what they are, Miss Silverthorne? That I cannot understand! I am no double-faced hypocrite, no sanctimonious liar, and I have explained to you often enough the reasons why my intellect refuses to accept what is known as revealed truth."

"I know you have," replied Dagmar penitently, "but I never listened. I didn't understand that you expected me to."

"Did not expect you to listen! Then what do you suppose I talked to you for?"

"For your own pleasure; it never occurred to me that you were doing it for mine. I'm really most awfully sorry to have been so stupid, Mr. Rainbrow, but I never listen when people talk about their opinions on religion and politics and books and difficult subjects of that sort—not even Aunt Charlotte, or any other very clever man."

The girl's apology was evidently so sincere that Octavius had no option but to accept it. "Then if it is not my religious views, is it my profession to which you object?"

"Oh dear, no! How could I? I think it is splendid to know enough about art to be able to write about it, although I consider it much cleverer to do things yourself than only to write about what other people have done." Again Octavius felt the trail of young Forrester over Miss Silverthorne's ideas and conversation.

"Then is it my position, or my lack of worldly possessions?"

"Certainly not. I shouldn't care how poor a man was if I was in love with him. In fact I think love in a cottage would be the greatest fun in the world. An eternal picnic. I should simply adore it. And I shouldn't mind a bit if the cottage were a yellow-brick villa, or even quarters in barracks or a man-o'-war."

"Then if it is not my views or my profession or my lack of means that you object to, may I ask what it is? I think I have a right to know why you have refused me so summarily." The horse seemed to think so too, as it ambled along quite peacefully now.

But Dagmar did not agree with it or with its leader. "I'd rather not tell you, Mr. Rainbrow, and I shan't."

"But you must; I have a right to know."

"And I've a right to keep it to myself; and my right is as good as yours and better, because I'm a woman."

"Then, Miss Silverthorne, I throw myself upon your mercy, and supplicate you to enlighten me as to the cause of my rebuff."

This humble appeal slightly shook Dagmar's determination. "I'm afraid there isn't much that you'd call mercy in it," she said doubtfully.

"Never mind. Tell me, whatever it is. I am a man, and men must ever be strong to wrestle and to endure. Tell me, I beseech you."

At this Dagmar succumbed. "Well, then, if you will have it, it's the shape of your nose."

Octavius fairly jumped. "The shape of my nose? Why, what has that to do with the matter?"

"Everything. Much more than your religious views or your social position."

Mr. Rainbrow felt that the female sex was indeed incomprehensible. "But I do not understand how the shape of a man's nose can affect the sort of husband that he will make."

"But it will affect the sort of wife that his wife will make if he marries her; and I couldn't—I really couldn't—be a nice, pleasant, agreeable wife to any man if I didn't get on with his nose."

"But you would get used to it in time, whatever shape it was," argued Octavius.

Dagmar sighed. "I know I should, and that's the dreadful part of it. I should see it opposite me at breakfast every morning of my life. It would be bad enough always to have the same nose for breakfast even if it was a beauty; but if it wasn't—oh! I couldn't stand it at any price—really and truly I couldn't!"

Octavius stroked the offending feature in sorrow rather than in anger. "So that is where I fall short of your standard, is it, Miss Silverthorne?"

"Oh! not short, Mr. Rainbrow; certainly not short. It's so much too long—that's my difficulty." And real regret and sympathy shone in Dagmar's beautiful eyes.

There was a pause in the conversation. Then, with an almost superhuman effort, Octavius thrust his foot into the near stirrup, and hoisted himself up once more on the back of his uncle's horse. He knew that he was beaten—he was clever enough for that—and he realised that though a man may be the architect of his own fortune, the plan of his own face is not submitted to him until the building is practically finished and it is too late for him to interfere with anything except the mere furnishing. So he cantered recklessly back to Merchester, not caring for the moment whether he met with a violent death on the way there or not.

Dagmar walked homewards, feeling really very sorry for her lover and very unhappy in her own mind. She knew she had been cruel, but how could she have helped it? "He made me say the reason," she pleaded with herself, "though I didn't want to; and it isn't his own fault that he is so little and ugly, and he really is very clever in his own way. But all the same, I couldn't live with a nose like that for anything—no, not if you was to crown me, as Mrs. Peppercorn would say."

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE'S LATER DREAM.

BUT while Claude Forrester and Dagmar Silverthorne were quarrelling gaily along, their two elders were doing anything but quarrel; they were fast falling in love with each other, but were doing it in that peaceable and deliberate manner which is the way of middle-aged lovers as contrasted with the more sudden and violent methods of the young. The absolute unworldliness of Luke Forrester's nature appealed strongly to the woman who was always being made conscious by other people of the fact that she was so much richer



"'I care not for his profession ; I am only concerned with his practice,' replied Octavius"—p. 378.

than most women. He never thought of Miss Fallowfield's fortune, and consequently she never thought of it while she was in his company. Moreover she had become almost morbid on the point that people merely cared for her for the sake of her money, and therefore she accepted with the greatest delight the regard and admiration of a man who so obviously measured his friends by what they were and not by what they had. A woman's instinct is always very keen with regard to the men who are in love with her, and she is rarely if ever blinded as to the motives which prompt their love-making.

Sometimes of deliberate purpose she carefully draws a veil over certain things, but she can generally perceive the truth if she is so minded.

Then the culture of Mr. Forrester, and his artistic taste, were very attractive to Charlotte Fallowfield, since to her the intellectual world would always form the larger hemisphere of the universe. So she and her vicar discussed everything from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, and the more they talked to one another, the more attached to one another did they become.

Charlotte was wonderfully happy just then. She was conscious that she was falling in love with Mr. Forrester, and that he was doing the same by her; and there is always something strangely rejuvenating and revivifying in the birth of a new love. Like the dew of the morning and the spring of the year, it is one of those new things which never grow old, but are as fresh every time that they occur as the meeting of Adam and Eve in Paradise, or as the dawn of that first day-spring when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.

There was only one drawback to Charlotte's perfect happiness at this time; but she was one of the women who never seem to be quite happy without some kind of a fly to add flavour to their ointment, or some sort of a lion to lend interest to their path. Dear, discontented creatures, let us leave them to enjoy their pet flies and lions in peace, feeling assured that if we—in the kindness and ignorance of our hearts—bestir ourselves to remove one of their mountains, they will never rest until they have created an adequate mole-hill in its place! It is a mistake on our part to try to straighten the crooked and smooth the rough for natures such as these, for we shall only put them to the extra trouble of finding another crooked place and of manufacturing a fresh rough one, since without a little grievance of some kind it is impossible for them to find peace.

The special crook just now in Charlotte Fallowfield's lot was her jealousy of Luke

Forrester's dead wife; she could not forget that his first love, with all its glamour of romance, had been given long ago to a younger and fairer woman than she. True, she herself had given her early affection to Herbert Wilson; but she would not have been a woman—and least of all would she have been a woman in love—if she had displayed justice and reasonableness in dealing with affairs of the heart. Love which is tempered by reason is not love at all, but is merely esteem or friendship masquerading in the part. Good enough things in their way, doubtless, and warranted to wash and wear, but having very little affinity with that fire from heaven which is known by the name of love.

"How beautiful the light of the dying sun always is," remarked the vicar to Miss Fallowfield. It was an afternoon in early spring, and the two were returning to the village from a long country walk. "I think the land is never so lovely as at sunset."

"But it is the beauty of death and the loveliness of decay," Charlotte would not have been Charlotte if she had not found something wrong somewhere.

"Nay, nay, Miss Fallowfield; there you are quite mistaken. It is the beauty of life and the loveliness of promise. The secret of the glory of the sunset is that it is the promise and foretaste of a still fairer to-morrow."

"I do not think so. It is rather the beauty of the blessing which brightens as it takes its flight."

But Mr. Forrester still shook his head. "I cannot agree with you. Hope is an integral part of all real beauty. The reason why the spring is so fair is that it is the promise of the summer; the charm of youth lies in the fact that it is the promise of something still fairer and better—the beauty of maturity and the peace of old age."

"I see no beauty in maturity or in old age," replied Charlotte with a sigh.

"Because you shut your eyes to the hope in them. Do you suppose that the promise 'At eventide it shall be light,' means just a beautiful old age and nothing more? Not a bit of it. It means that a godly old age shall be illumined with that particular light which forms the glory of the sunset—the light which is the earnest and the forerunner of a still lovelier day to come. As a fine sunset invariably prophesies a fair morning, so a beautiful old age invariably foretells a glorious to-morrow which shall be as this day only much more abundant. Otherwise the light at eventide would be an untruth; and Nature—like the God of Nature—cannot lie."

"You have the most cheering and comforting thoughts, Mr. Forrester."

"I am very glad you find them so. I could have no greater happiness than to feel that I was cheering and comforting you. Charlotte, you must know that I love you; will you come to me and be the light of my eventide?" It was characteristic of Luke Forrester that at this moment the thought of Miss Fallowfield's wealth and his own poverty never once entered his head.

Charlotte stood still and held out both her hands. "Yes, if you want me," she replied simply.

The vicar took the outstretched hands in his own. "I want you as I want nothing else this side of heaven; and, God helping me, I will make you as happy as you have made me."

So Mr. Forrester and Miss Fallowfield became engaged, much to the excitement of Dinglewood and the surrounding neighbourhood. It was a nine days' wonder in the place, and many were the comments passed thereon.

Mr. Duncan was seriously annoyed, and made some unpleasant remarks about parsons rushing in where lawyers feared to tread.

"Parsons always know which side their bread is buttered," he said to himself; wherein he showed himself singularly ignorant of the subject in hand, for it is in their usual lack of knowledge on this matter that one of the great secrets of their influence lies. It is the fashion nowadays to gibe at the clergy for not being good business men or men of affairs. And supposing these gibes have some foundation, so much the better both for the clergy and for the congregations committed to their charge. For the ministers of Christ have their citizenship in heaven, and so cannot be expected to vie in worldly matters with the ordinary rate-payers of the earth. They have something better to do than to do the best for themselves; they have more important things to think about than the cares of this world. And if now and then we do come across a parish priest who has learnt to differentiate between the buttered and the unbuttered side of his bread, do we reverence him all the more for his practical knowledge? Not we. We rather despise him for such careful rendering to Cæsar of the things which are Cæsar's, when his sacred office calls him to deal with the hidden things of God.

Mr. Duncan was utterly wrong in his criticism of the vicar's love-making. It was solely because Luke Forrester did not have his eye upon Miss Fallowfield's fortune that the fortune, with the possessor thereof, fell into his hands. Mr. Duncan was so anxious to show that he did not care for Charlotte for the sake of her money, that he ended by not showing that he cared for her at all; which merely proved that in his eyes Miss Fallowfield's for-

tune loomed larger than Miss Fallowfield herself. People who are oppressively unworldly are generally thoroughly mundane at the core, just as people who are obtrusively polite are usually intrinsically ill-bred.

Perhaps the people who were most annoyed by the vicar's engagement to Miss Fallowfield were his son and her niece, which was but natural. There is always a very strong feeling on the part of the young against any love-making between their elders, presumably because they regard love as their especial privilege and pastime, and any indulgence in it of older persons as a sort of infringement of copyright. And there is a good deal of jealousy mixed up with the disapproval, youth being always somewhat prone to jealousy. As we grow older we begin to have faint glimmerings of a sense of proportion and a principle of justice, and we realise that as only one person can be first with us, so we can only expect to be first with one person; but in the days of our youth we gaily expect to receive other's gold in exchange for our silver, youth always being more or less egotistic; which accounts for its invariable self-consciousness and also, perhaps, for its charm; the difference between egotism and selfishness being that egotism is frequently charming while selfishness never is.

Therefore Claude and Dagmar were both dreadfully jealous of the middle-aged lovers, as they regarded their respective father and aunt as their own especial property. Of course they both intended in due time to supplant this father and aunt by a wife and a husband of their own; but that was a very different thing from the aforesaid father and aunt thus supplanting them. In their mutual disapproval of this matrimonial arrangement the young people were drawn closer together than they had ever been before, as at last they had found a subject upon which they saw eye to eye. Mutual approval is a great bond, but it is as nothing compared with the still closer tie of mutual disapproval. We all like the people who swell the strain of our own particular *Te Deum*; but we positively love those who shout "Amen!" to our own pet *anathemas*.

"I cannot understand how people can trouble their heads about love-making when they are as old as that," Dagmar confided to Claude one spring morning as the two were walking in the fields together; "it must hardly seem worth while to get married when life is so nearly over."

Claude assented with the wonderful freemasonry of a contemporary. That is the great charm of people of one's own age; they look at things, as a rule, so exactly from one's own point of view, which of course is the only reasonable standpoint.



"Will you come to me and be the light of my eventide?"—p. 383.

"When I am Aunt Charlotte's age I shall be thinking more of my funeral than of my wedding," continued Dagmar cheerfully. "I shall feel it so much more appropriate; and, besides, really old people like that can't properly fall in love, do you think?"

"Of course not." Claude spoke very decidedly.

"And really old people can't properly be fallen in love with either," Dagmar went on. "I mean that while Aunt Charlotte is too old to fall in love, on the other hand Mr. Forrester is too old to be fallen in love with."

But here Claude demurred. "Oh! I'm not so sure about that. My father is a very attractive man."

"I'm sure he has been," Dagmar hastened to make peace again, "ages and ages ago; and as a father I think he is still quite charming and not at all old. But what comes in quite nicely in a father is a little bit out of date in a lover, don't you think? Just as what would be quite the right age for a cathedral would be much too old for a coat and skirt."

But Claude was obstinate. "Men are so much younger for their age than women, you see."

"Oh! I don't think so at all. They are much older because they get bald; and after all they are actually exactly the same age as each other. It is only a question of looks."

"But men keep so much younger in their thoughts and feelings than women do," persisted Claude.

"No, they don't—indeed they don't. Look at you, for instance; you are hundreds of years older than I am to talk to."

"Well, I really am a good deal older; you are only twenty-one, while I am twenty-four; and of course, being a man, I am wiser."

Dagmar gave a little shriek. "Wiser than me? Why, you're nothing like as wise. You are cleverer than me, I admit, but what is mere cleverness?"

"And more grammatical than you, too, I hope," retorted Claude with some bitterness.

"And what is mere grammar—nothing but dry old rubbish? I talk plain English, and don't worry my head about grammar."

"Well, then, I do."

"I know; it's just the sort of thing you would do. You've got such a ponderous mind. There's nothing elusive about you; you're not at all subtle."

"I may not be the thing, but I thank heaven I know how to spell the word."

"And I don't?" retorted Dagmar, with an angry toss of her head.

"Apparently not. In the last note you wrote to me you spelt it 'suttle.'"

"That's how I always spell it."

"I know; it's just the sort of thing you would do," was Claude's fair retort.

"Well, anyhow, you knew what I meant; or, rather, you didn't know, because it is the sort of thing you are incapable of understanding."

"Well, at any rate, there is one thing that I really am incapable of understanding, and that is how my father can ever put any woman in my dear mother's place," replied Claude gloomily, returning to the subject in hand.

Dagmar's passing irritation immediately dissolved into tender sympathy. When Claude talked to her about his mother she was nearer loving him than she had any idea of. "Yes, I cannot understand that either. I always think it is so beautiful to love once, and so horrid to keep on doing so. However many husbands I lost, nothing would ever induce me to marry again. I'd rather be lonely for the rest of my life than so lower my ideal."

"So would I." Once more the twain were in sympathy with each other.

"I think it is so beautiful to love once and for ever, and then to be unhappy for the rest of your life, and never to wear anything again but mauves and heliotropes," exclaimed Dagmar; "ever so much more beautiful than marrying and growing stout and living happy ever after."

"Your aunt apparently does not agree with you; and yet her lover died."

"No; she doesn't inherit a lot of my qualities," Dagmar explained; "but my mother did, and I'm just like her. Besides, think of Aunt Charlotte's complexion with mauves and heliotropes; they wouldn't suit her at all—she is much too dark! I consider they are exclusively the colours for fair women; they always make dark ones look sallow. And then you must admit that she has been a long time marrying again, though she has had hundreds and hundreds of offers."

"Probably she has. Many people would think her a fine-looking woman still."

"Of course, I dare say for the last twenty years men have only wanted to marry her for her money; they'd hardly want to marry a woman of over thirty for anything else. But when she was young they liked her for herself, I really believe." Dagmar was magnanimous.

"I hope you do not wish to insinuate that my father wants to marry her for her money!" cried Claude in a hurt tone of voice.

"Of course not," was the soothing reply.

"You see, he is quite as old as she is and much plainer, so I'm sure he is capable of really liking her for her own sake. Lots of old men do; Mr. Duncan, for instance." Dagmar was bent in all good faith upon making the *amende honorable*.

"Is he a bachelor or a widower?"

"A bachelor; he always has been ever since I can remember," replied the girl.

"Well, then, I wish to goodness he'd married her before my father came on the scene," sighed Claude, as the two approached the Hall, and the conversation consequently died a natural death.

But it was not among the "quality" alone that Miss Fallowfield's engagement was freely discussed; the village had much to say on the subject.

"I can't say as I altogether approve of it," Mrs. Peppercorn announced to her two friends, Mrs. Mawer and Miss Tovey, who happened to be having tea with her; "and yet, on the other hand, I don't see as I can lawfully go against it."

"For my part I never do approve of second marriages," said Miss Tovey. "I feel nothing would ever induce me to contract a second union myself."

"Time enough to talk about your second marriage when you've accomplished your first, Amelia Tovey," replied Mrs. Peppercorn with some justice.

"And if you've the heart for it then, when you know as much about it as I do," added Mrs. Mawer, "you'll deserve all the misery you'll get; and I can't say anything stronger than that, marriage being what it is, and this world a wilderness of care."

"But though I don't approve of second marriages," continued the romantic little dress-maker, "I do not wonder at any woman rejoicing in a first. To find a man with a new heart and respectable connections, and to follow him through the world, must indeed be a full cup for a woman."

"Full indeed and running over," murmured Mrs. Mawer with an ominous sigh; "too full for the tastes of some folks. In such cases them that only gets half a cup gets the best of it to my thinking."

"I always take such a deep interest in anything concerning love and marriage," said Miss Tovey somewhat wistfully.

There are few things more pathetic than the intense interest which single women of a certain type take in all affairs of the heart; but such pathos was lost upon Mrs. Peppercorn. This worthy woman had many good qualities, but subtlety of sympathy was not one of them. "I don't see what call you've got to feel like that, Amelia Tovey," she remarked; "it is no particular concern of yours, or ever likely to be."

Amelia was humble as usual. "Of course it isn't, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear; but I think matrimony is such an interesting subject in the abstract."

"And some folks would have been easier if they'd left it there," groaned Mrs. Mawer. "It would have been a sight better for some folks if they'd left it alone altogether; but it's no good wishing you'd not gone out in the rain after you've got wet through."

"It's no good going out in the rain without an umbrella," replied the hostess severely, "and then saying you mistook it for fine weather. Those that expect husbands to be angels shouldn't get married at all; they aren't, and they don't pretend to be. And if they were, they'd marry other angels, in which case, begging your pardon, Mrs. Mawer, you'd have remained as single as you'd have liked to be."

"But angels don't marry, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear," argued Miss Tovey, who always erred on the side of taking things too literally.

"Then it's because they don't get the chance, if they happen to be female ones. For my part I don't believe in the women who remain single from choice. I believe they are all part and parcel with the fox who lost his tail and then invented dress-improvers, pretending that he gained by the transaction."

"But you believe in the women who refuse to marry a second time, because they loved their husbands so much, don't you, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear?"

"I do; but not because they loved their husbands so much, Amelia Tovey—far from it," was the grim rejoinder.

"Them as the Lord has delivered from the house of bondage ain't in a hurry to get back into it a second time," added Mrs. Mawer, by way of explanation.

"They are not," assented Mrs. Peppercorn, "not by any manner of means. But that's no proof that the house of bondage was a first-class residential villa with all the latest improvements laid on, and it's no good pretending that it is."

"Of course," Miss Tovey remarked in an extenuating manner, "it isn't as if Miss Fallowfield had ever been married before."

The lady of the house shook her head. "It isn't, Amelia; and so the vicar will find to his cost. If an old man must get married, let him choose a woman that's been married before, and so knows the lie of the land, as you may say. But a woman that's been her own mistress for close on fifty years—well, if she doesn't try to be his master, I'm very much mistaken."

"Them as has been married before are broken in, as you might say, to slavery and sorrow," added Mrs. Mawer; only, being a Methodist woman, she called it "sorra."

"I hear the wedding is to be in London," remarked Miss Tovey.

Mrs. Peppercorn put down her tea-cup with a crash, so great was her surprise. "You don't say so, Amelia? Well, I never! What a dreadful place for a wedding!"

"Yes, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear; London and her travelling-dress, and no orange-blossoms nor bridesmaids."

"And quite right at her age, Amelia Tovey. What do women of fifty want with bridesmaids and orange-blossoms and the like fandanglements, I should like to know? I'm glad to hear that Miss Fallowfield has so much sense; but to be married in such an awful dangerous place as London is more than I can stomach; and especially when you've the rest of the world and your own parish church to choose from."

"Then do you know London, Mrs. Peppercorn?" asked the dressmaker respectfully.

"I do, Amelia; only too well. Peppercorn took me there once for a week; and I'll never go there again as long as I live unless I go in my coffin, which won't be my own doing at all, or else it wouldn't be done. London! The most shamefully overrated place I was ever in in all my life. I can't think why people make such a fuss about it; I suppose just because it happens to be the fashion."

"I suppose it is full of sin and wickedness," said Miss Tovey with shuddering interest and fascination.

Mrs. Peppercorn shook her head. "It isn't the sin and wickedness that I mind, Amelia—they aren't in my line, and are never likely to be—but it's the omnibuses. They come down on you just as if the drivers wanted to murder you on purpose, which I firmly believe they do; and even if you get into a cab for safety, they are still after you, cab or no cab. Every minute you expect to be your last, and a violent death into the bargain!"

"Dear, dear, Mrs. Peppercorn! I don't wonder you were upset," said Mrs. Mawer, with a sigh.

"I wasn't upset, as it happened, but I was always expecting to be. All the while that I was driving in a cab with Peppercorn I divided my time between screaming and praying; so I didn't see much of London."

Mrs. Mawer was still sympathetic. "Dear me, what a do-do! I don't wonder you felt nervous, Mrs. Peppercorn, as you're just the one to come off badly in an accident. You'd fall heavy, and a shock is always dangerous

to stout figures, even if it don't kill them outright."

"And it cost me no end in missions," continued Mrs. Peppercorn, "for I kept vowing that if my life was spared by a particular omnibus, I'd give a shilling to the missions. And you can't think what a lot it totted up to when the day was done."

"I think it was very good of you to pay at all, Mrs. Peppercorn, dear," remarked Miss Tovey, who had a habit of always seeing the best side of her neighbours' actions.

But Mrs. Peppercorn was not to be led into undue spiritual pride. "Not at all, Amelia; it was only my duty to pay it after having promised; and my duty is a thing that I never leave undone. What I owe I pay; and I'm not one to be in debt, not even to my Maker."

"I wonder you didn't ride in the omnibuses themselves," suggested Mrs. Mawer, not without reason; "for surely of the two it's better to kill other folks than to be killed yourself."

But Mrs. Peppercorn shook her head. "Nasty, dangerous things and so top-heavy. I did ride in them once or twice, but I was always jumping about from side to side to balance them, and that came more tiring than walking. And if they do upset it's a more painful death than a cab, there being so much more broken glass about to make mincemeat of you. Besides, Peppercorn passed the remark that if I did want to spend all my time between screaming and praying, he'd sooner I did it in a private conveyance than a public one. I was less likely to get taken to a lunatic asylum."

"And that would have been a sad fate for you and no mistake," exclaimed Mrs. Mawer; "and yet lots of folks are taken to asylums for far less than that, and kept locked up for the rest of their lives, there being no outlet but the grave when once you get inside."

"Well, to my thinking the folks that are in need of lunatic asylums are the folk that go and get married in London when they've the rest of the world to get married in," replied Mrs. Peppercorn, "such as Miss Fallowfield and our vicar. It's all very well to make up your mind to get married in London; but if you start to go to your own wedding you'll probably arrive at your own funeral, through having been run over by an omnibus on the way."

[END OF CHAPTER SEVEN.]

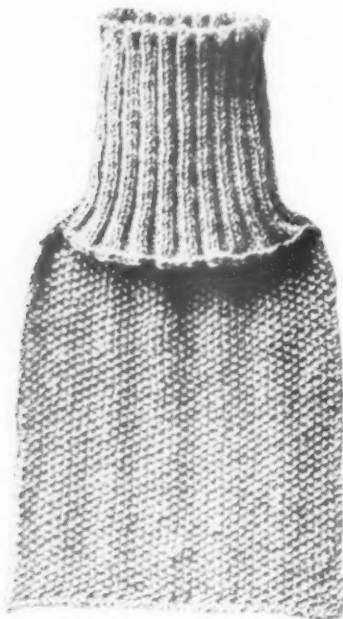


Work for Odd Moments.

By ELLEN T. MASTERS.

NEARLY everybody likes knitting or crochet with wool, but in spite of this there are very few people who care about the trouble of making elaborate patterns. Indeed, the more simple the patterns are the better, for knitting and crochet are essentially such kinds of work as can be taken up to fill odd moments, and put down again when something more important turns up. It is surprising what a large quantity of work may be done in this apparently dilatory fashion, and how quickly a little hoard of finished articles accumulates ready for presentation as opportunity offers when cold and wet wintry weather sets in.

One of the most practical of throat pro-



NO. 1.—THROAT PROTECTOR.

tectors, well deserving its old-fashioned name of "comforter," is that shown in our first illustration. It is admirably suited for work for odd moments, as there is no counting and no shaping to require attention.

The protector may be worked with either 2 or 4 needles, as is most convenient.

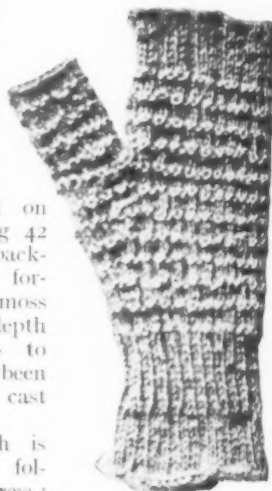
The most suitable of wools is Paton's 3-ply super-wheeling, and a full-sized wrap requires about 2 ounces. Dark grey and brown and navy blue are the best colours for the purpose. For 2 bone needles, No. 8,

cast on 84 stitches. Knit 2 and purl 2 alternately, till 6 inches of ribbing are completed. Cast off 42 stitches, and on the remaining 42 stitches knit backwards and forwards in moss stitch till a depth of from 10 to 12 inches has been made. Then cast off.

Moss stitch is worked as follows:—1st row: Knit 1 and purl 1 alternately. Every row is alike, the knitted stitch setting over the knitted stitch of the preceding row. If preferred, plain knitting may be used instead of the moss stitch, but most people like to have something more interesting than the ordinary jog-trot of the plain work.

The ribbing may, without much trouble, be executed with 4 needles if these are liked better, and their use will obviate the necessity for the seaming together of the two ends of the collar. The same number of stitches has to be cast on and the same depth of ribbing made, 42 stitches are then cast off, and the chest protector is worked on the remaining 42 stitches, as above described. If the worker knits very tightly, she may cast on 88 stitches to make the collar-band rather larger.

When wanted on a cold day the ribbed portion is drawn over the head, and should set comfortably and closely round the neck. The upper edge should be turned



NO. 2.—GENTLEMAN'S MITTEN.

over slightly, like the collar of a jersey, and the flap is tucked down smoothly into the opening of the waistcoat.



NO. 3.—BEDROOM SLIPPER.

A Useful Mitten.

Another useful "woollie" for a man's use is the mitten shown in our second illustration. This should be worked with about 2 ounces of 3-ply super-wheeling, or some similar make of wool in a dark heather-mixture. Four steel needles, No. 14, are required. Cast on 48, that is, 16 stitches on each needle. Rib 12 rounds, knitting 3 and purling 1 alternately. Rib 10 rounds for the wrist, knitting 1 and purling 1 alternately.

For the hand:—1st round: Purl. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rounds: Knit 3 and purl 1 alternately. Repeat from the 1st round 3 times, making 4 patterns in all.

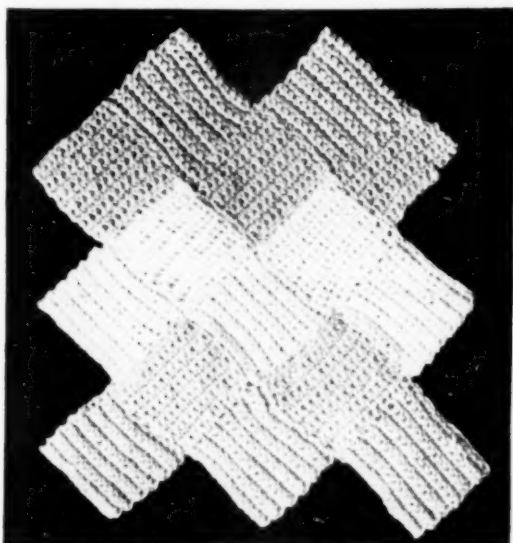
For the thumb increase 2 stitches in every other round, leaving each time 2 stitches more between the increasings than in the previous increase round. Keep to the 4 pattern rounds throughout, and, when there are 16 stitches increased, slip them on to a thread and leave them for the present. Cast on 4 in their place and

work a pattern round. These 4 cast-on stitches are to make a gusset and are decreased, and 2 stitches also on each side of them (8 stitches in all, leaving 44 on the pins), by knitting 2 together twice in every alternate round. Then work 8 rounds or 2 patterns, without increase or decrease, purl a round, rib 12 rounds, knitting 3 and purling 1 alternately and cast off loosely.

For the thumb pick up the 16 stitches on the thread and the 4 cast-on stitches (20 in all). Work 4 patterns; that is, 16 rounds in all, and cast off.

A Bedroom Slipper.

Another small piece of work that is interesting to knit, though at first it may appear rather complicated, is the foot-warmer that serves as our third suggestion for odd moments' work. It is intended to be worn inside the shoe, or boot, by anyone suffering from cold feet, or it may serve as a sleeping-sock. It requires 3-ply wool (about 2 ounces for a pair) and 4 pins, No. 12. Begin with only 2 needles. Cast on 18 stitches, knit 40 rows plain. 41st row: Cast on 16, knit the 16 and the 18 in the centre. 42nd row: Cast on 16, knit the 16, the 18 in the centre and the remaining 16 (50 stitches in all). Knit 50 plain rows. Cast on 10 stitches and knit off the whole 60 on to 3 needles. Knit 2 plain rounds. 3rd round: Knit 8 and knit 2 together



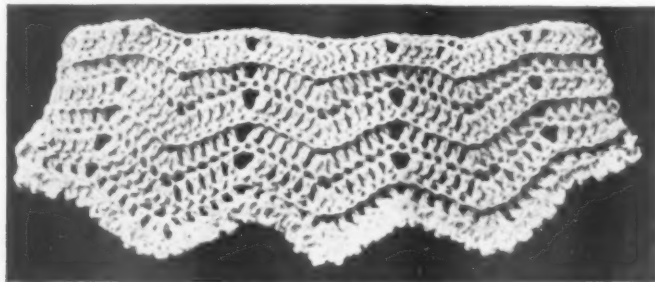
NO. 4.—DETAILS OF A QUILT.

alternately 5 times. Knit 6 rounds. *10th round*: Knit 7 and knit 2 together alternately. Knit 6 rounds. *17th round*: Knit 6 and knit 2 together alternately. Knit 5 rounds. *23rd round*: Knit 5 and knit 2 together. Knit 4 rounds. *28th round*: Knit 4 and knit 2 together. Knit 2 rounds. *31st round*: Knit 3 and knit 2 together. Knit 1 round. *33rd round*: Knit 2 and knit 2 together. Knit 1 round. *35th round*: Knit 1 and knit 2 together. *36th round*: Knit 2 together all round. Fasten off the toe and run in the ends as when knitting a stocking.

For the heel pick up the 18 stitches first cast on and 20 down each side of the flap first knitted (58 in all). Knit 32 plain rows. Seam the ends of these rows to the ends of

every scrap may be employed, but all the wools must be of the same thickness. A bone crochet-hook must be chosen that will correspond with the wool. Begin with 13 chain, miss 1, 12 double crochet along the rest of the chain, 1 chain, turn, miss 1, 12 double crochet on the top of the double crochet of the last row. Continue thus until a square is made (12 rows in all). Work down the side of this square in the same way till another is made, and so go on working, taking, if liked, a different kind of wool for every square.

In our example only two kinds of wool were used in order that our readers may judge for themselves how the stripes all set in zig-zag, instead of being straight-edged as is usually the case.



NO. 5.—DETAILS OF A CROCHET PETTICOAT.

the wider rows that followed the first 40 narrow rows.

Pick up the 10 cast-on stitches across the toe-cap and 49 up each side from the toe-cap to the back of the heel (108 in all). Arrange the stitches on 3 pins. *1st round*: Plain. *2nd round*: * Knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2 together; repeat from * all round. *3rd round*: * Knit 2, purl 1, knit 1; repeat from *. The purled and knitted stitches must be put into the double stitch of the 2nd round.

Rib 8 rounds by knitting 4 and purling 2 alternately, then cast off. The foot-warmer has to be provided with a ribbon or an elastic which is run in and out the holes in the 2nd round.

A Cot Quilt.

But it is now time that we turned our attention to crochet, and the cot quilt, of which we show a portion on page 389, has the advantage of looking well with whatever colours are used for it. Any and

Our next easy piece of crochet suitable for working in odd moments, and for presentation to some chilly mortal afterwards, is a petticoat. This may be made with petticoat wool, which, in its better qualities, is very soft and warm. If expense is an object there are plenty of cheap makes specially sold for charitable purposes.

Work a sufficient number of chain to set very loosely round the waist and about 6 over, so as to have a few extra stitches with which to make the pattern fit in correctly. *1st row*: Miss 3 chain, * 5 treble, 3 treble in the next chain, 5 treble in the next 5 stitches, miss 1; repeat from * all along. *2nd row*: Turn, 3 chain, miss 1 treble, * 5 treble, 3 treble in the centre treble of the last row, 5 treble, miss 2 treble; repeat from * all along.

Continue this till the work is sufficiently deep to form a placket-hole, then join the crochet into a circle and work round and round in the same way as before. Finish when the skirt is long enough, by working

a row of picots along the lower edge. Work double crochet round the placket-hole, stitch it at the bottom so that it folds over in the correct manner, and run a ribbon round the waist, taking it in and out the treble of the first row.

A Child's Stocking.

That it is quite possible to make a well-shaped stocking in crochet is evident from our next example, which shows one that is intended for quite a young child. A pair can easily be made in a day if the work is continued steadily instead of being taken up now and then. White wool of moderate thickness, such as the finer qualities of petticoat fingering, should be used, about 2 ounces being required for a pair of stockings, and a bone crochet-hook, No. 8. Work 4 rounds of ordinary double crochet, using 40 chain as a foundation and putting the hook into both threads at the top of the preceding round. Work 2 rounds having the back threads taken up instead of the front. Work 16 rounds like the first 4.

At the beginning of the 23rd round, miss 1 stitch, thus making a slight decrease. Work 2 rounds without decrease. In the 26th and 29th rounds decrease again, also in the 31st round. Work 8 rounds plain. 4th round: Work as usual till within 6 stitches of the end of the round, work these 6 and the following 6 (12 in all) in tricot crochet. Turn and continue till 12 rows are done; they form the flap of the heel. Fold the two edges in half and either sew or crochet them together as flatly as possible. Fasten off.

Now work round and round the edge of the heel and the beginning of the instep for the foot. Decrease by missing a stitch in the 3rd round and in the 11th round just above the beginning of the heel flap. Work plain till 15 rounds in all have been done, then, after every 3 stitches, miss a stitch to form a decreasing and to slope the foot towards the toe. At the tip, close with a short length of wool threaded through a large needle. Draw in the work to make the toe set well, run in the ends, and fasten off.

It is not difficult to alter the size of this stocking to suit a child of any age. It is done by measuring the leg and making a ring of chain that will fit round it comfortably. There will have to be more decreasings for the ankle, but these are easily contrived if there is the child at hand to measure, or a stocking that has been worn.

Made in a larger size still, this pattern is admirably adapted for sleeping-socks. They should be made with a thicker hook, so that they are looser and more elastic in texture than the stockings.

A Little Jacket.

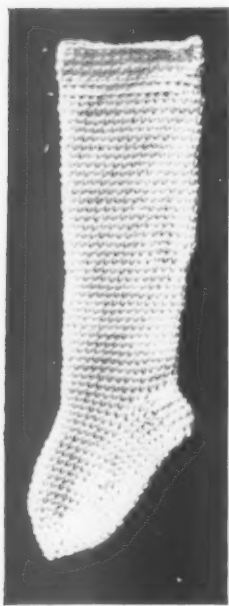
The pretty and simple little jacket shown in our next illustration was, in the model, worked in fancy tricot, but it is easy enough to execute it in simple treble if this is liked better. It requires about 2 ounces of Andalusian wool, and half an ounce of coloured wool, pale pink, or blue, according to fancy. A bone hook, No. 8 or 9, will be needed.

The jacket is begun with one of the front edges. Make 70 chain and 3 extra for turning. 1st row: Work treble tricot thus all along, miss 3 chain, * wool over the hook, put the hook into the next chain, wool over hook, draw through 1 loop, wool over hook, draw through 2 loops; repeat from *. When each chain has been worked into, finish off the row by working 1 chain, ** wool over the hook, draw it through 2 loops; repeat from ** until back again at the starting place with 1 loop only on the hook. 2nd row: 3 chain (for 1 treble tricot, miss the first treble of the last row and put 1 treble tricot into the long upright strand of each stitch). Work back as before. Work 4 more rows like the 2nd. 7th row: Decrease by working 3 chain, 1 treble tricot into the 2nd, 3rd and 4th stitches taken together. Finish as before. 8th, 9th, and 10th rows: Like the 7th. There are now 62 treble tricot. 11th row: 3 chain, 3 treble (as before), then for the armhole make 20 chain, miss 20 treble, 38 treble. Work back, putting single crochet along the chain. This is done by turning back again when the single are done. 12th row: Increase by putting 3 treble into the second stitch and 1 treble tricot into every other stitch. 13th, 14th, and 15th rows: Like the 12th. There should now be 70 treble tricot. Work 16 rows on the 70 treble and repeat from the beginning of the 7th row to the end of the 15th row. Make 6 rows on 70 treble for the second front.

For a sleeve make 33 chain, miss the first 3 and work 30 treble tricot. Then increase at the beginning of every row till 9 rows are done. There should be 38 treble in the last row. Decrease in every row till there are 30 stitches again (17 rows in all).

Join the sloping rows of the jacket to

make the shoulder seams and under the arm, leaving about 8 inches free for the



NO. 6. CROCHET STOCKING
FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

armholes. Seam up the sleeves and sew them into the armholes, the shaped rows coming on the shoulders. Finish off the neck and cuffs of the jacket with the coloured wool thus:—1 double crochet, * miss three-quarters of an inch along the edge, work a fan of 5 treble, miss three-quarters of an inch, 1 double crochet; repeat from *. Down the fronts and round the skirt work 1 treble in every stitch, or make the fans if these are liked better. Round the neck run a cord made of a chain of the white and coloured

wools taken together. The ends should be finished with little bows of ribbon, tassels, or pompons. This is rather a large-sized jacket, but it is easy to get a smaller one by using Shetland wool.

I hope I have said sufficient to show what a large amount of good work may be accomplished in the odd moments that are too frequently allowed to run to waste. You have a little spare time between two big tasks, but there is no reason whatever why these precious golden moments should be wasted. Put in a few stitches at the baby's jacket, the child's stocking, the mitten, or the throat protector, and in far less time than you imagine the article will be completed and ready for use. Thus you may be able to make many things which, especially in the cold and foggy days of winter, will be acceptable in the home; or, if you cannot find an outlet for them in this direction, you may hand them over to any bazaar or sale of work in which you happen to be interested. Everyone knows how keenly such goods are sought out and bought at these sales, far more than the highly priced goods that have not the merit of utility to recommend them. This was the case at the sales on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Church Army which were assisted by QUIVER readers.



NO. 7. JACKET FOR BABY.

That Little Green Pot.

A Complete Story.

By BRIDGET O'BRIEN.

IT stood in the schoolroom window—that Little Green Pot. Year after year, when spring-cleaning came round, eager hands were laid on things that had originally been far more pretty, and despatched them to the rubbish heap as "quite worn out," yet the Little Green Pot held its sway and survived. If you had looked into its manufacture you would have wondered more, unless, indeed, you belonged to a sentimental family of Irish extraction, when perhaps you would have guessed and understood.

Composed of the halves of an empty coconut shell turned end to end, connected by a screw, painted green, in honour of the Emerald Isle, and containing a miniature fern—that is the full description of it. But it stood in the schoolroom window of the charming old rectory as a relic of childhood days. Schoolboy hands had fashioned it years ago for a special sister-chum, when it had been the wonder of the schoolroom assemblage. The brown hands that made it were now full-grown and strong, and the schoolroom had for months past borne its new name of the "Retreat"—a place of resort for the children of a larger growth.

"What, Grace—keeping that old thing still?" laughed her brother. "I can make you a far nobbier concern than that now."

"All right, old boy, make it," returned his sister, "and it shall bear this one company. But I shall always keep this, for you can never be little again, you monster, nor give me your first piece of handiwork."

So the Little Green Pot stood as before-time in the window.

And if the Little Green Pot could have spoken, what a string of pleasantries and circumstances it would have told you! For those were very glad though uneventful days, and many an assembly of youthful

friends took place in that room, especially during the "long vacation," when the boys were down from Oxford. All that was ugly or reminded them of youthful tortures was either hidden or removed, and the Retreat now presented an attractive appearance. A long low window-seat overlooked a sweet-scented garden border, and the lawn, with its fine old laburnum tree, under which many a tea-party had been held.

The room itself was chiefly noted for its comfortable and somewhat shabby lounge chairs. The piano, that had borne many irritable thumpings in the old days, usually stood open, strewn with music, whilst the

sweetest of floral decorations beautified the table. It was not a very tidy room, but cosiness prevailed, and as half a dozen brothers and sisters all claimed the right of possession perhaps the former little failing was somewhat excusable.

No new friends were admitted into the sanctum, but sometimes old friends found their way there, and the lawyer's young people claimed precedence. In former days they had met together there to

"have intelligence pounded into them" by a somewhat overbearing governess of uncertain age, and many a breezy morning engagement had been the result. And now the young men would stroll in and find the girls had already arrived, and the consequence was that they would all mix up together in the good old-fashioned way, for nobody troubled themselves about anything so tiresome as etiquette.

It was on an evening of great importance in the Retreat. A good deal of laughter was going on, but there was an under-current of something else, an emotion well kept back and hidden. The Drummonds had come in with their eldest brother, who was leaving home for a three-years' training abroad in a special branch



of his profession, and it was the first absolute break in the old school-room circle.

Ralph had been a general favourite from the early days, and now, at the age of two-and-twenty, broad, manly, and kind-hearted, no one liked to part with him. His sisters were inconsolable, and the Bentleys were equally earnest in their expressions of regret. Only Grace seemed silent and unconcerned; it may be that Ralph noticed it, for his eyes sought her somewhat wistfully once or twice.

"She does not seem to mind much," he thought, and yet a very friendly smile and warm wish for his success was given him when his fingers met hers in a lingering good-bye, and whilst the others ran after their friends for a last wave off, Grace loitered behind and—a tear fell on the Little Green Pot that stood in the window!

That was the beginning of changes in the life at the rectory. Very gradual they were, but very sure. The schoolroom parties became less frequent, for the rector's health was failing, and anxiety crept into the home. The following year Mr. Bentley was taken from them, and silence and sadness reigned. A new rector was in due course appointed to the living, a married man of means with no family. He willingly proposed to purchase the good old-fashioned furniture, of which offer the Bentleys were only too glad to avail themselves, for they had but a very small income left to them. So in their poverty they left the little town, by a few remembered with affection, by many forgotten, for the parishioners started on a new lease of life and interest with their wealthy rector. The rectory, nevertheless, looked strangely like old times, only that new faces and voices lived in the old place, and—the Little Green Pot stood no more in the schoolroom window!

* * * * *

Two years passed—years fraught with a great deal of struggle and strife for the Bentleys. Many miles away from the old home they lived, and amid new circumstances. Harold, having taken his degree just before his father's death, was a curate in Yorkshire. Edward, not being able to complete his college course, had taken a clerkship in a city in the Midlands, on the outskirts of which he resided with his mother and elder sister, and together, within the limits of a small income, they managed to make both ends meet. One of the girls was married and living in Scotland, the other two held the positions of governess, one in a private family, the other in a school. It was hard work, but they were able to support them-

selves, and at least had the diversion that teaching brings to those who have the saving sense of humour.

Grace was sometimes inclined almost to envy her sisters their many experiences as she went on in the humdrum daily round, varied only by the doubtful pleasure of teaching music to refractory little people who came to her twice a week.

"One is wanted at home," she would say, "and it is only fair to let the younger ones try their wings. I am an old bird, and can the better stay in the nest."

The nest felt a little cramped at times for all that. Three-and-twenty is not such a great age, when all is said and done.

It was a very quiet, unpretentious-looking little house, semi-detached and standing in a road with about twenty others of the same kind, and roads akin to it lay in all directions. The home, too, was furnished very differently from old days; spotlessly clean and in good taste, but nevertheless totally unlike the solid old-fashioned style of bygone years. Here and there, however, was a small token of better days, and—the Little Green Pot stood in one of the windows!

They heard from time to time of old friends but not very regularly, and even the Drummond girls seemed too much taken up with their social claims to give time to correspondence. In one of the hurriedly affectionate letters came the news that Ralph was expected home shortly, and that he was making great strides in the engineering profession. Grace read the news with a slight flush on her face.

"I wonder if he has forgotten us altogether by now," she mused.

She little knew how much Ralph longed to hear of his old friends, how unceasingly one face especially filled his thoughts and spurred on his efforts towards greater achievements, nor how craftily he would endeavour to lead his sisters to talk of the Bentleys in their letters. And now he was coming home.

By-and-by other letters came telling of his arrival, and the pleasant times the re-animated family were having together; but no message came from Ralph, to their disappointment and chagrin. The truth was that their eldest son appeared to the rather worldly-wise Drummonds to be a little too anxious about the Bentleys, but how were the Bentleys to know that?

It was a cold, dreary day in the autumn when Ralph Drummond reached Birmingham on engineering business for the firm with which he was connected. Having settled in his hotel, where he contemplated staying for about a fortnight, he started forth to see

little how the land lay. But manufacturing centres do not strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of one brought up to love country life, and soon he was on the outskirts of the city above its smoke and din, getting the nearest approach to fresh air that he could. As he strolled along the thoughts of his old life before he left England came before him, and in their wake came fresh remembrances of his old friends the Bentleys.

"I must get at where they are somehow," he thought. "I wish the matter was not so secretive about it; it makes it so awkward for a fellow."

He was walking down a quiet road pondering deeply, when the dreary strumming of a piano caught his ears, and glancing at the house whence the sound proceeded his eyes were likewise caught by—a Little Green Pot that stood in the window!

"Well, if that is not the same Little Green Pot, I'll never be sure of anything else again," he exclaimed, half to himself.

The piano stopped, and in a few minutes the small musician came out of the house.

"Can you tell me whether a Mrs. Bentley lives here?" he said, pausing at the gate.

"Yes, sir," replied the child unhesitatingly as she ran on.

In a very short time he was seated with his old friends, hearing all their experiences and recounting his own. The warmth of the welcome which he received seemed to obliterate the time, and he took up his old place in the family circle.

Much can happen in a fortnight, and in that time Ralph managed to convince Grace that she was all the world to him, whilst Grace

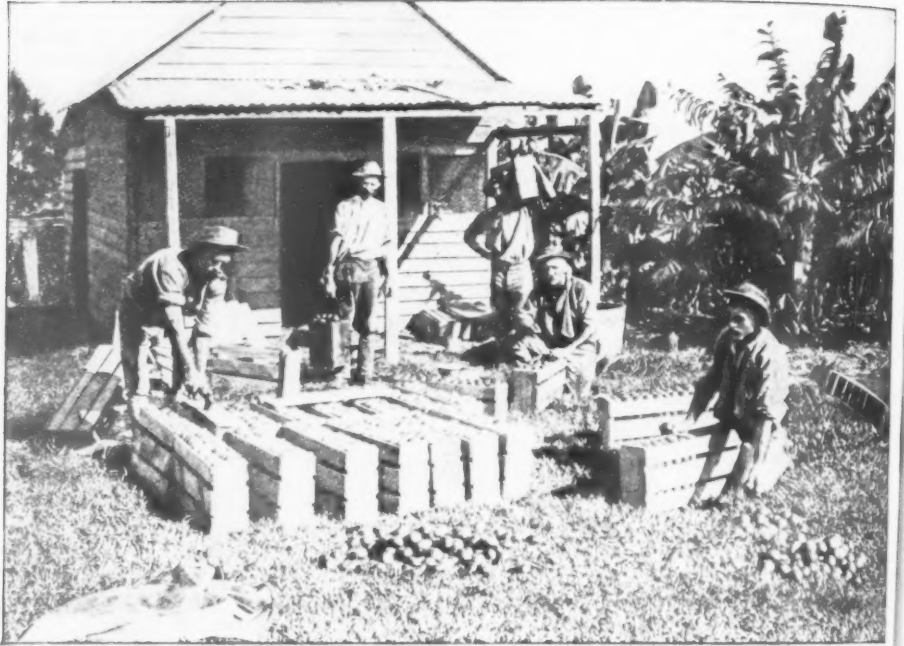
discovered that her ideal of life was to be by his side. When at the close of his stay he returned to his home, it was with the pleasing assurance that his old friend was his promised wife. If his people had built other castles in the air for him, they were wise enough to accept the inevitable, and to assure Grace of a hearty welcome into their family, and, after all, as they justly remarked, "She is a very sweet girl."

Grace Drummond has been married for three years now. She has a pretty home not very far from the one in which she spent her childhood days. A tiny girlie is just commencing to prattle and toddle around, and tumbles about in the sunshine in the velvety lawn—a sweet little child with blue eyes brimming over with love and laughter, and sunshiny curls. They call her Grace, for, as her father says, "She cannot do better than be a second edition of her mother," and she gives fair promise of being so.

In the pretty drawing-room, amidst much that is choice and rare, stands an ornament of rather a different type. From all kinds of treasures of art and china a familiar visitor turned one day to glance at the odd contrivance, and a smile hovered about her lips as her eyes sought those of her hostess with an unspoken question. But Mrs. Drummond is equal to the occasion.

"How dare you laugh at my oldest treasure!" she challenges gaily. And then her merriment changes to something more earnest and deep. "Ah! but you do not know that I owe my husband, my child, my home, all that I value in this part of the world to Providence and that Little Green Pot."





(Photo, Mr. A. B. Harrison.)

PACKING GRANGES IN QUEENSLAND.

Lost in the Bush.

By D. L. WOOLMER.

THE immortal Mrs. Nickleby, in reckoning up her dozens of admirers, headed the list with one who had gone to "Australia in a cadet ship, and had killed sheep in a bush." How the sheep got into the bush, she was unable to explain; indeed, their eccentricity and the misfortunes of her suitor she was content to leave amongst the obscure mysteries of an unknown country, where both sheep and sheep-stealer met an untimely end. Mrs. Nickleby probably knew as much about the Bush of Australia as most ladies of her time, and little less than many even in the more enlightened present. The greater England at the Antipodes is represented in the island which most Anglo-Australians call Home, by a successful class, welcome in the smartest shops and hotels of London. Members of Society of the capitals and large towns of the six States, which form the Commonwealth of Australia, are often themselves more familiar with the first-rate hotels of Europe than with the unsettled regions of the north and north-west of their own continent. Some may know more

of the slums of London than of the "back blocks" of Queensland. They go into the Bush for change of air just as Londoners go into the country. But the forest glades and hill stations within reach by train or good roads are sufficient to content all but the most enterprising spirits.

It requires an attempt to follow Lord Rosebery's suggestion to "think imperially" in order to grasp the size of that portion of our Empire which is under the Southern Cross. Beyond the spots visited by the upper ten of Australia, or reached by the ordinary globe-trotter, beyond the blocks of land occupied by selectors, extend tracts of unexplored country—much land to be possessed as far as Christianity is concerned; great resources to be developed according to the dreams of the Commonwealth. The land cries for cultivation; it waits for man to obey the primeval command to replenish the earth and subdue it.

The whole population of Australia is under 5,000,000, not so large as that of the country of London. And of this number 3,000,000

are concentrated in the States of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia. The Australians of these States find it easier to visit Europe than many parts of Queensland and Western Australia—those vast regions which offer the widest field for missionary enterprise. It is there that aboriginal blacks are either collected in Government Reserves, or run the risk of adding the vices of the alien to their own degraded habits. It is there that Chinamen and Japanese exercise their ingenuity in turning the very ground they walk on into gold. It is there that the remnant that remain of the South Sea Islanders, formerly imported for labour, are still to be found. It is there that the white miners and agriculturists are scattered "out on the Never-Never." The modern Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece press beyond the reach of civilisation, some only to be lost in the Bush, others to share nobly in the expansion of England. Beyond the dismal swamps, beyond the granite ridges, Nature's fortification against the spoiler Man, enterprising adventurers see visions of a Land of Promise, where a fruitful soil is spread over the richest of minerals.

The first white man to set foot on the Darling Downs, since known as the Garden of Queensland, was the botanist, Allen Cunningham. With six men and eleven horses, he scaled the acclivities of the Dividing Range. From April 30th, 1827, till June 5th, the party struggled on, sometimes only advancing a few miles a day. They cut their way through thickets with an axe. They allowed nothing to turn them back until they stood on the flat-topped summit of Mount Sturt, and gazed on a panorama of hills, dales, woodlands, and plains. Where they led the way railways have followed. The history

of the first explorers will repeat itself as long as healthy volcanic plateaus rise above the plains, and men possess the spirit of enterprise,



(Photo: Dr. A. H. Barron.)

A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER WHO HAS FINISHED HIS CONTRACT WITH THE QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT AND HAS BUILT HIS OWN HOUSE. HIS WIFE AND SON ARE MEMBERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

to press beyond the beaten track and discover treasures in the Great Unknown.

"We were 12,000 miles from England, yet we were in England still, and England at its best," Froude said of his first impressions of

Adelaide. About the same time a Moravian missionary wrote of the untamed blacks of Australia "gliding like serpents through the scrub and wild grass . . . ready not only to shed blood, but also to practise cannibalism. Some were caught in the very act only a few weeks ago."

Whilst humanity shudders to discover that the dark places of the earth, even in our own empire, are full of the habitations of cruelty, Christianity sees that many a paradise lost in the Bush may be regained. God's husbandmen are not to be put to shame



(Photo: Dr. A. H. Barron.)

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

by botanists, explorers, gold-seekers, pearl-fishers and agriculturists. Although the gigantic nettles and stinging trees of the tropical forest are only figures of the evils that have taken root in the long neglected soil, although hands and feet and hearts may bleed from the toil of changing a spiritual wilderness into the garden of the Lord, the results amply justify all the labour involved.

Happy Native Christians.

The missions to the Aborigines at Yarrabah, North Queensland, under the superintendence of the Rev. E. R. Gribble, dismiss the idea that the natives are irreclaimable. On this Government reserve of 80 square miles live a community of 300 blacks. They are happy, industrious Christians. Some of them have been licensed as lay readers. Their own church, their own school, their own choir, and their own brass band are the amazement of the white visitor. Other settlements are being started on the same plan. The white men owe a great debt to the children of the Bush whom they have dispossessed. Britain has brought destructive vices to Australia which have killed thousands, and reduced others to the condition of diseased beggars dragging on the charity of townships. "They are God's image cut in ebony—God's image spoilt by man's inhumanity," one of their missionaries in Western Australia, the Rev. E. M. Collick, writes in pleading for them.

It is impossible to do justice to the men who since the year 1795, when two schoolmasters were appointed to Australia by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, have sought the lost in the Bush. It is impossible to tell of the devotion of Moravian brethren, ever foremost where the darkness is densest. Time and space would fail to describe all the special missions. The Melanesian Mission; the classes for Chinamen held in Thursday Island by a devoted Japanese catechist; the care for lepers on Friday Island—those Friday's bairns of singular misfortune; each enterprise has its own interest. Our own people call ever louder and louder for immediate care. The great white wave of emigration washes up from the south. The tide has been slow of late years compared with that of Canada and South Africa; but with the return of prosperity after long droughts, it is likely to gather force. Its precious deposits of humanity are apt to deteriorate if left in units, tens, or small townships without the restraints of society or religion.

"We have a claim upon English support, not merely on the ground of kinship, but also

on the further ground that an enormous proportion of the profits of the mines come home to England," maintains the Rev. Charles Matthews, Vice-Principal of the Bush Brotherhood in Western New South Wales.

The Colonies stretch out their hands to welcome the British. The Queensland Government, for example, divides the country into districts. The more accessible land or blocks near lines of railway, centres of population and navigable waters, are set apart for agricultural selections in areas up to 1,280 acres while opportunities are given for acquiring grazing selections in areas up to 20,000 acres.

It is in the "back blocks," or least accessible districts, that the subtle danger of isolation is the greatest. This danger is the more deadly because it is not recognised. British pluck and religious enthusiasm only rise to meet a tangible enemy. The presence of serpents or wild natives gives zest to the spirit of adventure. The witchery of the Bush throws a glamour over the idea of solitude. It calls townships to escape from the strenuous hustle, and exchange the grating sounds of money-grinding for the music of the birds. Crowded competitors for a living wage and elbow room hear of a new country where space to expand and air to breathe are unlimited. The simple life in all its pristine simplicity and in the open air for six months of the year, has its charms for certain dispositions. In the midst of the forests of gum-trees are clearings with homesteads; sometimes one man is monarch of all he surveys; at others two share the "humpy" or hut.

Too Talkative.

The tale is told how two companions gradually ceased to talk for want of subject matter. One of them found life dull. The merriment of the laughing-jackass failed to cheer him, and the rest of the birds and live stock had their own interests to discuss amongst themselves. He hazarded a remark to his partner about a cow. No response. Next morning the same observation met with the same result, or absence of result. The third day he discovered his companion packing up his share of their worldly goods and inquired the reason. "There is too much argument for me in this camp," was the only explanation. With this last word the man who had lost the art of conversation went away into the silence of the Bush—a silence that is not golden.

"It is not good for man to live alone." The primeval law is never outraged with impunity. The Australian shepherds, whose intercourse with their brother man before the boundary fences were erected, was restricted to the

weekly visits of the ration carrier, and the society that shearing time and the lambing season bring, sometimes lost their reason. The solitude of the Bush was rendered hideous by a glimpse of a miserable object recalling the demoniac of Gerasa and only crying out to be let alone. The enormous distances to be covered in order to reach the scattered white men may be gathered from the fact that the Bishop of Perth for ten years travelled as a rule 20,000 miles a year. The diocese of Carpentaria in the extreme North, has an area many times the size of England, but only ten clergymen to minister to the scattered whites and care for the coloured races.

St. Andrew's Bush Brotherhood.

In 1897 the Bishop of Rockhampton, hearing that the Bishop of Durham had a band of volunteers for the foreign mission field, begged for men. His case was urgent, but the Bishop of Durham would not take the responsibility of sending men with all the freshness of youthful enthusiasm to a life of solitary itinerant. Who could stand being removed from all companionship tending to spiritual, intellectual or moral elevation without deterioration?

"Start an Oxford House in your diocese, and then I will try to help you," was the substance of the Bishop of Durham's reply.

As a result, the Bishop of Rockhampton formed a settlement at Longreach, in the Western Bush of Central Queensland, known as "St. Andrew's Bush Brotherhood." The first head, who had been destined by the Bishop of Durham as a missionary to India, was the Rev. G. D. Halford, now Archdeacon of Rockhampton. The plan proved so successful that three more Bush Brotherhoods were formed on the same model, one at Herberton, for the North Queensland diocese, another at Charleville in the diocese of Brisbane, a fourth at

Dubbo, in the Bathurst diocese, New South Wales.

The clergy and laymen pledge themselves to remain for five years as pioneers at these centres. It is the rule for one, or if the numbers permit, for two to remain by turns at headquarters to conduct public worship, shepherd the flock, and give hospitality to strangers. The rest travel in their enormous districts, visiting hamlets and townships from seven to one hundred miles apart. They baptise and teach the children, hold services in the open air, in private houses, in little Bush churches, and in hotel parlours, when the landlord will consent to close the bar for the purpose.

Incidents of the Work.

Plans and rules must vary according to the locality. All are abstainers from alcohol, and attempt to resist the intemperance which with

betting and gambling prevail to an extent that is a menace to the nation. There is sufficient money to waste and misuse. The Rev. A. Vaughan Williams, Head of the Bush Brotherhood at Herberton, whose work receives a grant from the Colonial and Con-

tinental Church Society, finds that rough men will voluntarily and generously help him to start Boys' Clubs or anything tending to the happiness and social benefit of the children. They have yet to learn to maintain public worship. With two clergymen and a layman, he itinerates in a district of 12,000 square miles. Their headquarters are on a plateau beyond the Great Main Dividing Range, where the temperature rarely rises above ninety degrees. They travel 10,000 to 12,000 miles a year.

Mr. Vaughan Williams describes a ride through the scrub as a journey through fairyland. Beneath the towering gum-trees and tall palms, and amid a profusion of ferns, orchids in great variety peep like pixies at a stranger. Hundreds of gay-coloured parrots,



(Photo: Dr. A. H. Garro.)

LOADING BANANAS IN QUEENSLAND.



(Photo: Dr. A. H. Barrow.)

A SALVATION ARMY CORPS CONSISTING OF A FEW WHITE PEOPLE, THE WIFE OF A SELECTOR, AND HIS DAUGHTER, AND SOME SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

black cockatoos, laughing-jackasses, and other birds add life and loveliness to the scene. All this is the condition when Nature smiles; but when seamed and furrowed by the gold fever or worried by the fortune-hunter, her face is changed and disfigured beyond recognition.

"In the mining centres, drunkenness is

rife," Mr. Vaughan Williams says. "The growing evil is gambling, which is indulged in by adults and children. Whilst visiting one of our largest centres I witnessed two little boys playing a game of cards. The younger of the two, aged seven, soon getting tired, wanted to play for matches. His companion, the son of good church people, refused. 'Well, then,' said the seven-year-old, 'let's play two-up. I've got sixpence.'

Ignorant of Christian Work

"Mr. Burnett the other day paid a first visit to some new out-lying mining camps. It was Monday, and over a hundred

men were lying prostrate or were in a state of stupefaction through excessive drinking the day before, the majority of them being more or less bruised.

"Are you one of the Show?' I was once asked by a youth on my first visit to a far-away township where a troop of performers was expected



(Photo: Dr. A. H. Barrow.)

OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS AT BUDERIM MOUNTAIN.

"My dear boy, do you not know a clergyman when you see one?"

"How should I know?" was the saddening response.

"Here is a great work to be done. We want missionaries to rescue young girls from degradation, and the lads and men from drink and gambling."

Is it any wonder if "unblushing vice" and lamentable evils beyond description should prevail in spots beyond the restraints of the law or public opinion? Environment acts on human nature. In the tropics where Nature's moods are intense, though there are saints amongst miners who rise above the surrounding temptation, there are sinners whose violence is figured in the parching heat and destructive cyclones. The Rev. Walter Williams, whose district is the very heart of typical "inside" North Queensland, sums it up as "Downs with, out hills, Bush without trees, rivers without water, grazing without grass, civilisation without morals, public-houses without number, supplying the only palliative until the Church fulfils her mission in their midst."

Within these broad outlines imagination can fill in the shading of the picture. The landscape is both literally and figuratively gloomy. From the roof of a house in a typical town he looks in vain for some living vegetation. But as far as eye can see, not a blade of grass breaks the monotony of grey dust. There is no library, no club, no place to spend the hours of ease but the public-house, nothing to occupy the idleness but drinking and quarrelling.

In the late years of drought, the choking dust of the plains and the inharmonious voices of the towns were less awful than the silence of the Bush. In 1905, a Townsville resident found the loneliness of Western Queensland appalling. The birds were dead, the wallabies and kangaroos were dead; last of all the reptiles were passing away. He came upon bunches of snakes tangled together as though they had died in heaps. The drought came to an end at last.

Working under Difficulties.

Then work, patiently carried on under a temperature of 120° and 125°, suffered from another variety of Nature's tropical intensity. The inhabitants of Croydon, Carpentaria, awoke on March 6th, 1906, to see unwilling sea-gulls driven inland before the gale from the sea. The white specks, feeble as snowflakes against the canopy of black, were the heralds of a cyclone. It lifted a church of 60 feet long, and flung it down eight feet from the place where it had originally stood. Many inhabitants crept from the ruins of what had

been their homes to begin life over again. The calamity brought into evidence that strong comradeship that is conspicuous in the outposts of the empire. Brave hearts, such indeed as make the Australian Commonwealth, are not to be overcome by incidents of climate. Disasters draw men together, and they raise finer buildings above the foundations of the old. Good seasons succeed the bad, and healthy minds live in the present. Missionaries, who share the common lot of their adopted country, escape the loss of fortunes, for they have not much to lose. The Bush Brothers, content with a stipend of £50 or even £25 a year for personal expenditure, and innocent of the gold fever, "jog on their way and hent the stiles" of difficulty as merrily as Autolycus.

Three Word Pictures.

One of the number draws three word pictures of the life of a "swagman," that is an unattached labourer who carries his swag or personal luggage with him. A layman joined him, and entered with enthusiasm into the idea of being for the time "Brother Erskine" and a swagman. They started from a town 200 miles from their headquarters at Dubbo. From place to place they journeyed. Baptisms, public worship, visits to sheep shearers, kept them busy, and yet left them leisure to admire and depict the landscape and enliven it with two figures.

"Picture I.—A large plain, quite level, flecked with blue green saltbush, brightened with everlasting daisies, fringed with scrub on the horizon, and bewitched by shifting mirages. Two cyclists, one behind the other, one bicycle groaning considerably, and called 'Artaxerxes' because, like Mr. Jorrocks' famous horse, it was gaunt and old. On the bikes, swags rolled down the fork of the machines in front—on the handle-bars more rugs, a quart pot, water bag, tucker bag. A head wind. The only sounds, panting and the groans of 'Artaxerxes' and then—

"This brings us to Picture II., a very frequent one in the history of this trip. Two cyclists off their bikes. 'Artaxerxes' upside down—tire off—quart pot on ground, in which inner tube is being tested in the last pint of water. Tube found punctured freely by Bogan fleas (a small grass seed). New patches put on old patches, or old patches taken off and new patches put on. Tire pumped up, still a leak. Patience nearly exhausted, but at last rewarded and on the track once more.

"Picture III. will make you say: 'Alas, my poor brother.' Two cyclists tired and travel-worn, with twelve miles still to go. Unknown

track, weather threatening, no food, little water, no shelter. 'Artaxerxes' punctured beyond hope of repair. Enter on scene *deus ex machina*, or rather *deus cum machina*, in the person of a boy with a dray. Albert, name of boy, Balley (pronounced 'Bawley'), name of horse. Consultation over 'Artaxerxes' by Principal, Brother Erskine, and Albert. Final decision to let Balley carry it in dray. Bike safe in dray, owner walks behind.

"We learnt something of the hardships of the wayfarer. We even learnt something of his danger, for one night a very large fallen tree which we had lighted for our camp fire nearly rolled in upon us. We found out what a practical help the Wayfarers' Union would be to the traveller, with its little card on which the prayer could be printed, and what a help it would be to the swagman to be able to look forward to a Wayfarers' Rest at the end of the journey. We also learnt something about the country, and of the need of more workers.

"Since our trip a very good Christian has lent us £250 free of interest, which may help us to start a Wayfarers' Rest, and the directors have been asked to allow the £120 due from England to be devoted to the same purpose,

on the one condition that the current expenditure for the year is met by Australian money."

Amongst the variety of Brothers at Dubbo, "Brother Michael," whose portrait appears as a frontispiece to the *Bush Brother*, a quarterly magazine, turns out to be a fine dog. Fraternal support is precious. No help of any kind may be disregarded in the presence of need, vast as the fifth continent itself. The Wayfarers' Union is one of various efforts to link isolated settlers together in the ways of righteousness. Necessity has called unions, leagues and associations into being. They gather up the fragments of help and sympathy that nothing may be lost. One of the most recent is "The Australian League," an auxiliary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. It is "a band of Anglo-Australians who wish to share their privileges with their fellow-countrymen in the back blocks, who are often without the means of grace." The strength and economy of such unions are obvious. There is no danger of being lost in a maze if a thread fastened to the entrance is unwound and never let go. The threefold cord of faith, hope, and love is not quickly broken. It can reach from Home to the Wanderers in the deepest recesses of the Bush.

Wisdom from Master Minds.

IT is the daily drill that makes the battle hero.—*Punshon.*

Look for the best and the best shall rise up always to reward you.—*David Starr Jordan.*

The spark of life is mysticism; and without that true religion is an impossibility.—*The Bishop of Truro.*

If we took as much trouble to be good as we do to appear good, we should end by being so.—*Queen of Roumania.*

No kindly emotion, no unselfish affection or regard can possibly be lost. The conservation of love is as much a law of nature as the conservation of energy.—*Mrs. Sloan Chesser.*

We are very apt to forget one side of life, and that is to be happy and enjoy ourselves.—*Dr. Nansen.*

Our Sundays fail of their purpose if we do not make a practice of helping someone else.—*H. A. Bridgman.*

Remember—The man who would take an unfair advantage of an enemy cannot be trusted as a friend.—*Ker.*

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.—*Carlyle.*

It is not even a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.—*Ruskin.*



A VILLAGE EPISODE.

A Complete Story.

By H. STOCKLEY.

THE westering sun shone on the little white-washed cottage, bringing out all the rich glow in the tiles, flushing the walls a rosy pink and concentrating itself in a bed of scarlet geraniums. Two old men sat on a bench outside the open door with clay pipes for company. They had been friends from boyhood, they had worked together in their prime and had retired together in the evening of their days to enjoy a well-earned rest and a weekly allowance from "t' club." The two were without kith and kin, save for the fact of one having a married son in Manchester, and their loneliness made another bond between them.

Evening after evening would find them seated on the bench discussing with great solemnity the questions of Church and State, questions of village politics or gossip; but for some weeks now the topic of their conversation had been of such paramount importance that all others paled into insignificance before it. The subject was their village Flower Show, and it was close upon them. For Sunnymede village was the home of flowers—they flung their colour and perfume about as freely in cottage gardens as in the Hall's extensive grounds.

"It only wants two clear days to t'show," said Thomas impressively, looking at his companion over his spectacles, with his short-sighted eyes. "Two clear days," he repeated, checking them off on his fingers. He was a simple-faced old man, with a much younger expression than the other. "But let it come when it do," he went on, "there won't be nobody as can show anything like our beans, no," with withering scorn, "they're too busy a-growin' their asters, calceolaries, double stocks, an' sich like trash, ter think o' growin' a decent vegetable. Not that I should a-thought o' growin' beans exactly—vegetable marrers was my dot—if it hadn't been for the gardener

frum t' 'All a-givin' us both this specialty. An' I mus' say as how I'm ver-ry glad now as he did. For one thing, it's a sight more excitin', both on us agrowin' the same thing to show. It makes what yer may call a bit er friend-ly ri-val-ry atween us, don't it, lad?" he chuckled softly. "an' we shan't quarrel whichever gets t'prize, shall us?"

"Not likely," returned the other, as he got up slowly from the seat and stretched himself. "I think it's about time I made tracks for home."

Thomas gave him a stare of mock incredulity.

"Ay, but, Pete, yer never think of goin' off wi'out first havin' a look at my beans! I want yer ter tell me if yer think they've swelled any sin' yer saw 'em last night."

He got up as he spoke, and led the way to the back of the house, where there was a strip of garden, down the middle of which were three long rows of broad beans. These beans had become the pride of Thomas's simple soul, and the words of praise from his friend Pete were as a sweet savour to him. For some minutes there was more talk about the beans, how fears had been entertained that the blight had got to them, and then Pete went home.

The next morning, when he had had breakfast, and methodically washed up the dishes and put them away—for Pete since his wife's death six years before had done everything for himself—he went out to inspect his own beans. They were certainly very fine specimens, but he would not be able to show beans like Thomas's, or, indeed, any to compare with them. While he was ruminating over the problem as to whether it was too much water or not enough sun that had caused the difference, the postman came up the garden-path, and handed him a letter. It was from his son's wife in Manchester. He spelt out

each word of the curious, ill-written letter laboriously.

"DEAR DAD,—I rite ter let yer kno as how Bill as been orf work fur 5 week, with newmonia. The dr. ses, as how it will be qwite a three week afore he can think agoin' back, an' that he mus' have a new paitent medisin to get his strength up, an' it will cost 10 an' 6, an' wheer he thinks it's comin' frum I'd like ter kno, fur it's takin' us orl our time ter live, an' if it wosn't fer my bit a-charin', we shud have been in the Workus lang afur this—secin' as Bill can't keep his places fer long ter-gether. Not that I've anythin' agenst Bill, he makes a good husban', as fur as they go, but he's not wot yer call a lucky chap; sum folks isn't, it's their natur, an' they can't help it. I think I heerd as it wos ter do wi' sum stars, but I don't kno, but wot I do kno is, he's got ter have that medisin, so that's settled, an' I thort maybe you had a few extra shillin' this seeson yer could spare, frum sellin' yer eggs an' huney; tho' I kno in a genral way, yer've only jest enuff fer yerself.

"If yer have I kno yer will be glad ter let Bill have 'em. I shood have rote a-fur this, but Bill woodn't have yer worried.

"Wi' luv, hopping yer are well,

"SARAH."

When he had read the letter through, he folded it up carefully and put it in his pocket. Then turned slowly and went into the house and busied himself about preparing his dinner. All that day, as he plodded through the duties of his house, or worked in the sunshine of his little garden, he pondered and worried over the question: Where was he to get the money from?

"She couldn't have asked me at a worst time, for I don't know where ter lay my hand on a blessed sixpence," he confided to the bees and flowers. He often talked to them of his innermost thoughts and longings.

About tea-time he gathered his beans. He shook his head over them despondently.

"If they had only growed enuff to have got me first prize," he muttered, "it would have been a real blessin', but t'Lord will let Thomas get t'half guinea, as don't need it at all."

That was the burden of his thoughts, the summing up of his grievances. In his present mood he felt that the ways of Providence were unjustifiable.

It never occurred to him to ask Thomas for help—friends as they were—for he knew that he had not much opinion of his son, for he had once made the remark, "That he thought Bill was a poor stick of a lad wi' no push in him, an' insted a bein' a prop to his parents he was more like to be a burden." So since then Pete had always been very reticent about Bill, for, never even in his thoughts, did he attribute his shiftless son's failure to succeed in anything he undertook to a want of "push," but to a want of luck. Bill was very dear to the old man's heart.

Pete was unusually silent in the evening when he went to have his customary pipeful with his friend; but Thomas did not seem to notice it, and appeared quite satisfied when his remarks elicited an "Ay!" or "Nay!" He was full of chatter about his beans, which he had just gathered. He had them all in a large covered basket, and he lifted the lid and showed them triumphantly to his old friend.

"It went agen the grain, lad, to pull 'em, but it had to be done, if I'm ter show Sunny-meade folks it's pos-si-ble ter grow a decent bean. I've been thinking," he went on, "that I'd best leave 'em in t'entry all night, it will be cooler there than in t'kitchen, an' then take 'em bright an' early in t'mornin'."

That was all Pete seemed to hear.

"He's a-goin' ter leave 'em in t'entry all night. It's a-temptin' Providence," he kept saying it over to himself, as if it were a task he had to learn. "He's a-goin' ter leave 'em in t'entry all night."

It was eleven o'clock that night when Pete crept downstairs and out of the door. He sidled down his garden-path, and along the road, keeping in the shadows of the trees, which grew on either side, till he reached Thomas's house. Then he paused a moment to listen before he moved again.

When he came out on the road once more he had a covered basket in his hand. He hastened home faster than he had come, for he had to make another cautious journey back and home again.

It was the afternoon of the Flower Show day. Pete was working in his garden; he could hear the band from there, and see the people go by. A man who came on an errand to his house had told him he had got the first prize for his broad beans, and that Thomas had got the second, and Pete, with a dull sense of shame, wondered how Thomas was taking it, for he had been so proud of his beans.

"I'll be bound he'll think they've put

wrong names on t'cards," he told himself, "but he needn't think as he'll come over me. he'll have ter bide by 'judges' discision," as they say. He shouldn't a-been so chuff about his old beans; he fairly sickened me, he did, a-pratin' about 'em so much. 'Pride allus goes afore a fall!'" He thought to extract comfort from the quotation, but it did not come.

He put off going to the Show till evening, and would not have gone then, but he was afraid people would make remark if he failed to put in an appearance. For nobody had talked about, and looked forward to, this gala day more than he, but that was before he had realised that a Flower Show is one of the things that can become a "vanity and a vexation of spirit."

So it was not with altogether a light heart that Pete, arrayed in his Sunday clothes, at length pushed his way through the people who were watching the sports and entered the large tent that had been erected for the garden and dairy produce. He saw Thomas a little distance off, standing with another man examining a show of marrows. Thomas caught sight of Pete almost immediately, and beckoned him.

"See here, Pete, at these marrers," he shouted.

"Well, I'm blowed, he don't look a bit down," he muttered, half relieved, half resentfully. "I never did see sich a chap, if it ain't beans it's marrers wi' him. An' here have I been most worryin' myself to a skellington, a-picturin' he'd fret."

By the time Pete reached the spot where Thomas was standing the other man had moved off. His old friend looked hesitatingly at Pete, as if he were thinking what to say, then he remarked, "I expect yer've heered as how yer've got first prize, an' I want ter tell yer, as I don't mind a bit bein' beat by you, seein' as we're pals. Yer know, lad, we agreed whichever on us got it that it shouldn't make no difference atween us."

Pete coughed a little. A red flush was evident, mounting his neck to his thin fringe of white hair.

"It's good of yer not ter mind," he murmured faintly. All the time he was telling himself that a meaner sinner did not live than he, Pete Green.

"Do yer know, Pete," went on Thomas, "as I've kind er made up my mind not ter go in for beans another year if I'm spared, but ter try my hand at growin' marrers. I was always partial to marrers, as yer know, lad, an' I reckon"—pointing a scornful finger at the tray of vegetable marrows near them—"as I can beat them measly chaps inter fits."

For a week following the Flower Show Pete had been more miserable than he had ever been in his life before. He had been able to send the money to Bill, but it did not bring him the happiness he expected. He could not rid himself of the thought that he had been tempted and had fallen, and, worst of all, it was his old friend he had robbed—his old friend, who trusted him like his own soul. It was vain for him to tell himself that exchange was no robbery, and that it was for the lad's sake he did it; it failed to console. The shadow of that sin rose up between them every day, and it kept him awake at night.

It was while he lay staring dismally into the darkness one night that he suddenly resolved that he would tell Thomas about it in the morning.

So after breakfast he set out. His heart failed him a little, but still he did not hesitate; he had braced himself up to make the confession, and he would go through with it.

He went straight up to where the old man was sitting in his customary place on the bench, and stood before him.

"Thomas," he said, "I've got somethin' ter tell yer. I've been deceivin' yer about them beans of yours an' mine. I swopped 'em t'night afore t' Show. I knew as yer was bound ter get the first prize, an' I wanted t'money bad jest then"—he hesitated, and cleared his throat—"an' I thought as yer'd never find out that they'd been swopped, but would think as they'd made a mistake at t'Show and entered the wrong names on t'tickets."

The old man looked up at him pleasantly.

"Why, bless yer, lad, I know all about it. I was lookin' out ter winder, an' I seed yer swop 'em. I gessed as yer was wantin' money—fur Mike Jones told me he'd brought yer a letter frum Manchester—an' I wasn't goin' ter let a few beans come atween a friendship o' fifty years, it wasn't likely, so I sed nothin' about it, knowin' as yer'd tell me all in good time. The thing as hurt me most wos that yer didn't trust me enuff ter tell me as yer wos bothered for money, an' let me help yer. But, there, don't yer go worryin' any more about it, we'll let bygones be bygones."

"I wish I was half as good as you, Thomas," responded Pete, huskily, "but I ain't. I yield ter temptation straight away. I ain't more strength er mind than a babby."

Then Thomas reached out and shook his old friend's hand. It was an unusual action, but accounted for by the unusual circumstances. After that they smoked a pipe of peace together.

THE THIRST FOR GOD.

By the Rev. W. JUSTIN EVANS.

"Now on the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."—JOHN vii. 37 (R.V.).

SURELY this wonderful invitation would be ridiculous if it came from one who was only a man. We cannot imagine even Paul uttering this sentence. There must be the fulness of God, the resources of the Infinite behind it. Jesus was conscious of sufficient power and wealth in Himself to supply all that came, to satisfy the soul thirst of all men.

It was on the *last* day, just before the great crowd scattered, never to meet again. Jesus caught hold of that supreme opportunity to invite the people away from all the empty Jewish ritual to Himself. He would give them what they had been vainly looking for elsewhere. A Person would satisfy where things had failed. We read that He "stood and cried." He was deeply in earnest. He meant to be heard. It was His heart-ache then, and so it is now, that men will not hear and come to Him that they might have life.

We to-day know full well that this invitation is not an empty one. Millions have accepted it and have realised its truth. Jesus has done all that He has promised. No one has ever come to Him in vain. No one has trusted in Him and been disappointed.

Jesus fully understood the needs of men. He knew what was in men—the aching void, the nameless desires, the speechless longings of the heart.

It was to Dr. Johnson a beggar woman once came, and when he gruffly asked her what she wanted, she replied, "Look at me, sir, and you will see that I want almost everything." And she did—she wanted clothes, food, home, friends, health.

So man spiritually seems to be a mere bundle of wants—he wants everything. Many people know only that they want—what it is that ails them they cannot tell. They feel a kind of restless dissatisfaction with themselves and with their surroundings. There is something wrong, they know;

what it is they know not. There is a discord in the music of their lives; where the false note comes from they have never discovered. They are not happy, but what is lacking they have never been able to find out.

Deeper than any other thirst in man is the thirst for God. It is there in every man, though every man does not know it. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." The Psalmist had found out what he needed; that was half-way to get the need supplied. God is never far from the soul that feels its need of Him.

Not an Artificial Thirst.

This thirst for God is not an artificial thirst, created by priests and preachers for their own purposes. It is natural to man. A man is not fully a man without it. Individuals have convinced themselves, at times, that they do not need God. But there never has been a nation of atheists. The longing for God is a kind of home-sickness. We have come from God, and feel incomplete until we are again one with God, at home with our Father. As soon as the Prodigal "comes to himself," he of necessity comes to God.

The poet says that "we needs must love the highest when we see it." But many are blind to the highest, they will not see it. Many saw Jesus in the flesh, but they beheld not His glory. They saw the Peasant of Galilee, the son of Mary, but they saw not the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. People have to be trained to see. Only the pure in heart can see God. They who love not cannot know God. A man sees as he is. As he becomes greater he lives in a larger world. Jesus has come to open blind eyes, to break hard hearts, that men may see and feel more by being more. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." It is a great thing even to long for goodness. Samuel Ruther-

ford, in his quaint way, used to say, "All my stock of Christ is a hunger for Him." He knew that even to hunger for Christ is a real blessedness. Really to long to be good is to begin to be good. Bring even your wants, your hunger, and thirst, to Jesus, and He will make the parched ground a pool and the thirsty land springs of water.

Jesus Satisfies.

Jesus completely satisfies man's deepest wants. Others can touch only the surface, meet the superficial and temporary needs. They may brighten, even decorate, the outside, and reform the surroundings of men. The real man they cannot even touch, for they leave out of account man's profoundest needs, his cry for purity and oneness with God.

Poverty, sickness, and sorrow may be great evils, but they are by no means the greatest. There is a pain that goes deeper and hurts more than any of these—it is sin. No one touches the root of the mischief who cannot remove that. Some ignore it, or try to make light of it, but it is there, and it has to be dealt with. We meet it in every path. It hinders us in every effort we make to better man, or to improve his condition. Let the philanthropist go in what direction he may, east or west, north or south, there it is again—sin blocking the way.

Others offer quack medicines as a remedy for the evil, often making matters worse. Darkness is better than false lights; hunger is better than poisoned food; to leave the soul alone is better than to mock its pain and offer it a false Gospel.

In the desert the travellers are sometimes drawn on by lovely visions of lakes and views. They march on wearily but hopefully, thinking that presently they will have plenty of fresh water to drink. Alas! it is only the mirage—nothing but the glare of the sun on the sand. One remembers also, with pity, the story of the pilgrim who had dragged himself, weary and thirsty, to a place where once there had been a fountain. There was not a drop of water in it, but he saw close by a skin bottle that seemed full of something to drink. But when he opened it he found it full of—pearls—only pearls. For the thirsty man a cup of cold, refreshing water would have been better than all the pearls of Golconda. The world offers the soul pearls instead of water; and the Church sometimes offers it a ritual or a creed instead of God. These empty cisterns

are poor substitutes for wells of water. Jesus offers the soul what it most needs. He cleanses, restores, satisfies, for He gives Himself in all His divine fulness. "The water that I give him shall be in him a well of water." That is what man really wants—Christ within the soul, a perpetual power. Christ meets the needs of all men. We are generally sceptical of medicines advertised to cure all the diseases of all people; but Jesus Christ offers a salvation that really suits all, a remedy that heals all our sicknesses, and makes us perfectly whole. On that great day of the feast there were thousands present, from all classes and almost all countries. They were, many of them, profoundly dissatisfied with the formalism and the vain ceremonies of the Jewish temple. They had come from afar to join in them. They were the best they could find anywhere, but they were returning home restless, and still thirsty. They needed more than that, and they felt it. To these Jesus gave His invitation. He offered them what they needed.

A Universal Saviour.

Jesus is no local nor national Saviour, but the one Saviour for all the race. After all, men differ only in outsides, in dress and surroundings. In the deeper wants all mankind is one. We are all troubled by the one mischief—sin. We can be set right by the one Saviour—Jesus Christ. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat." It is there assumed that all thirst, that the same thirst is in all, and that all will be satisfied in the same place. The only qualification for this unbought treasure is need. Do you thirst? Your very want gives you the right to come. Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He still seeks the unfit, the unfortunate, and the lost.

Some years ago there was a picture in the Academy called, "Left to Die." It was the painting of a caravan passing through the desert. On the wayside there was a poor, sick man. He was too weak and ill to walk and to be of any use, so he is to be left behind—left to die. I have often thought this world is very hard on the weak and the bruised. Its caravan passes them with a rude indifference. It will not stop to pick up the fallen and the sickly; yea, it often crushes them beneath the awful wheels of its cruel car. Like the Priest and the

Levite, the world passes the wounded and takes care to walk on the other side. The Good Samaritans that take trouble to look after him are few and rare.

Thank God, there is One who never willingly leaves anyone to die on the wayside. He never breaks the bruised reed nor quenches the smoking flax. He gathers around Him the poor and the weak, the wretched and the blighted, the publican and the sinner—not to denounce them, but to help and uplift them. He receives the world's castaways, the refuse of sin, the seemingly worthless and broken down. He goes on loving and helping wretched, hopeless sinners after everybody else has lost faith in them, and long after they have lost faith in themselves.

Binding up the Broken.

A short time ago I was in Lincoln Cathedral, and saw a beautiful window there with a remarkable history. When the painted windows were being placed in the cathedral centuries ago a master artist was engaged who had a young apprentice to help him. This apprentice begged for the broken bits of glass that were cast away when the windows were being made. Out of these bits he formed the window that is now considered the most interesting and not the least beautiful in the cathedral. So our Lord Jesus takes up human failures, the unsuccessful, and the despised, and out of them He forms the Kingdom that is the admiration of all beholders. He offers of His own fulness to all empty souls; He gives of His strength to shelter all the weak ones; He holds out a loving hand to the defeated, the discouraged, and the disappointed. If *any* man, be he prodigal, backslider, helpless, hopeless, drunken, or unclean, or what not—if any man thirst, let *him* come unto Me.

Jesus Christ gives also immediate and permanent satisfaction. "The water that I

shall give him shall be in him a well of water," He said at another time. His salvation satisfies at once, and keeps satisfying for ever. It is enough for the man's own use, and it is enough to give away to others. The saved man helps the Saviour to save others. When Andrew is found he finds his own brother Simon.

More Precious Every Day.

Men grow out of other pleasures. They often get tired of things as soon as they get them. Health fails, riches take wings, friends die—and the prize for which they fought loses all its value. Thus earthly cisterns get broken, its rivers dry up, and its gold ceases to glitter. Its Happy Isles seem to be somewhere across the seas, and its Paradise on the other side of the mountains. But Christ's salvation is near at hand, and gets for ever more precious as we enter into it. It is a fountain never dry. The river of God is full of water, a perennial stream. On God's table the wine is always good, but the best is kept for the last. It is a comfort to know that, whatever happens to the good, their best things will last the longest, their best Friend will come farthest—yea, will come all the way. He abides when all others go.

It is to this Christ we bid men come. We bear the King's command to bid anyone come. Come without hesitation, come without delay. If your faith be weak, remember it will not get stronger by keeping away. If the heart be cold, it will be warmed only by nearness to His heart. If you feel unfit, remember your unfitness is really your fitness, and your unworthiness makes your best right to come. They sing the sweetest songs and wear the whitest robes in the gloryland who came out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb of God. Come, saying—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find."



Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

*I HAVE a life in Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?*

*I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till science give
All doubts a full reply?*

*Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet:
"Come unto ME and rest;
Believe ME, and be blest."*

J. C. SHARP.

JAMES CHALMERS, the martyred missionary, gave this heart-stirring testimony to the joy of serving Christ. "Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all its experience, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground—give it me back, and I will still be your missionary." And yet we, with none of these trials of our faith, are ready to give up the fight!

ONE day a young man, in a state of great despondency, flung himself down on a lawn where a fountain was playing. He saw the water-jets spurt high up in the air, flash in the light, and then fall back with a mournful splash into the basin. "Ah," he thought, "that is my life. I form resolutions, I make hard efforts to rise to God, but the force of my will is soon spent, and I fall back again to earth like the waters of that fountain." At that moment he saw, far up in the blue firmament, a soft, white, fleecy cloud. It was as fair as a summer dream and full of radiant light. Then he thought, "That was once water—water in a tarn or river or sea, and the sun from above drew it up in moisture, where no fountain could fling it, and keeps it there." Then he thought again, "That is surely what I want—a power not my own, a power above me to draw me up and hold me up." And, thank God, there is such a power ready to save men from their failures—Christ who came to save His people from their sins.

ONCE Charles Kingsley asked Turner now he came to paint his famous picture, "The Storm at Sea." Turner replied: "I painted it under the stimulus of a personal experience. I was, at my own desire, lashed to the mast of a ship in a gale off the coast of Holland that I might study every incident in detail." It is the man or the woman who has gone through trials that can understand, and sympathise most truly with those in similar plight. He who was tempted like as we are, yet without sin, can aid us in our hour of strife with the tempter.

★ ★

"IF we abide in Christ, and His word abide in us," we shall have no unanswered prayers, although there may be delayed prayers and prayers answered better than our asking. An instance of how reluctantly we accept the riches of God's promises, is afforded by the story of Sir William Pynsent, who bequeathed his large and beautiful estate to the Earl of Chatham, because he "greatly admired his unselfish devotion to his country." The country lawyer, whose duty it became to inform Chatham of this great bequest, on arriving at the Earl's house and asking to see him, was bluntly told by the doorkeeper: "His lordship does not receive every countryman who comes to town." To which the lawyer replied: "If he refuses to see me, it will be the worst day's work he ever did." An official passing by said he would take a message to the Earl, but the lawyer could not see him. "I have come all the way from Somersetshire to see him," said the lawyer, "and see him I must."

★ ★

AFTER several more refusals, his persistency was rewarded, but the Earl said as he received him: "I am so busy with affairs of State that I can give you but three minutes." The solicitor unfolded the deed that was to make the poor statesman rich, saying that the document would explain itself. Chatham, with his mind on political problems, heard only a jumble of "aforesaid" and "hereby," and when it was through, he said: "What has all this to do with me?" "Don't you understand that Burton Pynsent is yours?" "Mine!" exclaimed the Earl; and so at last he was made to appreciate what riches had been given him in his friend's last will and testament. Even more difficult is it for God's messengers to make those absorbed in business and politics and pleasure realise what inner riches for both worlds lie unappropriated in the "Testament," which expresses Christ's will for us.

"LIFE is like water," says Miss Claudine Currey. "Let it remain still and contented in the midst of however beautiful a landscape, and before long it will grow dull, weedy, and good for nothing. Send it dancing along, over rocks and falls, through smiling lands and bleak places, its depths will remain crystal clear, and its latent powers may be used for all manner of profit, of pleasure, and of beauty. Beware of stagnation and over contentment. Go forth to meet the Angel that cometh!"



A TRAVELLER tells of boots for mountain climbing, seen recently in the shop of a London bootmaker. The bootmaker drew special attention to one of his late models, and the way in which the rows of enormous nails were set in, each one separately, and each securely attached to the sole by a special hook-like catch. "So many terrible accidents," says the traveller, "have been caused in mountaineering by the failure of the nails to hold that this is for a climber a vitally important matter." In other climbing, too, it is necessary to have the nails well clinched. To the young man or woman entering business life accurate spelling and knowledge of figures—acquired at school, and well driven home and clinched by later study and use—ensure a good start. And, throughout the business world, to be sure of your facts does much to make possible steady forward and upward steps.



IN the moral and spiritual life, too, it is necessary, for safety, to have the nails well set. If right decisions have been earnestly made, and right principles firmly established, they will, when the critical moment of sharp, unexpected sensation comes, hold firm, and so save the climber from the slipping back that may mean disaster, and is almost certain to bring danger and injury both to himself and to those with him.

MR. SPURGEON has related how, in the year after he settled in South London, Asiatic cholera ravaged the city, and he was almost worn out with ministering to the sick and dying and with daily burying the dead. As he came back from a funeral, ready to break down alike in body and soul, he chanced to notice this text, which had been copied out and pasted up in a shoemaker's shop window: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday . . . it shall not come nigh thee." Those words became a fountain of strength and peace to the overwrought minister.



THE overthrow of evil may be delayed; it is always certain. Blow after blow must be struck before some giant wrong, strengthened and hardened by the growth of centuries is levelled to the ground. But the axe of the woodman reaches at last the heart of the sturdiest trunk and then the tree totters to its fall. Not less surely will every practice or institution which works injury to mankind go down to ruin before the zeal and persistence of those who strike for God and their fellow men.



IT was not until the faith and patience of Israel had been strained almost to the point of breaking that the walls of Jericho fell down. Six days they marched in silence round the city, and its capture seemed as far away as ever. But on the seventh day, when the appointed hour had struck, at the shout of the encompassing host, those apparently immovable fortifications tumbled into confused heaps, and the key to Canaan was in the hands of the divinely guided invaders. In the battle with the forces of wickedness, God is always our Leader, and to His followers there is no failure. It is ours to deal hard and well-aimed blows at His enemy and ours. The victory will surely come, and it will be complete.



The Flash in the Pan.

A Complete Story.

By AMY G. EDDISON.

"POSSIBLY six months—with care—but a shock might be fatal at any time."

The words came slowly, unwillingly, and the great specialist looked down with grave pity on the frail woman whose direct question had compelled the fatal verdict. She met the unspoken sympathy of his eyes with a reassuring smile.

"You are not signing a death-warrant," she said gaily. "It might seem like it to some people, but to me it is the long-hoped-for order of release! Those six months shall be the happiest in my life—a series of red-letter days—the Flash in the Pan, you know."

Courage, whether moral or physical, is the quality in man or woman which is held in the highest estimation all the world over. This little shabbily dressed woman meant to "die game" at all events, and the celebrated physician opened the door of his consulting room for her with far more deference than he had shown to the neurotic duchess who had left him a few minutes previously!

She declined the footman's offer to send for a cab, with a smile so bright that the worthy fellow, who was something of a student of human nature in his way, said to himself as he obeyed the summons of his master's bell, "Well, there goes one who has heard good news of herself, anyhow."

Good news? yes, it *was* good news, though not in the sense that the man intended; and as the recipient of it went on her way briskly, a sudden painful shortness of breath recalled her to the sense of her mistake in not taking the cab. The frugal habits of a lifetime become almost mechanical, but now economy must be exercised in another direction—economy of strength; no longer—oh, the wonder and joy of it—no longer economy of money!

She hailed a passing hansom, and stepping into it with a few hurried directions to the driver, leaned back luxuriously on the cushioned seat in the full enjoyment of doing a wholly unaccustomed and delightfully extravagant thing! As she bowed swiftly and noiselessly through the crowded thoroughfare in the direction of the City she was rapidly maturing in her brain the Great Plan which she had been vaguely meditating for a long time.

Once more she counted up all the money she possessed, in bank or in stock—just as if she

did not know what the result would be, even to the uttermost halfpenny, as accurately as any miser! Yes, the scheme was practicable, in fact, most easy of accomplishment. It would be her first realisation of any of the many bright but seemingly hopeless dreams of a life-time—just a Flash in the Pan, but what a Flash it would be!

Her first visit was to the bank, where she had a conference with the manager, during which she issued such instructions as left that worthy gentleman in a state of profound amazement. She re-entered her cab a few minutes later in the possession of the largest sum of ready money she had ever handled, and in a mood of joyous exhilaration equally outside the range of her ordinary experience. The Great Plan was actually in process of accomplishment!

The next visit was to the office of a tourist agent, and here the secret must perforce disclose itself! Why this annexation of a sheaf of papers referring to tours in Palestine? Why this earnest study of plans of steamers with their berths all so neatly numbered? The dream of her life had been to visit the Holy Land, to see with her own eyes those sacred places which she knew so well by description and by picture. There were few modern books on the subject which she had not read, for most of her spare time was spent in the Free Library, and the librarian, who took a friendly interest in the pale, quiet little lady who was such a frequent visitor, had learnt the nature of her "hobby," and took pleasure in saving for her any articles in magazines or papers that bore on her favourite subject.

And now practically all her arrangements, short of the actual purchase of the ticket, were made. That would have been precipitating matters too much—shortening the joys of anticipation in an unwarrantable fashion! No, the next day would be time enough for getting the ticket.

So much important business having been transacted, the little lady became conscious of the fact that it was long past her usual dinner hour. She drove to a modest little restaurant and there dismissed her cab. There are bounds to the reckless extravagance even of one who has only a few months to live, and so much

to do and so much to spend in that short time!

The meal, alas! was a pitifully frugal one. This also was the result of long habits of abstinence rather than of present excitement. But what a glorious afternoon that was which followed! Shopping, shopping, and still more shopping! West-End, high-class, wholly delightful shopping into the bargain! None of your long dismal trails into unfashionable quarters in search of the cheapest things that could possibly be made to serve the purpose! No, the motto was now—"The best and most desirable, no matter what the cost!"

That evening the kindly old landlady at No. 41, Dunstan Street was wrought to a great state of excitement by the continual arrival of packages of every size and description for her third-floor boarder—the very boarder of all others for whom parcels or even letters so seldom came! She discussed the matter in the bosom of her family below-stairs, and they came to the unanimous conclusion that the magical word "*trousseau*" was the only explanation of the phenomenon.

"Though who it can be beats me hollow!" the worthy lady admitted, "and she that mum about it all this time. But there! it's always them quiet little ones as does the things one's least expecting on, and I'm glad if she's a-going to have somebody belonging of her at last, and she always so lonesome like!"

In the meantime the unconscious object of all this fruitless speculation was revelling in the contents of these same mysterious packages. There was nothing that the majority of well-dressed women would have thought in the smallest degree exceptionally lovely. But how their owner gloated over every article of plain but dainty *lingerie*! With what loving fingers did she unfold the neat travelling-dress—which by some freak of fortune had been found ready-made, and an exact fit—the very thing for a sea-voyage!

No child on Christmas Eve ever slept with a happier smile of confident expectation on its lips than did that little worn woman on this the first night of the unfolding of the Great Plan. To judge by the brilliance of its beginning, "*The Flash in the Pan*" would be an unusually brilliant illumination.

II.

"FIVE hundred pounds would be more than enough to give him a fresh start, and save our little home."

Why would the words and the short despair-

ing laugh that accompanied them ring so persistently in her ears? Why should she be haunted by the pathetic picture of a young, careworn woman clasping in her arms a tiny, ugly baby which she kept holding out for admiration? By what irony of fate had this almost forgotten friend of her school-days been led to discover her whereabouts on this day of all days? Five hundred pounds—no, there would not be so much as that left at the end of the tour, in all probability—certainly not so much when—well, when all was over! However, what had that to do with the matter in hand, which was the purchase of the important ticket? It was a pity the weather was so bad—the baby's clothes looked warm enough, though the mother, who used to be so dainty and fashionable in her dress, looked sadly ill-clad! But that was not what she had meant to think about in connection with the bad weather, no, of course not! She was deploring the difficulty of getting out to see about that ticket. It was always possible to take a cab, of course. She would certainly do so if it were not for this strange feeling of lassitude which had come over her. There was no hurry for a day or two, after all, and it is a cheerful thing to stay indoors sometimes, when there is no need to exercise rigid economy in the matter of fires.

So she took down a well-worn atlas from its shelf, and cut the string of the parcel which contained a brand-new guide-book. She traced out the route once more, she even selected the hotels at which she might prefer to stay. So busy was she that she scarcely noticed when Mrs. Brown came in with the tea-tray, and that discerning lady went below-stairs with the confirmatory tidings that the bride-elect was busy mapping out the honeymoon!

But some of the spirit of yesterday was gone. A thought would keep presenting itself with an unwelcome persistence. It refused to be wholly put away, so she tried to lay it with a compromise.

"It is more than likely," she told herself, "that I shall not have time to use all the money—perhaps not half. What was it that Dora had said about being turned out in a month's time? People are so apt to exaggerate in these matters."

She turned again to the once all-absorbing theme, but less and less could she concentrate her attention upon it.

"God does not demand such sacrifices," she moaned impatiently at last, pushing away the books. Then she rose and paced restlessly quickly—far too quickly—up and down the

room. At last she seemed to come to a sudden resolution.

"In His footsteps," she said softly. "In His footsteps." Then she knelt down for a moment. "In Thy footsteps, according to Thy will, not mine, O Lord," she whispered.

Then she rose, and going to her little writing desk, drew out a long blue packet. She unfolded the paper, then took up a pen, and with unflinching hand filled up the blank spaces. Then she rang the bell and asked Mrs. Brown to come with her husband to witness the signature. Mrs. Brown was a little doubtful as to the wisdom of her lodger's proceedings on this occasion.

"I'm not rightly sure that a will a woman makes before she's married holds good afterwards," she remarked confidentially to her spouse afterwards, "and anyhow it doesn't look as if she trusted the man wot she's a-goin' to marry much, settling of her affairs so secret beforehand. I wish she wasn't so close, she might as well have told us as she was a-making of her will, though anybody knows the look of them there forms, as they calls 'em."

Upstairs in her lonely little room the quiet lodger was putting away the atlas and the

guide-book, with the air of tender resignation that may be observed in an unhappy mother as she locks away the toys and garments of her lost little one. It was the second day of the Great Plan, and behold it was already dead!

She was strangely light-hearted after all, as she glanced at all the pretty clothes which she had bought so happily the day before. Only once she gave a little shiver of dreadful anticipation. It was when the new trunk caught her eye. It was so suggestive of all that she had so looked forward to—all that she had renounced!

"It will be so long now," she murmured half aloud. "I shall give Dora the £500 to-morrow, but after that it will be so long to wait."

But she was mistaken. The God of Sacrifice is the God of Mercy. She had not one single day to wait, for that very night, with a smile of utter happiness on her lips, she passed into The Holy Land. The excitement of anticipation and preparation—the effort of the great renunciation, had been too much for the over-taxed heart. Shorter than she had expected, but infinitely brighter and nobler, had been The Flash in the Pan.



I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

NOT here, not here: not where the sparkling waters

Turn into mocking sands as we draw near;

Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—

I shall be satisfied, but, oh, not here!

Not here: where all the dreams of bliss deceive us;

Where the worn spirit never finds its goal;

Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling

With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;

Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,

Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,

And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us

Than those few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Shall they be satisfied?—the soul's vague longings,

The aching void which nothing earthly fills.

Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging

As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending.

Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide.

Guide me towards home, where, all my wanderings ending,

I shall see Thee—and shall be satisfied!

Stories Illustrating Popular Hymns.

III.—THE DAWN-LIGHT—"THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS."

By A. B. COOPER.

CLARISSA had enjoyed her fortnight in the "West Countree" greatly. She was making innumerable studies of sheep—standing, walking, lying, grazing, bleating—and as models were numerous she was happy. There were, besides, fresh air, fresh eggs, and fresh milk for her daily portion, delightful scenery for "the harvest of a quiet eye," and very interesting and entertaining human nature to boot.

Old Professor Lombroso, with whom Clarissa had studied in Milan, had made her something of a philosopher. He was accustomed to say, either in good Italian or bad English: "The artist must be a student of human nature first and last, whether he paints men or cows. It is the human appeal—the atmosphere—the sentiment—the inwardness which makes a picture a masterpiece or a potboiler."

But Clarissa would have been a friendly soul wherever she went, without thought of "inwardness" and "atmosphere." She had the Bohemian ease of manner, and would have talked with equal frankness to the shepherd on the hill and the bishop of the diocese, except that probably she would have found the shepherd's conversation more informative—at least from her point of view.

Yet, with all her frankness, she was a standing enigma to Mrs. Hodges, at whose white cottage, over the porch of which the crimson Rambler cast its wealth of bloom, Clarissa had spent the past fortnight. The two were sitting in this rosy bower, Clarissa crocheting for a change, and Mrs. Hodges knitting. The latter broke rather a long silence.

"Eh, my child, zumboddy's missen his way a-letten yew go galavanten about the country wi' a box o' paaints when yew ought to be maaken whoam a bit o' heaven below vor un."

"I shall never marry," said Clarissa. "My professor used to say—"

"Bah! doan't tell I. It be allus what *he* d' zay. But I doan't hold wi' un. 'Tis but nat'ral vor a maid to wed—and—"

"Yes," interrupted Clarissa, dropping a stitch, "I know all about that. But girls are becoming much more independent in these latter days. Of course, the common or garden girl still falls in love, goes through a period of ridiculous hero-worship varied with

lovers' quarrels, and finally gets married. If she has no ambition beyond a sort of domestic heaven, the venture may turn out right—and it may not. Her demigod often turns out to be a mere man at the best."

"And enough, too, vor anny maid," put in Mrs. Hodges with conviction.

"I admit it—if she has no ideals. I can imagine a husband being a dreadful disappointment to a girl with an imagination. I've no quarrel with the girl who ends her career by getting married. But for the girl who wants to live her own life and accomplish something independently—as a woman and not as a mere understudy to man—marriage is a mistake. If I might venture to quote the Professor again, he used to say: 'Study mankind by all means—but never specialise. The woman who would excel in art has no time for marriage. She must make the choice. There's no *via media*.' I'm sure he's right."

Mrs. Hodges sniffed. "I doan't reckon tew understand all his taalk," she said, "but what yew d' zay is agin' nater. I bain't a artist noways, but I be a 'ooman, and I d' know, as well as well can be, that when Master Rightman d' come down along, as there'll be a heart-ache vor 'ee, my dear, if so be as yew d' put picters avore the rale praper reality o' life. Thic there Perfessor be all fudge in my way o' thinken'."

Clarissa was looking with wide eyes into the heart of the sunset, which splashed the mass of yellow gorse on the hillside with purple and gold, and made the scattered sheep seem to be moving in a crystal haze. The pines on the sky-line were picked out against a lake of cloudland amethyst, beyond which a snowy Alp of vapour rose, whose peak glowed with a sort of smothered fire, like burnished copper in the light of the blazing hearth.

She now turned her eyes on the old lady at her side. They seemed to have caught the glow of the sunset, the same smothered fire. She laid her white, capable hand on Mrs. Hodges' gnarled one.

"Look at the glory of it," she said. "Is it not worth living for, worth sacrifice, worth self-abnegation, if one can only catch the radiance of the transient glory—"

"Ees, zure, my dear, yew d' zay right—"

'transient glory' it be. The Almighty His own self dew paint the sky, an' I d' praise Him vor all the wondervul picters He d' give to we. But His Naame is Love, and all true, onselfish love o' the heart do come vrom He, an' the good Lord wouldn' ha' implanted thic power o' love in our pore human hearts if He hadn' ha' knowed it 'ud sweeten an' glorify everything else. I d' reckon everything that our Heavenly Vather dew give to we helps everything else along, and love's the best of all, and was never no hindrance to nobody nohow, if so be as it were the right sort o' love an' not a pore worthless imitation like."

Clarissa, while the old lady was expressing her well-defined views on love—human and divine—had resumed her crocheting, but now she looked up with a sympathetic smile.

"You've missed your vocation, Mrs. Hodges," she said. "You ought to have been a preacher. That's a better sermon even than your wonderful young man gave us last Sunday morning at the little chapel, although I've heard worse deliverances in Westminster Abbey than his discourse."

"You never ha'n't, have 'ee?" exclaimed Mrs. Hodges, evidently much pleased by this praise of the young preacher. "We do think great things o' he, to be zure, an' his text on Zunday marnen were good Scriptor and good Gospel truth, zure 'twere—'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' That be a favour-ite text o' mine."

"I thought the division of the subject masterly," said Clarissa.

"My mem'ry be all criss-cross like, and I'm zorry to zay the text's the oanly thing I can rightly mind."

"Well, you know," said Clarissa, "he took all the verses of the Psalm and made them stand as symbols of the things we 'shall not want.' 'Green pastures'—Rest; 'still waters'—Refreshment; 'He leadeth me'—Guidance; 'Thou art with me'—Fellowship, and so on. I never saw it that way before, and it is so seldom one finds originality in these callow young theological fledglings."

"Ees, now I d' mind well enough, Miss Amott," said Mrs. Hodges, ignoring Clarissa's last sentence because it was Greek to her. "Ees, I dew. I zimmed just lifted up when we zung that hymn arter the zermon—what were it?"

The light seemed in no haste to follow the "fount of day." But Clarissa had ceased to strain her eyes, and her work and hands both lay upon her lap. She looked out into the

deepening gloom and repeated, as though to herself:

"The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever."

"'I nothing lack,'" mused Mrs. Hodges. "That's what I d' zay. Love's all an' in all, and it mends everything it touches, it do."

II.

CLARISSA, leaning from her bedroom window the next morning, drew in a deep breath of pure delight. How fairy-like against the sombre fir wood looked the blue smoke from the shepherd's cot on the hillside! How beautiful, too, the hedgerows, interspersed with oak and ash and elm stretching away in oblongs, and rhomboids and irregular polygons as far as the eye could see, with hayricks, mostly round, tucked away in one of their corners. Beneath the window, on Mrs. Hodges' tiny lawn, a big fat thrush was tugging at the unfortunate early worm.

Clarissa had fully intended to be among the white rocks on the top of the hill before sunrise, in order that she might catch the "transient glory" at which Mrs. Hodges had scoffed. She had overslept herself, but she would not forego her walk. Had she not prepared a breakfast basket the night before, and should these preparations go for nothing? Mrs. Hodges should not have the satisfaction of seeing her prophecies fulfilled, and she herself was not yet astir.

Once started, like the goose-girl in the fairy-tale, she tramped "over stick and stone," taking almost a bee-line for the white rocks now shining in the glory of the sunrise. She was pretty heavily laden for so long a walk, what with breakfast basket and sketching materials; but flushed, and panting, she reached the last little pull, the most difficult of all, to the top.

"I shall be monarch of all I survey," said Clarissa as she followed a sheep-track which took the easiest gradients in and out of the rocks. But the next moment a rival to the throne appeared—one who could claim priority of occupation at least—disputing the path to glory with a series of sharp staccato barks.

"Come here, Mick!" The voice had a strangely familiar sound, although the speaker was out of sight somewhere behind the rocks.

For a moment Clarissa had the very feminine impulse to turn and fly down the hill she had so toilsomely ascended. She realised

in a flash that it was six-thirty a.m., and that the nearest cottage was half a mile distant. But the Irish terrier wore a collar, so his master probably wore one too. Then she had a sudden inspiration to outflank the ambushed foe, and, turning to the left, went round the other side of the rock.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!" Clarissa nearly dropped all her baggage, so surprised was she to see, sitting comfortably on a jutting crag, the big, broad-shouldered young minister to whom Mrs. Hodges had introduced her on the previous Sunday, and whose sermon they had discussed the previous evening. She would scarcely have known him had he not raised his cap, for he was knickerbockered and Norfolk-jacketed like any mere layman.

"The unexpectedness is mutual," she said, and they both laughed.

It is wonderful what a progressive thing a laugh is. Things may have been dragging dreadfully, then somebody says something, and everybody laughs, and the difficulties run skulking away into dark corners to hide themselves, just as all the creepy, crawly things do when a stone is lifted and the plague of sunshine smites them. Clarissa and the Rev. George Armitage made much progress in their acquaintanceship during the moment of that laugh.

"You are out early, Miss Arnott," said the preacher.

"You had the advantage of me, nevertheless," said Clarissa, and they laughed again.

"Yes, but you see it's usual with me in the summer to come up here—Mick and I. We like to see the sun rise, don't we, old chap?"

The dog wagged his tail and, putting his paws against his master's knickerbockers, looked up in his face, and Clarissa thought how jolly the pair looked.

"Do you really?" said Clarissa. "That's exactly what I came for this morning."

"Yes, but the doors opened half an hour ago. The next performance will be to-morrow morning at six sharp," said the minister gravely.

"Yes," said Clarissa, catching the infection, "but there isn't much of a crush in the gallery. If it had been a pretty stage effect, with splashy-green trees, a burnt-umber cottage, and a glimpse of the blue ocean glistening under the limelight, there would have been a queue a hundred yards long; but a mere sunrise—"

"I'm sorry you were late. It was glorious."

"Well, I thought I would come, nevertheless; I can get some sheep sketches."

"Do you mean that you were going to paint the sunrise?"

"That would be worse than painting the lily, wouldn't it?" said Clarissa. "But, seriously, the sunrise is part of the scheme of my picture. I have not quite got the idea yet, but it must be something with the first glory of the dawn in it, and a shepherd standing against the light of the sunrise, and the sheep moving in the golden haze of the hill-top. Can you see it?"

Her eyes had lighted wonderfully, but as she turned she caught something in Armitage's eyes which disconcerted her for a moment. He was unconscious of self-betrayal, but he was indeed thinking how beautiful she looked with the glow of the radiant east in her face, and the light of a high intelligence and an inward enthusiasm in her deep violet eyes.

Nevertheless, when he spoke it was after due deliberation. "I can see it," he said, "and I can admire it. But it lacks purpose. It has radiance without glory."

"I'm an impressionist," said Clarissa.

"And I'm an impressionist," said the minister.

"You've made that word up for the occasion," said Clarissa.

"Haven't I as much right to make a word as you have to make a picture?"

"Well, I know what you mean, at any rate. The fact is you don't think much of a picture unless it means something."

"It's the 'foolishness of preaching' that has got to convert the world, and you can be just as much a preacher as I am. Yes," he added, almost fiercely, "and, with so much to be done, woe to the man—or woman—who hides his talent in the earth of sentimentalism or academic exactness."

"For you it is right," said Clarissa; "for me it is all wrong. I believe in 'art for art's sake.' That's what I live for, and that's what I will live for through thick and thin."

"Then you are going to make the great refusal," said Armitage.

"I don't in the least understand what you mean," said Clarissa, who by this time had seated herself and was looking up at her companion, standing upon the close-browed hill grass a yard away.

For a moment Armitage did not speak. He looked absently at Mick sitting at his feet. Then he said suddenly, "You remember that young ruler who came to the Master?"

"Yes," said Clarissa.

"He was an impressionist."

Clarissa laughed musically. She liked this sort of thing. This young man was anything



"It would be hard to say which of the trio enjoyed that hill-top breakfast most—the preacher, the artist, or the dog"—p. 418.

but commonplace. "An impressionist!" she said. "How?"

"He had a magical way of sketching in the main details of his life. He had a wonderful brush. The picture of a moral life absolutely flashed upon the eye."

"Yes," said Clarissa, "the analogy is a little far-fetched, but it's original, and that's something to be thankful for."

But Armitage was in earnest. He was not joking now. "'One thing thou lackest,' said the Master. What do you think it was?"

"I never could quite make out," said Clarissa, suddenly growing grave.

"Love—just love—the white-hot spiritual passion which transforms the world—the love without which the best efforts are like the ploughing of the sea-shore—the enthusiasm of humanity—the love which never faileth—which vivifies and glorifies everything it touches."

"It's plain where Mrs. Hodges gets her ideas from," said Clarissa. "That's just the way she talked to me last night."

"I've never said any of these things to her," said Armitage. "She learned them in the same school forty years before I did."

Clarissa knew what he meant, and hastened to change the subject. She feared spiritual conversation. "Have you had your breakfast?" she asked, knowing what his answer would be.

"My breakfast is at eight," said Armitage.

"But you wouldn't object to ever so little a snack at seven?" queried Clarissa.

"Mick wouldn't," said Armitage, for the dog had put his fore-paws on the rock table and was eyeing the sandwiches and rissoles which Clarissa was producing as a conjuror brings forth boxes, flowers, and an occasional rabbit from a silk hat. The thing was a mystery to "Mick." But he understood later, and it would be hard to say which of the trio enjoyed that hill-top breakfast most—the preacher, the artist, or the dog.

III.

CLARISSA, being something of a Bohemian, and, moreover, being straitly vowed to her art, had no qualms about painting the sunrise in company with the Rev. George Armitage and "Mick" the dog. The two humans at least had gone to the hill-top independently and continued to do so for some three or four mornings. But when the young minister divined, somehow, that Clarissa would be burdened with canvas, easel, mahlstick—all the impedimenta

of her art—he happened to meet her at the foot instead of the top of the hill, and insisted, yes, absolutely insisted, on carrying the whole stock-in-trade.

Clarissa frankly enjoyed the companionship. When eight o'clock came he would return to breakfast and his morning duties. She would remain to work on her picture if the weather was favourable. But the time did not go half so merrily when he was not there. She liked to hear his voice and see his face light up. The sun seemed to go behind a cloud when he was gone.

One morning, which commenced smilingly, suddenly changed its aspect and began to scowl, while great raindrops fell with a splash on the rocks. As the weather had been so wonderfully settled Clarissa had never taken the big umbrella, preferring to run the risk rather than bear the weight.

"I'm glad I brought my mackintosh," said Armitage. "It looked too bright to last, and I feared you would come unprovided."

"That I would?" queried Clarissa, busy covering her precious canvas.

"Yes, I really brought it for you. When it rains up here, it rains properly."

"You brought it for me?"

"Yes. Why not? I never wear one if I can possibly help it, especially when I'm tramping. I prefer a wetting."

"And you'll get one now if you don't put it on."

"You'll put it on."

"I shall do no such thing. Many thanks but I won't."

"You will," said Armitage, and he suddenly enveloped her in the big garment. She struggled and protested, but Armitage just held the garment tight round her, looking down into her face the while with a quiet smile. Then, as she would not put her arms in the sleeves, he buttoned it down the front, picked up the baggage, and—the rain now coming in a driving shower—made a bee-line for Mrs. Hodges' white cottage in the valley.

It was the first time that the minister had actually "seen her home," and Mrs. Hodges looked with great interest on this new development. Clarissa had told her that she "sometimes" saw him on the hill, but Mrs. Hodges thought her own thoughts when he actually brought her to the door and consented to stay to breakfast *en famille*. She hoped, and almost prayed, that this friendship might knock the bottom out of Miss Arnott's theories and notions, but she was reckoning without a full knowledge of the intensity of purpose which dwelt in her frail little lodger.

Armitage took to making many pastoral visits at the White Cottage after this. If the morning had been wet or threatening, and he had missed Clarissa on the hill, he was safe to call in the course of the day on one pretext or another—occasionally on none. On these occasions Mrs. Hodges, sly matchmaker that she was, would generally contrive to be so busy that she was obliged to leave to Clarissa the task of entertaining him. Thus the friendship begun among the white rocks on the hill-top was strengthened and cemented in the White Cottage.

The days went by and the summer waned. Once on the hill-top in these latter days Clarissa had a weak moment—a moment of disillusion and discouragement. Her work was going badly, or so she declared. Flinging her brush down, and almost giving way to tears, she vowed that she had mistaken her vocation and ought to have been a dress-maker or a clerk. Armitage, who had been irrevocably in love with her for weeks, was watching her with hungry eyes. He had an impulse to take her in his arms then and there and tell her the secret. Had he done so, he might possibly have been spared a long, long heartache. But he did not. He was humbly-minded and diffident where love is concerned, as many of the noblest men are. He magnified and glorified the dignity and aloofness of the object of his love; so he hung back, dreading lest he should end his happy dream.

But one day, when persistent rain had kept Clarissa indoors for three days, and he himself had been so busy that he could not call at the White Cottage, the fateful hour struck.

"I'm going back to town to-morrow," said Clarissa, trying to speak lightly, but having a certain undefined dread in her heart.

"Back to town—London?" said Armitage. There was a world of self-revelation in his voice and attitude.

"There's nothing more to be done here," said Clarissa. "And when work stops this place has no further call upon me."

"None?" he asked. "Oh, I hoped it might."

"Oh, of course," interrupted Clarissa, speaking rapidly as though she wanted to keep him from getting up the steam of conversation. "I've enjoyed my stay immensely; but my picture is the main thing. I must get back to my studio and to my artistic circle. I've heaps of work to do beside this."

She was standing by the window, looking out towards the hill-top. Armitage stepped to her side. "Miss Arnott," he said, and there was a tremble in his voice, "however

little difference your coming here has made to you, it has made all the difference to me. Clarissa, listen to me—I love you—I love you with the deepest love of my heart."

A mist blurred the landscape for Clarissa at least. It may have been unshed tears in her own eyes. But she made no movement.

"You won't say 'No' to me—Clarissa," he went on, when she did not reply. "I'm only a poor minister, and I cannot offer you—"

Then Clarissa turned her eyes upon him. "Don't depreciate yourself," she said. "You're good enough for any woman on earth—"

"Then—Clarissa—may I hope—"

"Oh, don't—don't!" cried the girl, clasping her hands pathetically. "Oh! why could we not be just friends? I've enjoyed your company—oh, yes, I have—more than I ever enjoyed any other's, but—I shall never marry, I've said it over and over again."

"Clarissa," said Armitage solemnly, "you surely will not do despite to love?"

"I'm sorry we ever met," cried Clarissa. "It is the tragedy of man and woman friendships. I have been in revolt against it for years. I want to do something independently, to achieve something—I have my art, and I mean to live for it. Every weak woman yields to her heart—"

"And your heart cries out now for you to yield. I know it. Clarissa, you must yield."

There was a certain exultation in his voice. She looked at him, and he must have seen something in her eyes strangely sweet, for he caught her hands in his and drew her towards him.

But she resisted. "Can I go against all I have ever said?" she cried. "Women innumerable have flung away all hope of distinction—as women—because their hearts cried out for love. You yourself preach the gospel of sacrifice. Attainment demands sacrifice—I sacrifice love!"

"Clarissa, my darling, think—think—"

"I have thought—more than you imagine. I—I'm sorry—if I hurt you."

"Hurt me! It'll break my heart. But if you loved me with a tithe of the love with which I love you, you surely could not do it. But if you do love me—even that tithe—and refuse me—you'll regret it, Clarissa—some day. Love is hard to kill."

"Don't I know it? George Armitage—I'll promise you one thing. If ever I regret my decision, I'll tell you. It'll be my turn then."

He took her hand, and she did not prevent him. "I shall trust you to the death," he said.

"Oh, don't put it that way," she wailed. "You'll meet someone——"

He touched her lip with his finger. "It is the first time I have asked a woman to be my wife," he said, "and it will be the last. It's your turn next, Clarissa. You promise?"

"I do," said Clarissa.

When Armitage called next day he found Mrs. Hodges in tears. Clarissa had gone by the early morning train.

IV.

CLARISSA did not often find herself in Clapham, for her flat was in Tite Street, Chelsea, in the midst of the artists' quarter. But she had been taking tea with an old fellow-pupil of Professor Lombroso, who had forsaken art and "got married." Like Goldsmith's church-goers, who went to scoff and remained to pray, Clarissa went to see her friend with the expectation that everything she saw would strengthen her theories. She came away disappointed. Indeed, as she walked across the Common she could not help comparing her own lonely lot with the happy family life of which she had just been a participant.

She had intended to spend this Sunday evening at a ladies' club in town, and was making for the Tube Station, when a name on the notice-board in front of a handsome church transfixed her in sheer surprise—"Minister—Rev. George Armitage"!

It was seven o'clock, and the service had been in progress half-an-hour. The organ was booming out the last long note after the congregation had ceased to sing. Clarissa thought the hymn was finished and instantly felt sorry, because she wanted to slip in and hear her old friend. But they were but in the middle of the hymn, and as they commenced the next verse the words came distinctly to her ears:

"Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me."

On the luminous screen of Clarissa's memory the cinematograph of vivid memories was playing. She seemed to hear the singing in the little chapel in the "west cuntry," and to see again George Armitage in the little pulpit. Was he indeed within? The music seemed to draw her—the gracious words around which such memories clung—the noble tune—the hearty singing. Yes, it was music which "meant something," not "mere sound and fury signifying nothing," not "impressionism,"

"art for art's sake." Clarissa, but tender music set to words written out of the deeps of the heart and sung in worship of the King of Love.

"And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever."

Clarissa slipped into the first pew she came to. She caught a glimpse of the preacher's face between two big hats of the "matinée" type, but the next moment they blocked her line of sight. It was *her* George Armitage, sure enough—there was no mistaking that clean-shaven face with its thin nose, large prominent mouth and high cheek bones. She could not see the expression of the eyes, and perhaps it was the electric light which made him look thinner and paler than of old. She was glad she could hide behind those big hats whenever she wished, for she feared he might see and recognise her even at that considerable distance.

When the congregation was seated she could see him better—almost too well, indeed—but she soon lost the sense of self-consciousness in deeper thoughts and feelings. The first sound of his voice thrilled her strangely. It was like a reminiscent scent which brings some scene before the mind's eye in a vivid flash. From the London suburb, on the January night two and a half years later, she went with a bound back to the hill-top in the "west cuntry," to the little chapel, and—yes—to one September afternoon in that little front room—ah me!

"My cup runneth over." That was the text. Clarissa's memory again went hunting through the covert of memory. She recalled the first text from which she ever heard him preach—"I shall not want." Her subsequent talk with Mrs. Hodges had impressed it on her memory. Was it a mere coincidence that he should again choose his text from the supreme lyric of Holy Writ?

"'My cup runneth over.' The Psalmist began by averring that, because the Lord was his Shepherd he should not want—or lack—but as the Psalm proceeded the lavishness of God seemed to strike him, and he finished by declaring that the cup of his life—all its faculties, ideals, activities, talents, aspirations and possibilities—could not contain the deep draught of God's infinite love and failing inspiration."

The preacher seemed to be speaking right at Clarissa's heart. But he went on: "What Saul of Tarsus, the narrow, bigoted Pharisee determined to know naught among men

save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, he became Paul of the Universe, from whose heart came the deep-toned music of: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' Ah! how his cup ran over? Language failed to utter him. It came nearest to adequacy in that glorious peroration: 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"My cup runneth over." Does yours? Or are you draining the bitter dregs of the world and trying to imagine them the nectar of the gods? Love and Life are one and indivisible. Is not God the Life of the world? Is He not also Love? And 'the Lord our God is one Lord.' 'What God hath joined let no man put asunder.'

"But there must be sacrifice. It is no mixed draught which the cup of life must hold. When we empty ourselves—as Christ Himself did—He fills us with the love which is life, and the life which is love.

'And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!'

That which was barren in us brings forth fruit, and that which was dead in us lives again, and that which was atrophied and useless becomes mighty, and that which was futile has power with God and men."

Clarissa was under the spell of a spiritual revelation. She stood upon the hill-top of vision and beheld first the rose of dawn and then, as with a shout, the sun of conviction leapt above the horizon—and it was day!

As Armitage spoke, every word seemed to be driven home by the Spirit of God to her heart and conscience. What a weary, unprofitable time had been the last two and a half years! Success of sorts she had had. Her name was known and respected in artistic circles. Her acquaintance was wide in Bohemian haunts. Yet life seemed to have gone on broken wing, nevertheless. There was no zest, no joy, no uplifting. Many a time had she been tempted to confess to her own heart that she would barter all her hopes of fame for one hour on the hill-top.

Yet she had stuck grimly to her purpose. The picture she painted among the white rocks was hung at Burlington House the following May, but, although it obtained a good position, the critics were severe on it, and she had a sense of failure. All the next year she worked early

and late, setting herself big tasks that she might not have time to think. Then the critics with one accord began to say: "Miss Clarissa Arnott might go far if she could be persuaded to take her art more seriously." Think of it! "More seriously!" Had she not sacrificed—what? She dared not put it into words even in her own thoughts, because she was ever trying to deceive herself into thinking that she was wedded to art, and that the things which made the average, easy-going woman happy were not for her. More seriously, indeed! What could the critics mean?

But pictures were forgotten to-night. The rising sun paled moon and stars. Her eyes were opened, and that which seemed the *summum bonum* of life appeared scarcely worth striving for, and that which she had despised, the centre of desire. The top-stone which she had rejected had become the head of the corner.

Yes, she saw her mistake, but, alas! she had thrown away the best and the highest for a chimera, and the past could not be recalled. She had bartered love for fame. Fame? It seemed like Dead Sea fruit to her now—"all ashes to the taste." Yet—and the sudden thought made her face hot—she had promised that, should she ever repent of her choice, she would tell him! How easy it was to promise then—how difficult now to fulfil it! Yet she had promised.

V.

GEORGE ARMITAGE stood on his little balcony which overlooked the Common. It was early April and, being but seven o'clock in the morning, the low sun was striking golden glory out of the budding gorse and diamond sparklets out of every dewdrop. On his left were the grounds of a famous orphanage, and within the enclosure a flock of sheep grazed, giving the scene a singularly rural look. The sheep moved to and fro in the silver haze.

What a rush of sweet, sad memories were conjured up by the sight of those sheep! Standing side by side with one who was almost always in his thoughts, "full many a glorious morning" had he seen come up from the gorgeous east as with a sound of trumpets and a shout of triumph. Clarissa might even now have been standing at his side looking with her deep, wistful eyes into the dawning, for that "light which never was on sea or sky," so vividly did his memory incarnate the past. Had she found that light, and did it satisfy her?

George Armitage admired her intensity and fixity of purpose, but he often wondered if, had she loved him as he loved her, she could have let him go empty away. He had hoped, for a time, that she would repent and, according to her solemn promise, confess voluntarily her mistake. But he had ceased to hope since she gave no sign. Ah, if only she could have realised the depth and constancy of the love she refused! But her eyes were hidden that she might not see.

The bell rang, and he went down to his lonely breakfast. Carelessly he picked up the one letter which lay beside his plate, but something he saw at the first glance of its contents brought a swift flush to his face.

"13, Leighton Mansions,

"Tite Street, Chelsea.

"Miss Clarissa Arnott requests the pleasure of the Rev. George Armitage's company at 3 p.m. on Friday, April the Sixth, to view her new Academy picture, 'The Golden Gate.'"

How George Armitage lived through the two intervening days he hardly knew. He asked himself a thousand questions, to none of which was there an answer, but the most enigmatical of all was: "What does this mean?" With his last thoughts of her down in the "west cuntry" she had often seemed very near to him, but during these two days she appeared, to his imagination, so remote from his simple walk of life, that it seemed impossible that they could meet on the old frank terms. Did she want to show him what triumphs "art for art's sake" could win—to prove to him by ocular demonstration that her way was best?

He was taken up the lift from the main hall of Leighton Mansions to the third floor. The mansions were evidently the abode, or at least the workshop, of many artists, and he wondered vaguely if he would be one of a crowd, and if the girl, whose memory had been held inviolate in his heart of hearts, would greet him with a society smile and a conventional handshake.

"Come this way, sir," said the janitor, preceding him along the wide corridor.

The note had said three o'clock. It still wanted five minutes of that hour. The door of No. 13 stood ajar, and, as the man tapped on the panel, Armitage thought he heard the swish of skirts, as though someone, being surprised, had suddenly fled. The man noticed nothing, however, and tapped again. Receiving no answer, he peeped into the room,

suddenly flung wide the door and, standing back, motioned Armitage to enter. He then retired and closed the door behind him.

The room was lofty and well lighted. Facing the great window, through which the westerling sun shone brightly, was an easel with a large canvas upon it, but as it was turned away from him Armitage could not see the picture. All sorts of models, frames, sketches, portfolios, mahlsticks, and curios were scattered in artistic confusion about the room. At the further end a great velvet curtain or portière hung. But there was no one to greet him.

He stood for a moment irresolute, then, obeying a sudden impulse, he stepped across the room to examine the picture on the easel. At the first sight he gave an exclamation of delight, and for a full minute he stood motionless in a perfect maze of wonderment and delight.

It was a picture of the hill-top he knew and loved. The sun, behind it, flashing up from the lower world, was flushing the east with its glorious promise of day. On the hill-top right against the supernal glow, transfigured as of old "on Horeb's height," stood the King of Love. In the golden haze at his feet the sheep browsed on the short hill-grass. In one hand he held a shepherd's crook, but the arms were extended as who should say: "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."

It was an enthralling picture, full of the elusive meaning which is profounder than symbolism, and which, from some deep of forgotten emotions or prenatal life, brings up thoughts "too deep for tears." It was akin to the master lyrics which, while explaining nothing, seem to make all things clear.

Awaking from his trance, Armitage noticed a slip of paper with writing upon it pinned to the easel, just high enough for him to stoop and read:

"O perfect Love, thy golden gate
Is still flung open wide,
That we two wistful souls, that wait,
May enter, ere it be too late,
And entrance be denied;
Then, radiant with the Light of Life,
Walk homeward side by side."

As he read a great surge of emotion rose in his throat and, as he stood upright, a mist of tears blurred his sight. Through the mist standing in the streaming light of the great window he saw Clarissa—the same girlish figure as of old, but transfigured, like the picture, with an inward light—something supernal.

He held out his arms and she came home to them. It was her Golden Gate.

"I promised," she said falteringly a moment later, "to—tell you—if—I repented."

"My darling!"

"You—don't—blame me—do you?"

"Blame you?"

"I was—afraid you might have—changed

—so I hid myself. But when I saw your face light up—I *knew*."

"'Love never faileth,'" he said. "You have really been just where you are now all the time, but it is good to have the substance as well as——"

"The shadow," she finished, smiling up at him, and he kissed her brow. "I've had the shadow all the time; but the dawn has come."



Snapshots of the Canadian Settler.

By the Rev. ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.

"THAT is everything, mother."

The young man turns round almost impatiently, and then as quickly averts his glance. Something on his mother's face tells him that it is not all. Quickly he busies himself with the horse's bridle. Not that the harness needs attention; but he wants to hide the watery film that dims his eye. Look again he dare not, and speak he cannot: neither can she.

Yes, everything has been carried out from the bared house. There it stands, a dismantled wreck. The stones are crumbling, and the thatch is giving, yet it is home to her. Silently she crosses the doorstep—a tall, worn figure, bowed slightly with sorrow and age. The truant wisps of hair that escape from beneath her bonnet add a grey fringe to the pale, furrowed face, which at that moment wears a saintly calm, as if the inward peace of soul has mastered trial.

She is alone now in the old room, which she had entered forty years before as a youthful bride. Through the window she can catch a glimpse of the church tower across the fields, and round it the little white stones that mark the resting place of those whose earthly work and wanderings have ceased. This morning she has visited one little corner of that burying-ground, and the sprig of forget-me-not fastened in her brooch has been taken from where two short mounds nestle close to a longer one. She will not now be laid beside husband and child; far out on the lonely prairies she will sleep, with the ocean between. Say not that it matters little. Next in pathos to a strong man's

tears are the dry eyelids of a woman whose heart is broken.

She kneels for a minute in the empty room, and lisps her last farewell in the disjointed syllables of a prayer. It is fitting thus to say good-bye, for her holiest moments have been spent beside cradle and cot. Now she rises, and a new courage tightens the quivering lines about the closed mouth. One swift, tender look photographs for ever that scene upon her memory. Then she turns, drawing the door softly behind her.

Outside a chubby little chap of six is vigorously rubbing two tiny knuckles into the corner of his eyes; but he cannot check the big burning drops that roll down his cheeks. His grandmother takes him by the hand and leads him towards the dog cart. As they move off on their long journey to the West no word is spoken. The neighbours even are silent and only wave adieu.

Scotland's Good-bye.

The rugged Mull of Kintyre is beginning to grow dim in the distance. Scotland is thrusting out its long, knuckled arm, sleeved in mist, as far as it can for a last "Good-bye."

Groups of emigrants crowd the fore-castle, and there is a tearful silence; the true pathos of which only the Celtic heart can feel. As the gathering haze that hangs on the steamer's track makes indistinct the last traces of the wild headland, the sympathetic onlooker feels a strange throb, other than the churning of the screw, vibrate through his soul—it is the wrenching of

filial love: Scotland parting with her sons.

In the centre, Norwegians and Swedes chatter and laugh. Leering out of the encircling shadows are swarthy faces, black beards, and gleaming teeth. It is the first time those Polish Jews have smiled. Already they are becoming intoxicated with the air of liberty. But in that crowd that cling to the rail, even though a dip of the bow and a slash of spray announce the Atlantic swell, lips are sternly set, only their firmness betrays their suppressed emotion. The grim characteristic of the Scotsman rules that hour.

There stand the two we know, the mother leaning on the arm of her son. Kilted and bonneted, Scotland has often sent such as he in days of old to redden foreign battlefields. Now though a cap has replaced the feathers, and trousers the tartan, the blood is the same. He goes, as his sires, to spread Old Scotia's glory, and with mind and muscle and indomitable pluck, to form out of the wastes of the West another homeland—broader, freer, but never dearer than the one that fades into the night.

A pitch and a splash, and the sickness of heart sinks a little deeper. Perhaps in his rough blunt way Old Neptune means it all in kindness, and though one by one he lays them in their berths, is there not a mercy

in his madness? For the next few hours he gives them something else to think of than a fatal brooding on the parting; and when at last they stagger to their feet again, and the fresh breezes from the ocean burdened with the brine invigorate like a tonic, they face the West with a new buoyancy, a quickened interest, and a fresh something which you can guess, but whose control over bodily comfort it takes a tossing on the deep to make one fully realise.

America's Welcome.

The Statue of Liberty is in sight, and the decks are crowded once more. After all, sea-sickness is soon forgotten. Modern improvements have robbed the voyage of its terrors. The state rooms now are airy and comfortable on all the good liners. There is a smoking room for the men and a parlour for the women; provocatives to gossip, I fear. Perhaps the companies do not realise their responsibility! The three meals served in the day are excellent. Truly it is wonderful how simple human needs really are. Six feet of soil at the end suffice. It is a rather grim allusion, but suggestive. A high narrow bunk on a rolling sea is more to be desired than the broadest four-poster. It makes you lie tight, which is the first essential. As one peeps into the snug cabins forward and aft



(By permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.)

THE RUSH FOR LAND.



(By permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.)

A BUNCH OF HORSES AT THE IRRIGATION CANAL, CALGARY, SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

fanned by refreshing draughts that sweep along the narrow corridors and through the open portholes, one thinks with a shudder of the discomforts of fifty years ago.

The emigrant has now become the immigrant. It is a significant change. The voyage is at an end, but before the son of Scotia steps on the shores of the "Land of Liberty" he receives his first disillusionment as to its name. Stern, critical officers ship him across in a tug to Ellis Island, where new buildings have superseded the old ones of Castle Gardens. He is made to submit to medical examination, and in another building lady doctors wait on his mother.

After the lungs and heart comes the purse in the land of the almighty dollar. There are careful countings of gold, silver, and copper to make up the requisite sum of five pounds, which each immigrant must possess.

"Begorra, Murphy, faith I cannot find a copper more 'an two pounds; bad luck to the dhrink!" and the Irishman searched clumsily in his pockets for what was not.

"Sure'n its mesel' that's in the same

fix. Three pound's every cent I have, me lad."

"Three'! 'Arrah now! Murphy, me bhoy, we'll do thim chaps yet."

"If it was a drap o' the crather ye would be offering, faith then, we might make thim see double."

"Ye're wrong. Take me two; that makes five," and he thrust his own money into Murphy's palm.

"But, Pat, shure, ye will have nane yerself."

"Indade, as ye're a man o' means now, Murphy, you write me out an order for five pounds. And now, bhoy, off wid ye first."

When Pat's turn came he was asked how much he had.

"Five pounds, yer Honour, sor."

"Show me."

"For the sake of convenience, yer Honour, I carry paper money," and he produced the order in which Murphy promised to pay him on landing in New York the sum of five pounds.

"Ye have just seen for yersel' that the credit's good, and that Murphy has got the money to pay."

"You'll do," said the inspector dryly. "With wits like that you will not starve."

So Pat passed on with a chuckle into America, followed by the thrifty Scotsman, who had no difficulty in regard to his five pounds, his mother leaning on his arm.

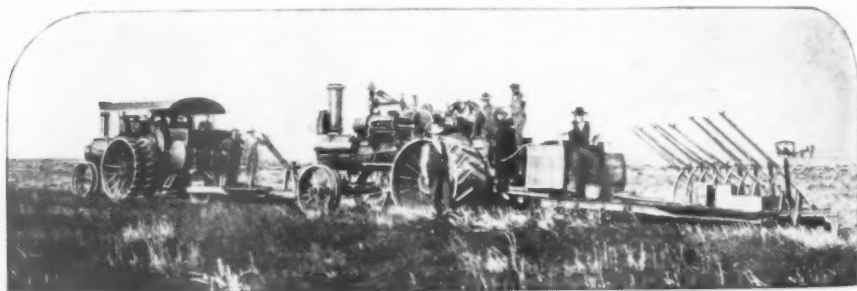
Now the companions of the voyage must part. There they stand on the platform of the great clearing house. Trains are panting to start to all quarters of the vast continent. Express porters look after the luggage. Government contractors provide each traveller with neatly tied-up packages of food at a small price. There is a shaking of hands, a whistle, and then all diverge to find their way to fortune—or, it may be, the reverse.

The train journey is not so tedious as it sounds. The immigrant is provided with an unfailing source of amusement in the

both are novel. But the American tourist, despite his admiration, would not care to sleep a night, say, in Lochmaben Castle; and the visitor to the West would rather view the scrub from the train than the train from the scrub! Unlike the ruin, it is haunted, not by the presence of spirits, but by their absence—a weird loneliness seems to brood in its shady depths of tangled waste.

The mother, accustomed all her life to the highland glen with its thick clustering crofts, is silent; and as the train thunders on, and night increases the solitariness of the scene, the look of anxiety merges into one of fear, and the eyes have a suspicion of alarm as they search the tangled undergrowth of stunted birch in vain for the sight of a friendly roof.

Strange as it may seem, it is the lands



(By permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.)

BREAKING UP THE PRAIRIE WITH A STEAM PLOUGH.

cooking of his food on the common stove of the colonist car. To stand waiting while the man in front is hopelessly bungling the boiling of an egg is a test sometimes too severe for a clamant appetite. Then there is always the scenery to look at. In Canada, to borrow a cowboy phrase, it is bunched. The lakes are all together, so are the plains, so are the mountains. One sample lasts for a day or two, even at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

The free land lies to the west of Winnipeg. "Where have the thousands of settlers vanished to?" is what our young immigrant thinks as, in Western speech, he pulls out of that city on the Alberta express. The sky-scrapers dip below the horizon as he rushes into a wilderness of endless shrub and uncleared prairie.

The virgin waste has something of the same attraction for the Britisher that ancient ruins have for the American—

along the railway that are the last to be cultivated, because they are being held for a big price. But go back some miles, and you will find large fields of wheat and comfortable homesteads. The farther north on this line the greater are the signs of cultivation, the reason being that the Saskatchewan valley was approached first from the Edmonton side. This whole stretch of country is a land of great promise. Already towns are springing up round nearly every station. There is no "village" in the Canadian vocabulary. It is a land of credit, and hamlets take the title of "town" in advance, and then earn it! And they are not long about it either.

At Prince Albert the angular Scotsman with bony elbows, learns why he has been so endowed. They enable him to push his way through the crowd of other land seekers like himself and get a good position in front of the door of the Government office.

The man in first gets the best choice, hence on the morning when it opens there is a bit of a scramble.

The early summer evening is merging into darkness as a waggon drawn by two horses jolts clumsily over the uneven ground. On the front sits the young Scottish immigrant, the reins in his hand, his eyes peering anxiously into the gathering shadows for some landmark that will indicate their destination. There is such a confusing sameness in the endless succession of rolling hillocks that it is difficult to locate the spot. Perched on a mass of household effects that protrude in curious shapes through the canvas covering is his mother. In her hands is a bundle too precious to share the risks of the other furniture. Only some broken toys, but the little hands that once played with them are cold and still in a far off Scottish grave. Coiled into a heap, monkey fashion, on the top of the sacks of seed is the lad, sound asleep: even the rough jolts, as the wheels sink to the axle in the mud, do not awake him. The days of tossing on the sea, of weary travelling across the plains, have worn out even boyish energy, and the excitement of the new homecoming is forgotten in dreams as sweet as those on the heather hills.

Homecoming! The very thought raises a comparison that makes the heart sink. The cart has stopped at last. It says something for her Scottish grit that the woman checks the rising sob, and lets the teardrop trickle unseen into the fire she kindles.

Fifteen years have sped. We see now a gaily painted farmhouse on the prairie, two-storeyed, with a broad verandah at the front. Well-tilled fields stretch on each side of the prettily planned garden. The pasture lands are dotted with horses and cattle. As you look a smart buggy drives up to the door, and the driver, a strapping lad, with the frank manners and clear accent of the Canadian, jumps out to help down an old lady, whose grey locks fringe a wrinkled but smiling face.

"All right, granny," he cries with a laugh, as he reaches out his arms to take her, "it is just the heather step you used to practise as a lass."

A portly, middle-aged man who has been lounging in a hammock rolls on to his feet and welcomes them in a cheery voice. His cheeks, too, are tanned and wizened, and his hands are hard with work; yet you recognise the family group that fifteen years before left the Scottish shore.



A HARBOUR ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Greyfriars' Churchyard.

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

FEW places can vie with the Scottish capital in the charm of its historic associations. The sides of the ancient city of Edinburgh are honeycombed with tradition and romance. But while the antiquary and the historian linger fondly over these, amid the teeming places of interest, there is one which may perchance be missed by the superficial tourist.

In an out-of-the-way corner of the Old Town, at the south end of George IV. Bridge, stands a spot of peculiar interest, linked as it is with pages of thrilling Scottish history. I mean Greyfriars' Churchyard.

Once it was the garden of the Monks of

Greyfriars. Queen Mary in her reign appointed it a burial-place for the people of the capital. As we enter its somewhat sombre portals, the silence and solitude are in strange and vivid contrast with the stir and strife of strenuous twentieth century life at its gates.

The church itself is modern, but here, on the threshold, as it were, we are confronted by something that breathes of the past. It is an unpretending slab of stone, lying on the grass at our feet, and inscribed with the name of Boswell. But as we look in imagination we are carried across the centuries. Renewed and refaced as it is

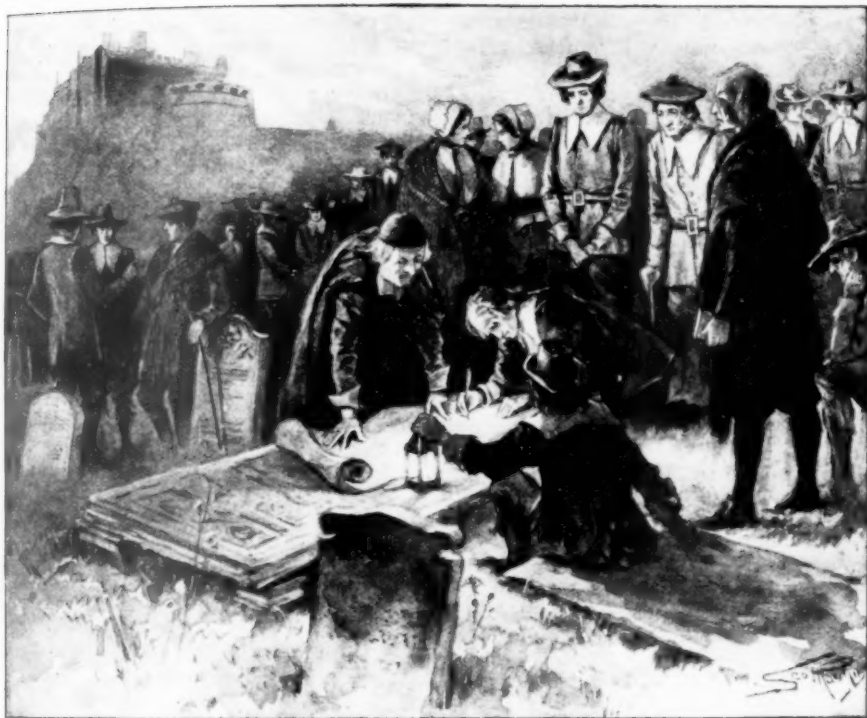
this is the actual stone on which the National Covenant was spread out and signed two hundred and fifty years ago.

Here in the open, an excited throng of thousands surged and swayed as the impressive ceremony went forward. Amid a hushed silence, the aged Earl of Sutherland stepped from the crowd and put his name to the Covenant of "Christian liberty." Some following his example, appended their signatures to the words, "Until death." Others in the passionate fervour of the moment opened their veins and wrote their names in blood!

But a stone is thrown distant from this, at the foot of the northern slope of the churchyard is the tomb of perhaps supreme interest in the place—the Martyrs' Memorial. It is a plain



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL IN GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.



SIGNING THE NATIONAL COVENANT IN GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

stone slab supported by pillars and covered with an engraved inscription, ending in the martyr apostrophe,

"How long, O Lord, holy and true?"

In quaint phraseology, it calls on the passer-by to witness to the sufferings of those buried beneath,

"Halt passenger, take heed what you do see;
This stone doth show for what some men did die."

As we read, there marshals before our mind's eye, in heroic procession, a band of martyrs. The Marquis of Argyle leads the van—beheaded by the "maiden" in 1661. Then follows "famous" Guthrie, triumphant in the presence of death.

"I would not exchange this scaffold with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in England." And yet a final outburst as he raises the cloth from his face and shouts, "The Covenants, the Covenants, shall yet be Scotland's reviving!"

We cannot fail to recognise amid that godly throng the saintly McKail, so beloved by the people, that at his execution, as the

old Memoir has it, "Scarce was there a dry cheek seen in all the streets or windows about the Cross of Edinburgh."

From the awful heights of the scaffold his dying words echo down the ages, quaint and curious in the hour of death, "I am not so cumbered how to die, as I have sometimes been how to preach a sermon."

And lastly Renwick—"the Boy Renwick," as the people called him. As the end neared, the young spirit seems to have shrunk from the prospect of tortures to which others had been exposed. But faith had a final triumph.

"Lord, I die," he cried from the place of beheadal, in the Grassmarket, "in the faith that Thou wilt not leave Scotland, but that Thou wilt make the blood of Thy witnesses the seed of Thy Church."

Oh, noble band of heroes who have left to Scotland so glorious a heritage!

In the higher part of the churchyard a barred iron gate in the south burying-ground attracts our attention. Behind its gloomy portals stretches a gloomier avenue

of moss-grown stones and rank tall grass, lined on either side with tombs and grave-stones. It is known as "The Covenanters' Prison," and is associated with some of the darkest pages of Scotland's history.

In 1679, after the Covenanting army had been cut to pieces at Bothwell Brig by Claverhouse, the wretched prisoners were brought in clanking chains to Edinburgh. But the city prisons were not roomy enough to hold 1,200, so it came about that they found a lodging here. At the mercy of their brutal warders, they were huddled on the ground in crowds. Above they were open to the rains and winds of heaven, beneath was the dank ground as resting-place. For weary months they suffered something akin to the pains of death. Day and night they were oppressed by a horrible, unrelenting vigilance. "If any one rose from the ground during the night he was shot at, if one escaped, the guard was to give life for life by a cast of dice."

But in spite of this, some few made good their escape by scaling the high walls that surrounded them. Others, with bodies racked and spirits broken, died here or signed never

again to take arms against the king. Scores of undaunted souls faced the rigours of winter sheltered from storm and tempest solely by flimsy shingle huts.

Leaving the Covenanters, there are still many sepulchres of interest that cover illustrious dust. An imposing mausoleum entombs George Mackenzie, a King's Advocate of Charles II., dubbed "Bloody Mackenzie," a fierce hater of the Covenanters. There are also memorial monuments—one of the most conspicuous to the memory of William Robertson, the great historian. To the right of the eastern entrance-gate a black tablet marks the resting-place of George Buchanan, "the best Latin poet which Modern Europe has produced." A tablet on the wall of the church commemorates Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd." Here, too, though unmarked, beneath a gravel path, rests the dust of the father and sister of Sir Walter Scott.

The sombre old churchyard is full of the dead—great and good—full enough to make Sir Walter's epithet a not unhappy one—"Scotland's Westminster."



On the Ridge.

A Complete Story.

By MARY STEWART CUTTING.

THERE was a disruption between the neighbouring houses of Laurence and Ranney—in February, that month of slush and body-and-soul-fatiguing dampness, when even tried friendship may lapse and become unenlivening. Bobby Laurence had suffered the suburban stigma of being "complained of," a process which, however deserved by the child, is displeasing to parents. The two men no longer sat together in the train, socially monosyllabic over their newspapers, but passed with punctiliously polite greeting on the station platform, and their wives pointedly avoided each other in the village street.

The split had come, as such cataclysmic changes are apt to, after particular manifestations of intimacy. The Ranneys were people who, as a rule, kept more to themselves than was always considered quite neighbourly on the Ridge; but only three nights before

Mr. Ranney had spent a long evening in the Laurence library, deep in converse on his own affairs, as Anna Laurence couldn't help hearing, from her tiresome exclusion on the other side of the portières; though he had stopped short, with that pointed, impersonally gallant deference which she detested, patiently awaiting her departure from the room when she at last entered charmingly bearing light refreshment for three, and prepared to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

The very next morning she had herself spent with Mrs. Ranney in response to an apologetic but urgent appeal for direction to which was the back and which was the front of a minute pair of knickerbockers in the making for the five-year-old Herbert.

The two women had talked in very friendly fashion, veering wide of clothing to the problem of bringing up children, and ending by the

consumption of cake together, at the impossible hour of eleven-thirty, laughing over it like children themselves. And on top of all this a letter had come from no less a person than Mr. Ranney, swelling with rounded periods of indignation, and suggesting that Master Robert Laurence be kept in future from invading the Ranney premises. Mr. Ranney was obliged to particularise the request, as Mrs. Ranney had been seriously indisposed from the fright and anxiety attendant on young Robert's brutality to her little son, which had resulted in a severe attack of croup to the latter, brought on by the deluge of icy water that he had been subjected to. Mr. Ranney had been a boy himself and could therefore make allowance for the natural light-heartedness of youth, but he was thankful that at no time could he have considered it an innocent diversion to hound and persecute a child of tender years, whom every lad of true manliness would consider a sacred duty to protect and succour.

Bobby Laurence had, in fact, pumped on that little bruiser, Herbert Ranney, at the back of a barn, when the latter in full gala attire was waiting to go to town with his mother. Investigation for the defence triumphantly established the fact that Herbert had himself suggested the deed, placing himself beneath the spout and capering gleefully under the descending stream until the chill struck through and sent him roaring into the house.

"But that, of course, makes no difference as far as Robert is concerned; he is five years older, and should have known better," Mrs. Laurence high-mindedly conceded when the affair was intimately talked over with Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer at a tea convened by the latter for that purpose.

"It does seem so *small* to make a fuss over such a little thing; I'm sure if *we* were to complain every time anything happened to Robert—! Will thinks Mrs. Ranney put him up to it, but I say he should have known better; the letter was really *too* offensive; he almost *swore*. I've tried my best to like that man—you know how sorry we all felt for him last summer when his wife was away—but it's impossible to like a person who doesn't care whether you exist or not. You were right in what you once said, Mrs. Stone, that there was no real warmth in either of them. And when it comes to calling a child names—poor little Robert who never does a thing I do not know"—Mrs. Laurence paused dramatically, blissfully unconscious of the fact that her son had left his home the moment she was out of sight to join a band of happy young rascals in the next street, engaged at this

moment in deliriously stoning the windows of an empty house as they rushed past it—"we simply feel that we have done with the Ranneys. They are of no importance whatever."

"I wouldn't be as nice about it as you are; I'd give them both a piece of my mind," said Mrs. Stone truculently, with a red-faced irritation caused by the exigencies of a new dress.

"I think so, too," chimed in little Mrs. Spicer, who in a charmingly soft white wool gown, with a pot of blue hyacinths beside her, presided at a tray filled with such a gigantic silver service that she could not see over the top of it.

Mrs. Spicer went on with her accustomed swiftness. "After the way they have acted! They say Herbert Ranney is only five, but he's perfectly monstrous for his age—I've seen him rush at those bigger boys and positively pound them on the legs with his fists. I said to Ernest Spicer only the other day that if those Ranney children were allowed to run all over the neighbourhood the way they do, we should have to move—but I hear that the Ranneys are going to. The minute Herbert sees Gladys Spicer when she goes out with her nurse"—Gladys was a black-eyed, bronze-curl'd fairy of three—"he dashes at her and pulls the ribbon off her hair in spite of all that Ellen can do. She lost three hair-ribbons last week. He has the most dreadful fascination for Gladys, you can't keep her away from him. And the other day when Ellen went in the house, he made Gladys sit down in a puddle, and there was that sly little Judith Ranney looking on and never said a word! Now what do you think of that? Would you please touch that bell, Mrs. Stone, I can't think what keeps Augustus so long; I *know* your tea is too strong."

"Oh, I don't care much for tea," said Mrs. Stone, with slighting indifference. "I thought Judith Ranney was the same age as your Gladys?"

Mrs. Spicer flushed. "The same age! My dear, Judith is eight months and six days—nearly a *year*—older than Gladys. Judith may be small for her age, but what that child doesn't know—! And she's the most dreadful telltale. If you knew the stories she's told about your Robert, Mrs. Laurence—Mrs. Ranney spoke to me some weeks ago; she said her husband thought they would have to move on account of Robert. Of course, I wouldn't say anything to you at the time—I *know* your tea isn't right."

"Oh, yes, indeed, it's delicious," said Mrs. Laurence, with somewhat heightened colour,



"If you could think of anything that would do for an item of interest"—p. 434.

swallowing her remnant of black, lukewarm fluid hastily. "Well, I'm glad I made up my mind the other day, after Herbert fell off the gate when Robert was swinging him, that I wouldn't have Robert taking care of those children any more. Mrs. Ranney gets so worked up if the least thing happens to them. As for that man, I think he's the rudest, the most disagreeable person I have ever met, in spite of that exaggerated politeness of his; I simply detest him!" She paused to recover herself; the tea-time had not been replete with the pleasant refreshment she had anticipated. "If you're going, Mrs. Stone, I'll walk along with you."

"That will only be as far as the corner," said Mrs. Stone ungraciously. "If you'll help me on with this cloak—Thank you."

"Oh, I'd no *idea* you were both going so soon—I thought you'd stay for the rest of the afternoon," said Mrs. Spicer, in a tone that somehow implied that she would not have gone to the trouble of having tea if she were only to get this much for it. "Well, if you *must*—I thought we'd have a good long talk together; I've seen so little of you lately, I've been off so much in the new motor-car." She seemed to be aware of a slight, unsympathetic coolness as she went on hurriedly, "I've been wanting so much to have you both go with me, but every time I've planned for it there's been something the matter with the car. You must go with me soon, though."

"Really, she says that every time I see her," said Mrs. Stone impatiently, as they left the house. "I don't see what's to prevent her taking us if she wants to; I'm tired of hearing her talk about it. She hates to take the least bit of trouble about *anything*. I could hardly hold my tongue when she was talking about Gladys; goodness knows what that child is coming to, when she makes eyes now at every boy she meets; affected little piece! Thank goodness, whatever else my children are, they are at least natural!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Laurence, with mental reservation; to many, the behaviour of the Stone children was entirely too "natural."

Mrs. Stone went lifelessly on:

"Don't you get sick of looking at this street? I do. I think February's the worst month, you get so tired of everything and everybody, you seem to have done everything before. Mr. Stone and I were talking last night of moving; there isn't a soul I care for here, but you. And the place is so overrun with children! Sometimes I think I'd like to live on a hilltop where I'd never see a soul I'd known before. I'm going up to town to-

morrow, for a change. Why, there comes Mr. Ranney. Oh, my dear, what *have* you done! Didn't you see that puddle? I suppose it's gone all *over* my dress!"

"I really don't think the water touched it. I must hurry in, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Laurence stiffly. Hurry as she might, she could not go fast enough to escape Mr. Ranney's punctiliously polite bow, which she had to return perforce, with her cheeks tingling. She felt inexpressibly tired of the neighbourhood, herself; there seemed to be nothing uplifting in it—even her husband presented no diversion, coming home as tired as a man may be, with heavy, muddled feet, and a sore throat which he refused to acknowledge to his wife's officious questioning.

He listened, indeed, consentingly to her account of the latest thing about the Ranneys, but only to say wearily:

"Don't let's talk any more about it. I hope you haven't been spreading reports over the place, Nan."

"Spreading reports! As if I ever did such a thing!" she replied indignantly—she who was celebrated for the wisdom, the closeness of her speech! Why, people had made her confidences which she never even revealed to him—except by insinuation, or when he was particularly curious and entertained by her information.

"I hope you won't be so tired to-morrow night," she said magnanimously, and turned yearningly in thought to a trip to town herself, that safety-valve of the suburbanite, when in the rush and sparkle and kaleidoscopic glitter one can forget the limitations of home.

She was hurrying over her morning duties the next day and watching the clock toward that end, when the bell rang, and the maid brought up word to her that a young lady wanted to see her—a Miss Filbur.

"I don't know anyone by that name."

"She said if you were very busy not to disturb you; she only wanted your help about something."

"Oh, then I'll go down," said Mrs. Laurence resignedly, with a look of relief, however, as she saw the pretty girl with the anxious eyes, who rose from the chair by the drawing-room window as she went in.

"Why, Miss Wilmer! I didn't catch the name. Of *course* I remember you at the Church bazaar—you were taking notes there."

"Yes," said the girl. She hesitated, and then went on with a frankness that evidently cost an effort. "That was when I was on the *Delver*; I'm on the *Flambeau* now, the new paper that is making such a specialty of

suburban society notes. I came to see if there were any social happenings you could tell me of."

"Why, I'm afraid I'm the last person to come to," said Mrs. Laurence regretfully. "I go out so little, except just here on the Ridge—most of my friends are in town. I really haven't heard of anything going on lately."

"That's what everyone tells me," said Miss Wilmer, with a disappointment which evidently had so sharp a personal edge that good breeding bravely sought to hide it.

"You've had the last Club meeting?"

"Oh, yes, that was in Monday's issue." The girl paused, and went on with delicate insistence: "If you could think of *anything* that would do for an item of interest; it's too bad to take up your time, but I have a whole column to fill for to-morrow, and I cannot seem to get a start."

"That's too bad," said Mrs. Laurence sympathetically. "I ought to be able to help you out in some way. There have been some very unpleasant things happening in the neighbourhood lately—but don't put that in. There's Dorothy Lee's engagement—she's Mrs. Spicer's sister—yes, of course, you had that some time ago. I heard that it was to be broken off, but I wouldn't put that in, it may not be true. There are the Budds, they gave a party last spring, but they won't give any this year on account of the father's death."

"Please wait a moment," said Miss Wilmer hastily, making notes in a small book. "That might be worked up. 'Those who participated in the charming entertainment given last spring by—name, please—Mr. and Mrs. Orlando P. Budd at their residence on the Ridge will regret to hear'—that's all right." Miss Wilmer took heart of grace. "You don't know of any people about to move out of the neighbourhood—or *into* it?"

"I believe the Ranneys are going to move," said Mrs. Laurence with suddenly heightened colour. "I'm sure I wish they would—but I don't know how true it is."

"Are they people of any prominence?" asked Miss Wilmer.

"Not socially—but I think Mr. Ranney is rather prominent in a business way," said Mrs. Laurence helpfully. "He has something to do with buying those Salt Meadows by the Bridge on the way out from town—he's connected in some way with the Electrographic Company."

"Oh, the *Electrographic* Company!" repeated Miss Wilmer in an eager tone of satisfaction. The *Electrographic* Company was

very great indeed, and stood especially in the limelight of publicity at the moment; anyone connected with its dealings was undoubtedly entitled to a paragraph.

She rose to go, holding out both hands. "Thank you so *much*, Mrs. Laurence, for your kindness. I won't keep you a moment longer. You *have* given me a start!"

It was a couple of nights after this interview that Mrs. Laurence detected something unusual in her husband's footfall as he ran up the steps. He had been as tired as ever lately, but to-night he was tense, and alert. After dinner when she sat down by him and laid her hand in his, he indeed returned the pressure with a mechanical tenderness, but only to break out the moment after:

"I *cannot* see how it happened!"

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Matter! Didn't you see the paper this morning?"

"No, you took it with you."

"Well, there's nearly a page in it about Ranney's negotiations for the *Electrographic* Company; the evening edition has actually a map of the meadows."

"Well—?"

"Why, don't you *see*? The one important thing about the whole transaction was that it should be kept absolutely secret."

"Wasn't it—honest?" asked Mrs. Laurence timidly, with a foregone conviction that whatever question she asked would be the wrong one.

"Honest! Well, I should say so," Mrs. Laurence almost snorted with scorn. He sat up straight, his fine, thin face alight. "Honest! There's no cleaner man than Ranney. He was entrusted with the commission to buy those meadows at good market value—he had special facilities; the company at the back of the real estate deal would have put up the price sky-high if they had once got wind that the *Electrographic* wanted it—and now they *have* got wind of it—goodness knows how!—and Ranney's chance has gone to smash. Of course, you've only got to *say* *Electrographic* in these days, and all the papers get up a hue and cry. Every purchase, questionable and otherwise, that the Company's made since 1880 is aired in to-night's issue. Ranney's lost his commission, and all connection with the *Electrographic* in the future, perhaps."

"I don't see why we should feel so badly about it," said Mrs. Laurence, with spirit.

"You don't! Well then, I'll tell you why. He talked with me over the 'phone to-day—not very pleasantly, either. I was the only person—beside the heads of the *Electro-*

graphic—who knew of his position in regard to them. It puts me in an awful hole! He came over the other night—with their consent—to consult me privately on a legal point. I gave him my word to-day that I hadn't opened my lips about it to a soul—I hope he believed me! He may think I got ugly over this row about the children—but he *must* know better than that!"

"But Will—" Mrs. Laurence's colour came and went, her voice sounded queer in her own ears: she had been experiencing an awful, sickening feeling in the last few minutes. "Other people certainly knew about it besides you—I'm *sure* they did. When Mr. Ranney was talking to you that night—he has such a loud, deep voice sometimes you can't help overhearing what he says—But I'm sure it couldn't have been then that I heard it. When I spoke about those meadows to Miss Wilmer—you know I told you of her visit—I thought it was something that *everybody* knew. Of course I wouldn't have said a word if I hadn't thought—" She stopped in her interminable floundering, transfixed by her husband's gaze.

"Anna, will you kindly tell me just *what* you did? Do you mean to say that you repeated what you overheard—*what you overheard*—to Miss Wilmer?"

"Oh, I'm afraid—I—did," said Mrs. Laurence gaspingly. "I never realised that I overheard it, Will—I *couldn't* have overheard it! And Elise Wilmer didn't know that it was anything *at all*."

"And so it was my wife who blabbed. Great Heavens!" said her husband, in a tone of awe. He drew a long breath between set teeth, and then made a dive toward the hall.

"Oh, Will, *Will*! Don't look like that! Where are you going?"

"Over to Ranney's—I've got to tell him. Of course, I'll take all the blame on myself; I should have cautioned you. Don't try to stop me, Anna." He put his arms around her as she clung to him, and gazed down at her with mournful severity, in which she discerned a strange, hurt gentleness.

"Yes, I know you're sorry, but being sorry won't take back spoken words, or give Ranney his money—It's best to think sometimes before you tell *all* you know, Anna. Let me go now."

"No, I'm going too," said his wife breathlessly. She caught up a white shawl hanging on a chair and twisted it half around the crimson silk of her shoulders and over her dark hair. "You must let me, Will, you must!"

Her voice rose hysterically. "It was my fault, and you must let me go with you!"

He tried to push her gently back from following, but she clung to his arm, half stumbling out of the door and down the steps. She hardly knew how they got along in the muddy dampness of the February night. But they were ushered in at the neighbouring house all too soon, and into the room where Mr. and Mrs. Ranney sat, the latter dressed in old-rose colour, her gentle, heart-shaped face bent over her sewing, while Mr. Ranney, his large, imposing figure stretched out at ease, was reading before the fire. A shaded lamp made a soft circle of light over the simple, used furnishings of a room dignified and enriched by the photographs of famous pictures hanging on the walls. Both inmates rose to receive the guests, Mr. Ranney, whose face looked unusually black-browed and drawn, with chill, unsmiling courtesy, as one who in his own house must suffer intrusion, while Mrs. Ranney's hand, in which she held a small garment for Judith, trembled a little, as she gave one wild look up the stairs—noticed with a fleeting, wretched contempt by Mrs. Laurence—as if she suspected some attack on her sleeping darlings. But she obediently echoed her husband's invitation: "Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you, I think not," said Mr. Laurence, his hat in one hand, while the finger-tips of the other unconsciously rested on the back of a chair; Mrs. Laurence stood a little apart from him, her head drooping.

"We have only stepped over for a moment to make a confession, and tender whatever reparation is possible. I find that my wife was a party involuntarily to our conversation last week, and with no thought of breach of confidence"—Mr. Laurence swallowed hard—"told a portion of it to a young reporter who asked her aid. I need hardly say that the responsibility rests on me, in spite of my denial this morning, in not seeing that we had a securer place for the interview, and secondly in not warning her that—"

"Oh, let *me* tell," implored poor Mrs. Laurence. "It wasn't his fault *at all*! It was mine." Two large tears could not be withheld from rolling down her cheeks, which had turned very white. "I didn't know—I didn't remember I'd overheard—" She stopped, her mouth trembling. A quick glance passed between her host and hostess; Mr. Ranney's face changed.

"Pardon me if I interrupt you for a moment," he said, making a little bustle of moving a large arm-chair over to the fire. "If you would do me the pleasure of taking this seat,

Mrs. Laurence—it is one of my favourites; you will find it comfortable, I think. Mrs. Ranney has only left the room on an errand, she will be back directly. Laurence, make yourself at home. In these days of the late winter," continued Mr. Ranney, genially poking up the fire with a great rattling that sent up showers of sparks, "we are all subjected to more or less of a strain—more or less of a strain—and it behoves us to take all the ease we can get. Ha! Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Laurence? We men lead rather a strenuous life."

"But you don't understand," began Mrs. Laurence piteously.

"My wife is always lamenting my lack of comprehension," said Mr. Ranney with jovial assent. "Ah, here she comes now. Well, Jean, what have you for us?"

"I thought perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Laurence would like to taste a little of this cordial that came to-day from home," said Mrs. Ranney, who bore a small tray containing tiny glasses filled with an amber fluid. "My husband and I think so much of mother's cordial. We like it especially at this time, just after dinner. Try a little of it," her gentle voice coaxed tenderly, as she pressed one of the glasses into Mrs. Laurence's nerveless hand.

"Yes, you'd better drink it, Nan," urged Mr. Laurence seriously. If she were going to faint, that would be a pretty finish indeed. But a faint colour came back to her cheeks with the draught, taken almost unconsciously. She sat up straight and strove to commence once more.

"Mr. Ranney, you must let me speak. Is it true that you have lost money because I—told?"

"My dear lady!" said Mr. Ranney, with a quick, warning glance at the other man. His voice was so inexpressibly kind that the tears came into her eyes again; he leaned forward from the chair he had drawn up beside hers, and took her hand with a gesture that was knightly in its chivalrousness. "My good friend Laurence here will approve when I say that I make it a rule never to discuss business matters with any member of your sex—except my wife." The gaze that her eyes encountered showed her a soul so tender to the hurt of a woman or a child that no encompassing, defensive guise of dominance

or superiority could ever hide it from her again. "Loss and gain, gain and loss, that is the fortune of trade, dear lady, and only what we men expect. I hope you'll not let your mind be burdened by my affairs for a moment. By the way, to change the subject, I was endeavouring to solace myself with Wordsworth this evening. You are familiar with Wordsworth?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Laurence.

"It is pleasant," said Mr. Ranney, "in this disagreeable weather to see such lines as these"—he reached for the volume—

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

Ha! Perhaps you would like me to read it from the beginning?"

"—You must let your little lad come over as often as he cares to be bothered by my troublesome youngster; it's a great thing for a boy to have an older one to whom he can look up," said Mr. Ranney with heartiness, as they parted half an hour later, after a mute embrace between the two women that said a great deal.

"Oh, he's beautiful, he's beautiful!" meant Mrs. Laurence, as she and Will ran lightly back to their own house. The night had changed, there seemed to be a hint of growing flowers in the air. "I don't wonder she adores him!"

"Yes, he's a pretty good sort," said Mr. Laurence, with a break in his voice. "Hallo, whom have we here?"

Mrs. Stone stood in their front hall, a small child's cape over her shoulders, holding a large glass jar imperfectly swathed in wrappings of crumpled paper. She offered it at once to Anna Laurence. "I brought this for you, dear, it's the last of my cherries," she explained beamingly. "Perhaps you don't know I've been at the Spicer's all the afternoon—Gladys got a chicken bone stuck in her throat, and that darling child wouldn't let anybody touch her but me, until the doctor came. And I just want to tell you that if you care to borrow my long cloak to-morrow you can have it—if it's pleasant we're to go over to Mossfield with Mrs. Spicer in the car—and I think it will be pleasant; I think there's quite a refreshing feeling of spring in the air, don't you?"



The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

WE are getting on slowly with our Fund for the Children's Hospital, and I feel sure many of you will like to send me some money towards it. Address your gifts to The Editor, *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, E.C., and I will gladly acknowledge. One little girl in far-away Demerara, "where the sugar comes from," has sent me £1 10s. Is not that a handsome contribution? Now don't wait till to-morrow, but write me a little letter to-day and enclose a postal order, so that the many sick children in the Hospital may feel you are their affectionate comrades.

MR. ANON.

ADESTE FIDELES.

A COMPLETE STORY BY NORMAN HOWARD.

"BOB, did you 'ear it?"

Bob leaned over the handle bar of the long, wheeled carriage by which he was standing.

"Why, yes, Jack. It's your own song, sure enough. We'll go right off and listen."

The sound of a street organ came to the two boys as they warmed themselves and ate hot potatoes under a sheltered archway. The man who owned the fire was an old friend, and had called them aside as they were passing. Bob had munched a big, floury potato with hungry delight. Then, as Jack heard his song, he pushed the carriage on to where the music was being played.

Upper Street, Islington, was gay that night. Thousands of starry lights twinkled above the maze of houses. Below, there was the bright gleam of the shops, and the vividness of the great arc lamps at the road corners. Here and there, in secluded byways, were the glaring torches of hawkers; and on the grass patches in the "gardens" which linger sadly in that grim thoroughfare, the glint of frost showed bravely.

Everybody seemed to be out shopping that night—a week before Christmas. Yet words of anger at the interruption made by the perambulator passing through the crowds were hushed as people saw the delicate face of the child who lay within.

The boys quickly found what they sought. On the bricked roadway, not far from the square, darkened church of St. Mary, an old, grey-headed man was turning the handle of a barrel-organ. He was bent and ugly, and

watched the crowds with a hopeless, desolate expression in his eyes. No merry little children were dancing round the organ. It was not playing a lively waltz or tripping polka to which they could twirl gaily. Again and again the old man set his instrument to the Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles." As he played it, it had not the sound of a glad triumph, the call to rejoice, as when it is sung in some shadowy cathedral. But, full of plaintive, sobbing notes, it seemed rather to mourn the Christ Child than to welcome His Advent.

The boys waited, listening silently. Other folk passed on. The sad music was not for their eager mood.

"Like it, little fellow?" the organ man asked presently. "Well, I'll give it you once again."

Then he moved on, and the children began their homeward journey.

Bob met the organ-grinder by the "Angel" on the following morning, and the old man wanted to hear all about Jack's pleasure in the hymn. The lad had few sympathisers, and he was easily persuaded to tell their story. It was a sorrowful tale. A dead father, a tipsy mother, a street accident to the small brother whom he—Bob—had nursed and defended since babyhood—long days of wearying illness—all were included.

"What about the 'ymn?" the music man inquired presently.

Bob explained. Jack had heard it, and learned part of it during those days in the hospital, and it had won his heart. Poetry was rare in the life of their little home. He had told Bob what he knew, and Bob, eager to delight his treasure, had found the way to master the whole of the verses.

"I went to the mission service at that 'all round the corner there, one Sunday night," he said, "and while the fellow on the platform talked I found the 'ymn in the book and just learned every bit."

It was in a gruff voice that the old musician asked Bob where he made his home, and if he might visit it, and play for the "little fellow." The boy hesitated for half a moment, surveying his new friend with care. Then, with a smile of pleasure as he thought of what Jack's joy would be, he answered "Yes."

Some good angel watched over Bob all that day. Jobs were plentiful, papers went off quickly, and he was ready earlier than usual to trot home. He ran quickly, bubbling with excitement, for the organ man had promised to call that night.

For a few hours their shabby room was a radiant dwelling place. Mike, as the visitor called himself, arrived soon after Jack's bed was made. The shaky table, with a borrowed cloth spread over it, was laid for a feast. Some hot savoury sausages had tempted Mike as he passed the shop at the corner. And they were "all right," as Bob said, with the cocoa and new loaf he had provided.

The music was best, Jack decided, though, and the old man had fine tales to tell of his days long ago in the fair, green country, and of his own dead children, and his wife.

Each night he came again, until Christmas Day was only two days away. "Mother" was spending Christmas time in gaol—a great blessing, Bob thought—for the boys preferred her absence to her drunken, savage presence, and, to tell the truth, the whole of Dale Court was of the same opinion. Jack was the pet of the court, and even on her crossdest, dullest day, each woman neighbour had a kindness in word or look for the little weary boy. His bed was the safest place in the row for would-be wandering babies. He could entertain them as no one else could, and though he could not move to keep them from mischief, they obeyed his will entirely.

The grey old man enjoyed the nightly visits to Dale Court as only one whose heart has hungered for love could do. Some subtle influence had drawn him straightway to Jack, and they poured upon each other of their sympathy. Mike realised that it was to be only a short-lived friendship, for he saw the daily weakening of the child, and Bob, too, in a vague way, knew that something was happening in his brother, yet he hardly dared to face it.

"He is all I have," he would whisper to himself often during the long working hours.

Friday brought a deepened shadow. In the morning, as he trudged to his work, Bob knew. Such rough luck, he could hardly help reflecting, for jobs were plentiful, and pay better than it had been for weeks, but he left the streets early because of the cold fear which gripped his heart. The Christmas Eve, which was to have been such a gorgeous day for them, hung over him like a black night of pain. Their plans had been so gay. The shops in the evening, and all the beautiful things, were to have been enjoyed in the looking. Then on the Day—what a glad day that should be, they had said! Mike was to come to dinner, and they were to have the biggest fire they could get in the tiny grate, and they were to be "quite happy."

Christmas Eve came in coldly, with a frost grey and stern as London seldom experiences. Mike looked in early, and was frightened by the change in his friend.

"Too late for hospital!" the doctor had told Sally Bates, the mother of the four noisy children on the opposite side of the house.

She and Bob and the doctor had done all they knew how. But the slow fever burned steadily, destroying the little strength that remained.

All morning Mike tramped the streets. Then, obeying his endless longing to see the boy, he turned back to Dale Court.

Bob was there and the doctor, and Sally; he all knew that there was to be no gay to-morrow for the three together.

Softly as the Christmas morning crept out of the night shadows, there arose the plaint of the old hymn. Jack had asked for it, "Cause we can truly say 'born this 'appy morn,'" he murmured. And the old man played hushing the sound as best he could.

"Sing it, Bob, sing," Jack suddenly demanded.

And Bob sang. The words came of themselves, as it were, for he could not think "O come, let us adore Him," and in the last lines a faint echo came from the little brother he held in his arms so tightly, "O come, let us adore Him"—and then a silence, for it was full morning—the Birthday morning.



"MANNA."

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

SOMETIMES on a wintry morning, when our bedroom blinds are drawn up, a beautiful picture greets us. Trees, gardens, streets, housetops are covered with a pure white mantle.

Snow has fallen in the night; and when we look at it, glistening in the early sunshine, we are delighted, although perhaps not surprised. We know what to expect in winter, and have so often seen the ground carpeted with snow that none of us needs to ask, What is it?

But, if in our home there are little visitors from a warmer country, children of West Indian parents, how astonished they will be at the first sight of snow. I fancy them clapping their hands, jumping for joy, eagerly asking, "What is it? What is it?"

Just the question which the children of Israel asked when, encamped in the wilderness, they looked out one morning from their tents and saw the whole sandy plain covered with a white substance, small and glistening like hoar-frost. In amazement, they said one to another, "Manna, Manna!" a word which means "*What is it?*" Moses answered, "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." (Exodus xvi. 15.)

In this wonderful way food was provided for a hungry nation, journeying in a desert where neither bread nor water could be found. And from that first morning—on and on, every morning through forty years—the bountiful Lord "commanded the clouds from above, and opened the doors of heaven, and had rained down manna upon them to eat, and had given them of the corn of heaven." (Psalm lxxviii. 23, 24.) The people called it "*manna*." The Psalmist calls it "*angels' food*."

Such a miracle was worth remembering, and was remembered. When the pilgrims reached Canaan the manna ceased, but they did not forget it. On the last morning of its appearance they had gathered about two quarts into "a golden pot," and the potted manna was laid up in the Holy Place of the sanctuary as a memorial of the goodness of God.

In nearly every synagogue of the Jews there was some visible symbol of their ancient history. Over the entrance door, carved in stone, there might be seen "a lamb," or "a candlestick," or "a pot of manna." And it is an interesting fact that when members of the Palestine Exploration Society came to Capernaum, they found what was believed to be ruins of the synagogue where Jesus talked with the Jews of His day (John vi. 25—31), and, in turning over the stones, saw a large block with "a pot of manna" engraved on its face—probably the very stone to which Christ had pointed when they asked of Him a sign.

His answer must have startled them. It was like this: "You ask for a sign; look

at that stone over the door of your synagogue, carved by one of yourselves. You set it up there as a memorial. Do you know its real meaning? It is a sign of Me. 'Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and they died.' Excellent food, yet only serving to relieve their bodily hunger and to keep them alive for a while. It was 'meat which perisheth.' That will not supply every need of yours. There is 'meat which abideth,' and you must come to Me for this. 'I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE,' the only food that will satisfy, sustain, and save your never-dying souls. 'I am the living bread which came down out of heaven: if a man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.'" No wonder that when they had listened to Jesus some of them prayed, "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

Like the children of Israel, we are travelling to "a better country"; and for us Jesus Christ is the true manna. He tells us so Himself; and if we notice some things relating to this uncommon bread, which fed the wandering tribes in the desert, we shall see how appropriate the metaphor is.

The manna came from heaven. It did not grow; it was given. Blackberries and currants grow on bushes. Apples and plums grow on trees. Grass and corn grow out of the ground. And because these, and other good things, come from visible sources, we are apt to forget THE GREAT GIVER.

In an infant school, one day, a conversation took place between a visitor and the children to this effect:

"Who gave you the bread you get at breakfast?"

Almost every voice answered, "My mother."

"But who gave it to your mother?"

"The baker."

"And who gave it to the baker?"

"The miller."

"And who gave it to the miller?"

"The farmer."

"And who gave it to the farmer?"

"The ground."

Only when they were asked, "Who gave it to the ground," did the children think of answering, "*It was God*!"

Let us not be so slow to recognise the Great Father of Mercies. "Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down." The manna was not made by the miller, the baker, the chemist; it was "the gift of God," and in this resembles Jesus. Of Himself He says, "My Father giveth you the true bread out of heaven." Shall not each of us, with a glad, believing heart, welcome

this Living Bread, and say, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift"?

The manna was wholesome, reliable food. If it had been cake, or pastry, made by the confectioner, the people might have doubted its nourishing qualities and feared to eat too much.

Long ago, in Eastern countries bakeries were closely inspected, to test the weight and quality of the bread. In Persia, if a loaf were found of short weight, or made of bad flour, stern punishment followed the discovery of the fraud. The cheating baker was roasted in his oven. Usually an honest baker stamped his name on the bread he made, and thus "sealed" its measure and purity.

Nowadays, on our own breakfast tables, we like to have the best bread; and it comes stamped with the maker's name. Heavenly bread bears a heavenly brand. Of Jesus, the Bread of Life, it is written, in this remarkable sense, "Him hath God the Father sealed." (John vi. 27.)

Earthly foods soon lose their freshness. Bread, however good, becomes stale and mouldy, unfit to eat. Even the manna, kept till next morning, in disobedience to God's command, bred worms and stank. But Jesus Christ is incorruptible. Like the memorial manna in that "golden pot," He abides sweet and precious after many ages. Oh, taste and see! He is not far from every one of us. The boys and girls had only to step outside the tent-door in the desert, and there was the manna. However early they got up in the morning, their daily bread was waiting to be gathered and eaten. They were not content to know that it was there, and that father and mother were using it. The children had to eat it too, or they would have perished.

So now, we cannot begin too early to seek Christ and feed on Him. "Eat, and your soul shall live!" Has He not said, "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me"?

Buried Scripture Names.

OUR young readers, when compelled by rain or snow to spend Sunday afternoons at home, may find instruction in the following list of buried Scripture names of men, women, and places. Each sentence contains one name, and when you have discovered that you should try and find out the place in the Bible where it occurs. We shall give the answers to the problems in the next number of THE QUIVER.

Men.

1. I used to go to a dame school.
2. The wardrobe disappointed me.
3. Have you seen the dome of St Paul's?
4. Spare the rod, and spoil the child.
5. Fetch a man to help us.
6. Run until the race is finished.
7. He made masts for ships.
8. Is your grammar known?
9. A dog is an animal a child loves.
10. It was Ethel I asked to go.
11. His collar I starch usually.
12. This is a cycle men trust.
7. Fetch a gardener to see it.
8. Exaggerating is rather a habit of yours.
9. In the battle a halt was called.
10. The man nailed the carpet down.
11. Send some very good fruit.
12. He was a sober, nice man.

Places.

1. I shall be the last.
2. The limit given was too short.
3. The trains stop at most stations.
4. Going, I lead the way.
5. On the step he sustained a fall.
6. She caught a fresh cold.
7. Kiss me, then do run away.
8. Draw a really straight line.
9. She was rather a motherly woman.
10. This is a scanty return to you.
11. Put a border of geraniums round.
12. It is a most lovely day.

Women.

1. Does your ear ache less?
2. Old or cast-off clothing bought here.
3. Chain the dog up, lest he run away.
4. A halo is round the moon.
5. There is a railway station there.
6. The burns smart hardly at all.

Turk.

A Complete Story.

By "BROWN LINNET."

IT was well for Job that there was Turk, for when Grandfa' was not out shepherding the sheep in some sodden field, up to his knees in mud, and anxiously employed with the lambing, he was snatching a well-earned nap by the fireside, and Gran' was one of those uncomfortable people whose clouds never have a silver lining.

Job, with his pitiful infirmity, was a very dark cloud. Gran' could not look at him without sighing. Yet she did her duty by the lad, after a fashion. She signed vigorously to him every morning with her arms to go and wash at the pump outside, she mended his clothes, oiled his hair on Sundays, and waved him off on the schoolward way every morning. But it fretted her to have him about the house. She said that it was so "uncanny for a lad to be tongue-tied," and the way he *would* follow her about with his eyes!

Job gathered dully that he was a burden. Sometimes, as he stood speechless before Gran', the look on her face seemed to impel him to try and exert a faculty of which he was dimly aware, but over which he had no command; but this miserable desire never troubled him when he was alone, or out in the lanes. Nature caressed him until sometimes he broke out into a little low sound of content; but she never coerced him into that unhappy state of wonderment which the glance of grandmother's eye could arouse in him.

Job had not always been deaf and dumb. He had been chatting to his father happily enough, as they passed over the level crossing, just before the engine came and knocked them down. The terrible accident was flashed for an instant on his brain; but when he recovered from the illness that followed his memory was a blur. Father was gone, but though Job wondered he never found the words to ask where. His head often pained him when he thought about it; and when his mother tried to explain to him all that had happened, he simply watched her lips with big, unsatisfied eyes, and wondered still more.

Then she died, too, and the lad was taken to his grandparents.

"It ain't as if he'd ever be of any use to us," said Gran' that first night.

Job sat on a little stool in the middle of the hearth, trying to realise the unusual circumstances.

"Fine growed he be, too," said Grandfa', removing the pipe from his mouth, and puffing out a cloud of smoke from between his lips.

Gran' put the corner of her apron to her eye. "Just to mind our Jenny with her sweet tongue, and think on it that *such* as yon should be a chil' of her'n!" she whimpered.

"Aye, poor caed thing!" said the shepherd.

Job sighed, unconsciously echoing the feelings of his grandparents; and at that moment, from under the table, crept a rough bob-tailed sheep-dog, with a good-natured white face and a wiry grey coat. It went deprecatingly across the flagged floor, and laid its great head on the boy's knee. Job's heavy face brightened. He clasped his arms about the dog's neck, and gazed deeply into its queer odd eyes.

"See at 'em!" ejaculated the shepherd, well pleased. A smile lingered on his face for some little while; then the clock struck and he rose, and taking his crook from the corner, whistled to the dog, and clattered out into the dark. Turk went at his master's bidding, and Job's arms were empty again.

From time to time he looked searchingly at his grandmother; but she never met his eyes with a smile, and by-and-by she took him by the arm and pointed him the way upstairs. She could not endure to see him sitting aimlessly before her, and to feel that it must go on and on. She fell to wishing that it would "please the Lord" to take this poor, unnatural thing away as soon as possible, so that she might not be burdened by the sight of him all the livelong day.

Job missed his mother terribly. He missed the sights of the town where he had been born, and where he had lived all his life. There was nothing outside the cottage door but a small garden, a narrow lane, and beyond that field after field. Job was afraid of the emptiness. He would gladly have stayed in the kitchen and watched the old woman at work if she would have let him; but she very soon showed him that such was not her intention. After awhile she got some neighbouring lads to take him to the school, and for a week or so he went with them contentedly enough; and was glad to sit and watch all that went on in the dusty, sunny little room, where the village urchins trod the paths of learning, and often marked the way with their tears.

But one day, as Job was coming home some way behind the other lads, he stopped by a gate

in the lane, and looked over it into the field beyond; and there he saw a flock of anxious sheep huddled up in the corner with their lambs, and amongst them stood the shepherd. Turk was there, too, in his official capacity, running hither and thither, scuffling, yapping, keeping the woolly mothers in their appointed places. Job could not hear the cry of the baby lambs, or the deeper bleating of the ewes; but he climbed over the gate, and went and sat down under the hedge close to the shepherd.

Turk came to greet him with wagging body and smiling mouth; then he went back to his duties, and Job watched in deep content.

The shepherd threw him a kindly nod, and continued his work amongst the sheep; and, by-and-by, two or three deeply remonstrating ewes were hustled apart from the rest of the flock, and, with their babes bleating at their sides, were driven limping into a pen. Then the shepherd growled at Turk, and beckoned to the lad, and they all went across the lane for the mid-day meal.

After that Job never went to school again. Where the shepherd went Job went too, walking to heel with Turk, thinking all sort of fragmentary thoughts, fondling the dog's head, and keeping his wide grey eyes mostly turned up towards the sky. He liked to watch the soft fluffy clouds scurry along before the wind, to see the rooks flapping lazily down on to the upturned sods of the fields; and, as time went on, he gained in bodily strength, and the expression of vague wonder on his face gave place to one of habitual content. Often Turk's wet nose would be pushed into the lad's hand, as they walked after the shepherd; often his eyes held converse with the grey eyes above him. There was such a bond between these two that voiced words were needless.

Sometimes work was slack in the field, and the dog would go to the boy, and, during the spell of rest, Job's arms encircled his neck, Job's heart beat with thuds of wonderful happiness against the rough, grey coat. Now and again Turk licked the boy's face with his hot tongue, his hands, his coat, as if that strong throbbing that he felt against his body must needs require some acknowledgment.

So time passed on; and, one morning, when the sheep were folded in a new field, for the first time Job spied primroses under the hedge. With a quick-drawn breath he ran along the ditch, gathering them eagerly in his outstretched hands. Oh, Turk, why were you not with him, sniffing at the sweet, warm earth, and pushing your wet nose into Job's busy hands? The boy was full of a new delight. He did not see a sudden commotion in the field, nor hear

the shepherd's loud curses. He had gathered a great bunch of creamy primroses, and a sudden craving for human sympathy in his joy came over him. He turned for it to Grandfather, turned, and stood in sudden horror; then, scattering the flowers hastily to the ground, he ran madly across the field.

The shepherd's mouth was set; he had a heavy stick in his hand, and his arm rose and fell with relentless force. Cringing, and yelping beneath the heavy blows, Turk struggled for freedom; but the hand on his collar was clenched like a vice. The flurried sheep had drawn up into a solid block, and were bleating now and again in helpless uncertainty; and there, on the ground, a few paces off, lay a woolly heap, heaving painfully—a mother sheep with its eyes already glassing over, and its trembling lambs sniffing unceasingly round it. But Job had taken no notice of that pitiful sight. He only saw Turk with all the smartness gone out of him—Turk cringing and struggling. Swift as a dart, he was at the shepherd's side, and he dealt the upraised arm a blow with all the force of his puny power; then, regardless of anything but Turk's dishonour, he flung himself down on his knees in an agony of tears, and caught the dog in his arms.

For a moment the shepherd was dumb-founded; then he threw down his stick, loosed his hold on the dog's collar, and, dragging the boy to his feet, he forced him away to the side of the dying sheep. The anger died out of Job's face, giving place to sudden wonder. His eyes went from the shepherd to the sheep, and back again, and the tears were still on his cheeks. Then he looked at Turk; but Turk could not bear the questioning gaze. He went whimpering and limping away, and lay down on the bank amongst Job's primroses, and when the lad was released and came eagerly towards him he crept through a hole in the hedge into a field beyond, and went home by himself.

Then Job could connect the dying sheep with Turk; but, while the sheep called for his pity for the moment only, Turk's disgrace preyed heavily on his mind. He tried by all sorts of fond ways to express his sympathy, but Turk was for many a long day depressed and sedate. Every morning he followed the shepherd with his nose strictly to heel; and though he responded to Job's anxious fondness, he seemed conscious of the powerlessness of resistance. He knew that the terrible craving for choking wool and warm, quick blood had been born in him, and would always be with him; it was only the force of a stronger power than his own that kept him within bounds of all.

Then there came a day when Job met with an accident, and could not go to the sheepfold at all. Gran' had upset a saucepanful of scalding water on to Job's foot, for somehow he had not been quick enough to get out of her way when she had turned suddenly from the fire with it in her hand. The pain was very bad, but Job made no fuss. He suffered the removal of his boot and sock and the dressing of the foot in patient endurance, only gasping a little when Gran's clumsy old fingers bungled at their work. Somehow, Gran' liked the boy now better than she had ever thought possible. She even troubled to look out some old illustrated papers for his amusement, and made him tempting little puddings for his meals. But the time was inexpressibly dreary for Job. He longed with an intense desire for the freedom of the fields, and the smell of the fresh air once more. He knew that Gran' intended to be kind to him, and he was not ungrateful; but he kept his wistful eyes fixed on the door, where the sunshine played on the red flags, and longed for the coming of the shepherd and the dog.

Then, one afternoon, Turk came home alone. He crept into the kitchen upon his stomach, and cringed at Job's feet. There was blood on his clotted hair; he winced painfully at the gentlest touch. Job remembered the dying sheep, and shuddered suddenly. He caught the dog's head between his hands, and gazed deep down into his eyes. They gazed back at him with the great longing of unvoiced agony. It was hard that there should be no other communication between these two save the dumb language of the eyes!

Towards evening the shepherd came in, and sat gloomily by the fireside. Job watched his face intently. He saw Gran' turn with a strange expression, and look long at Turk. Turk was simulating sleep, but the white of an ever-watchful eye gleamed under his shaggy brow. Presently the shepherd rose suddenly and opened the kitchen door. Then he called to Turk, and Turk went to him humbly, and suffered him to pass the end of a rope through his collar. In the doorway lounged the figure of a man in the dress of a game-keeper. Beneath his arm the shining muzzle of a gun pointed towards the floor. The two men and the dog went out together—Turk, for the first time in his life, in leash.

Job sat by the fireside, his heart thumping painfully, his poor, silent lips fluttering uselessly. Gran' had gone into the back kitchen, and had closed the door. Job could bear it no longer. He set his injured foot upon the floor and felt no pain. Then he stumbled forward, and out into the garden. Against the mild

spring sky the tracery of the budding trees passed to and fro. The dark shadows of the men stood out clearly from the grey light behind them. The shepherd was bending down and fumbling with the rope that was tied to Turk's collar, and a few paces away stood the other man. Job's eyes were staring wildly before him, but he had come softly, and the men were so occupied that they had not observed him. The shepherd had done his work now, and stepped aside. Turk stood alone with his great head raised majestically, and waited. The strange man raised his arms slowly, and Turk still stood motionless, watching him.

Job's heart seemed in his throat, throbbing cruelly. He clutched wildly at the neck-band of his shirt, then threw out his arms towards the keeper. Suddenly an inarticulate sound escaped him. Oh, for a great Something—that God he had once dimly realised—to help him in his need! The terrible strain snapped, and a cry broke out into the silence—thick for a moment; then bursting forth shrill and clear:

"No—no!"

But with that strenuous effort Job's strength failed him. He sank on to his knees, falling against the cottage wall. Turk pulled at his collar, straining to get to him; but nobody noticed the dog. The shepherd ran forward with a glad exclamation.

"The lad's found voice again!" he cried. "He spoke it quite plain!"

* * * * *

Long after the shepherd had carried the lad indoors Turk stood patiently waiting. The strange man with the gun had gone hastily off for the doctor, for Job lay in the kitchen with his eyes closed, and they could not rouse him. The twilight deepened to night. The doctor came, and went; and the cottage door, standing open, let forth a long band of ruddy light along the ground. Every now and then a shadow fell athwart the light, and Turk trembled with suppressed eagerness. But no one came to untie the hateful cord, and at last he sat down on his haunches, and lifting up his nose to the sky, gave vent to a long and lonely howl. The shadow came across the light again and blocked it almost out as the shepherd crossed the threshold, and Turk began whining and jumping wildly about.

"Be still—down wi' 'ee!" commanded the shepherd roughly. He took out his clasp-knife and cut through the rope. "There," he said, giving the dog a not unkindly kick with his foot; "you're a sad rascal, but I 'spose I shall hev to spare you, since the lad is so set on it!"

Homeless and Friendless in London.

By GREGORY BLYTH.

"Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole cityful,
Home she had none."

IT is a tall narrow-built house in Euston Road, differing but little from hundreds of others in that dismal thoroughfare. A flagged pathway leads from the gate to the front door, and along that pathway thousands of weary feet have passed, bearing heavy burdens of sorrow and despair. The house, according to its official title, is a branch of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, but the somewhat stilted title conveys little idea of the human pathos and human romance that may be found in the history of its working during the last fifty years. The object of the Institution is to rescue those girls and young women who have departed from the straight and narrow path, and to stretch out a hand to save those who may find themselves stranded amid the manifold perils of the great metropolis.

Year by year thousands of girls come to London, drawn by the glitter of the city as a moth is drawn to the flame of the candle. They are tired of their humdrum life in factory or workshop, or they long for something to break the monotony of household service, and hastily they take train for the great city in the hope that once within its gates they will find fortune and ease awaiting them. It is among these misguided young women that the Friendless Society, as we may term it, finds its greatest activity.

In some cases which have come within its ken, disillusionment has followed within an hour after the wanderer has left the train which has carried her to London. Not long ago a Lancashire girl, without saying a word to parents or friends, took train and arrived at Euston at a late hour on Christmas Eve. She had no definite plan of action; she knew no one among London's seven millions, and in perplexity akin to despair she wandered up and down Euston Road with her bundle, until she attracted the attention of a shop-keeper, who in turn directed a policeman to her case. The kindly inquiries of the constable elicited a portion of her story, and he persuaded her to go to the Friendless Home, where she was taken care of until her parents could be communicated with, and she could be taken back to her home.

This is only one case in 50,000 or so which have come to the knowledge of Mr. W. J. Taylor, the Secretary of the Institution, during his forty years' service, and the policeman is only one among a thousand or more who are day by day bringing "material" in the shape of friendless girls, to be cared for and protected.

Girls in distress are handed over by kind-hearted magistrates, who recognise that the penal code will only confirm them in the crooked path. The London City Mission, the Young Women's Christian Association, the numerous philanthropes for foreigners in London, the police force, and a large number of cabmen, have all given their aid in saving friendless girls from certain distress and possibly worse consequences. It is not an unusual thing for a policeman to notice a girl wandering disconsolately about the streets at night, and having by careful inquiries extracted her somewhat unwilling story, to send her to this Society. In one instance a constable took a girl to the end of his beat and handed her over to another constable. In this manner she was passed from beat to beat until the officer on duty immediately outside the Open-All-Night Refuge in Manchester Street, associated with the Society, passed her within its portals. Cabmen have been known to drive friendless girls to the Home during the small hours of the night, and to wait until they were assured that every care would be taken of their charges.

Mr. Taylor has had a vast experience in such cases, and while they have made him more and more a man of the world, so far as testing the tales that are told, they have not in the least blunted his sympathies or chilled his enthusiasm for work in the cause of the Master. Very often, he says, the girl who comes before him is unwilling to tell the whole of her story, and it requires some dexterity before he can persuade her fully that she has his sympathy, and that he is willing to help her to the utmost of his power. The secret of his success he does not know, but it is a singular fact that he has often succeeded where experienced Christian workers of the other sex have failed. Some girls will come before him and tell lies like Munchausen, and considerable skill in cross-examination is necessary before he can get

at the truth, and convince them that a clean record is best in their own interests. "We want to help you," is the keynote of all that he has to say to them, and it is significant of the success of his methods and of the confidence which he has been able to instil into his charges, that out of 50,000 cases which have passed through his hands in only one instance was it necessary to refer the matter to the police.

It should be mentioned that in every case Mr. Taylor arranges that the matron of the Central Branch shall see the girl in the first place, as he recognises that the latter is more likely to feel confidence and courage in the presence of one of her own sex.

Most of the girls who come to the Institution are "caught young," yet, as he will tell you, age is very little criterion of moral worth. He instances the case of a little girl, crafty, untruthful, and sinful, who had been abandoned by her relatives and friends as absolutely incorrigible. Nothing whatever could be done to convince her of the error of her ways. Everyone's hand was against her and her hand was against everyone, but after a week or two in the Institution there came a glimpse of better things, and the little Ishmaelite was put on her mettle and told that further help would be given to her if she would only try to help herself.

"The matter lies in your hands entirely," said Mr. Taylor. "We have done all we can for you, and whatever your future life may be that depends on your decision at this moment." When last heard of, the girl, by her exemplary conduct, was showing that the kindness and confidence had not been misplaced.

In another case a little girl who had stolen a few shillings was found wandering on the streets at midnight by an outcast woman who, remembering her own sad life, resolved to save the little one if possible. She took the child to the police station, and handed her over to the officer in charge, and then departed. The little one was taken to the Open-All-Night Refuge in Manchester Street, and in the morning it was ascertained she had run away from her home in a provincial town, and in a few days had found herself penniless and friendless on the streets of London. Her mother, a struggling woman in poor circumstances, was anxious to have her back home again; but the child obstinately, through shame, refused to go, and for many weeks she remained in the charge of the matron. At last, however, it was arranged that the mother should come down by

excursion train and see what personal persuasion could do with her child. A short interview was sufficient to establish peace between the two, a few happy hours were spent on the sights of London, and at a late hour at night they were sitting in the train homeward bound for the North.

But the woman who had taken the little one to the police station was nowhere to be found. That there was a spark of goodness in her nature is evident from her action, and although every effort was made to discover her with a view to reclamation she has never been seen again to this day.

The Institution has no fewer than six homes. The Home in Euston Road—No. 200—is intended for young women who are not far gone in evil ways, and do not require lengthened training; the Home in Eden Grove, Holloway Road, is for a more abandoned class; and work there is supplemented by that at Milton House, Fernshaw Road, S.W. At the Holt Yates Memorial Home, Parson's Green, young women who require lengthened training are cared for, but the Jubilee Training Home, a few doors away, is intended for respectable friendless girls, who are instructed in domestic service, while the Open-All-Night Refuge in Manchester Street is an institution sufficiently explained by its name.

At the Jubilee Training Home fifty girls receive a thorough education in domestic duties, and it is a significant fact, showing the excellence of the work accomplished, that nearly a thousand letters are received every year in which the writers ask to be provided with domestic servants. It is sometimes urged that some other sphere of usefulness might be chosen, but considering the places whence the girls are taken, and the evil nature of their early surroundings, it is considered that domestic service is far preferable to allowing them to go out as milliners or dressmakers. As a servant in a respectable family the girl is always assured of a home, of regular and sufficient meals, and of warmth, light, and clothing. Then she is free from the disadvantages that the milliner and dressmaker inevitably suffers during slackness of trade. There is much to be said for this point of view, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the success of the thousand and one girls who have gone out from the Institution must be taken as a guarantee that its methods are the best.

For half a century the public has generously

supported the Institution, not over-bountifully, it is true, but with sufficient funds to enable it to carry on its work to an ever-increasing extent, and without running into debt. But the Jubilee celebrated last year has suggested that a special effort should be made to increase its influence, and a scheme of celebration has been planned out to include (a) the founding of an entirely new Open-All-Night Refuge, (b), the reconstruction

of the premises for the industrial training of the inmates at the Rescue Home in Fernshaw Road, and (c) the enlargement of the laundry at the Jubilee Training Home. So generous has been the response to the appeal for help, that only a few hundred pounds now remain to be raised, and we feel sure that QUIVER readers who may be inclined to help could find no more deserving charity to which to send their money.



Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MARCH 1st. JESUS FEEDS THE FIVE THOUSAND.

John vi. 1-21.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The curious multitude, (2) The Saviour's thoughtfulness and compassion, (3) The Lord's miracle and its effect on the people, (4) The disciples' trouble, and how it was dispelled.

THAT the Lord Jesus Christ felt for the needs and the suffering of the people with whom He daily came into contact was demonstrated on many occasions, and the one under review gives us a case in point. That example is being followed to-day by many men and organisations. To reach the people you must prove that you care for them, that you are interested in their welfare, and that you sincerely desire their good. Christ was always teaching spiritual lessons, but He not infrequently got the ear of the multitude by some act of kindness or of mercy.

Proving his Interest.

It is said that when the Rev. F. B. Meyer held the first meeting for working men in Christ Church, Westminster, he said, "Men, we won't call one another brethren, but we will call each other brother." The next day as Mr. Meyer was walking along the street a scavenger shouted to him, "Good morning, Brother Meyer." He replied, "Good morning, my brother." Then the scavenger got down from his cart, and going over to the preacher respectfully saluted him. But when Mr. Meyer attempted to take his hand, the man drew back saying, "Excuse me, my hand is not fit for the likes of you to take." But the minister replied, "There is plenty of soap and water at Christ Church. Give me your hand." Later in the day, the scavenger, meeting four of his comrades, said, holding up his right hand, "Say, fellows, the new parson over at Christ Church has shaken hands with that

hand." "Well," they said, "if he's done that, he'll do." Mr. Meyer's subsequent success among the men who attended his meeting amply justified the prophecy, and proved that he knew how to reach the hearts of his brother men.

The Benefit of Trials.

Trial and temptation have their place in the making of character. No man was ever worth much who did not pass through some severe ordeals. The human frame, if it is to acquire strength, must not be wrapped for years in swaddling clothes, but trained to run in the race and wrestle in the strife. The good soldier is not made in time of peace. The disciples of Christ had to be tested and tried. They were afraid when the storm burst upon them and when the waves tossed their little boat about, but the outburst of wind afforded the occasion for another demonstration of the Saviour's power, and showed to the wondering disciples that their Master had come over the forces of nature.

"Tempering" the Iron.

A blacksmith who had given his heart to God was asked one day by an unbeliever why it was that he had so much trouble. He thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over," added the inquirer. "Do you see that piece of iron?" the blacksmith asked. "It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking 'temper,' I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I have several that were too brittle. So I threw them on the scrap pile. They are practically useless, but this carriage spring is very valuable. The blacksmith paused for a minute, and then

continued: "God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God's smile means heaven. But He wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron, and He has put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trials."

MARCH 8th. JESUS, THE BREAD OF LIFE.

John vi. 22—51.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) How the bread came from heaven. (2) The promise of everlasting life. (3) The unbelieving people.

CHRIST found difficulty in getting His audience to understand what He meant by the Bread of Life. The very same difficulty exists to-day. What we have to do is to take God at His word. A gentleman in an inquiry room rose from the side of a man to whom he had been speaking for a long time, and begged someone of more experience to take his place, saying that he could not get the inquirer to see salvation. An aged man took his place beside the anxious inquirer, and quoted to him the promise of the Saviour, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I wish to see it for myself," said the man. His aged guide was taking out his spectacles to read the words, but this would not do. "Give me the book, that I may read it for myself." With his finger fixed on the words, he read them over and over again. "God, I take Thee at Thy word," he cried at last. Before they parted his friend asked, "How is it now?" "My burden is gone," he replied. He had taken God at His word, and God did the rest.

The Life Beyond.

When Christ spoke of the resurrection there were many doubters. There are still many who doubt the fact. A workman of Faraday, the celebrated chemist, one day by accident knocked a beautiful silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and it seemed utterly lost. "Can it ever be found again?" asked those who stood by. Some said that it could, others declared that it could not. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and in a little while every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom. He took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before. If Faraday could so easily precipitate the silver, and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had once formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decayed bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!

MARCH 15th. JESUS HEALS A BLIND MAN.

John ix.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The loving Saviour. (2) The angry Pharisees. (3) The man's testimony.

CHRIST cured the blind man, but God does not always restore the infirmities of the flesh nor give light to the darkened eye; but through the afflictions which He permits to remain He makes us stronger and better able to fight life's battles. The headmaster of an important school was lame, and one day a friend said to him, "What a pity that you are thus handicapped." "Do not say 'What a pity,' but 'What a blessing,'" he answered. "When I was ten years old I slipped on the floor, and strained the ligaments of the hip. I was shut in for more than a year. One day, when I was able to hobble around on a crutch, I heard my father say, 'As James can do nothing on the farm, he may as well go to school.' 'No,' sighed mother, 'James will never be strong enough to earn his living like the other boys.' So I went to school and afterwards to college. My brothers are still on the farm, barely making a livelihood. The last time I went home my dear old mother said, 'You will never know how I prayed that you might be strong and straight like other boys; but, you see, the Lord knows best. You are doing a great work. Your brothers are all so proud of you.'"

A Bold Testimony.

The man in the lesson who was healed was not afraid to let the world know of what had happened to him, and he boldly testified that it was Christ who had worked the miracle. He had an experience to relate, and he related it with joy and boldness. A testimony always helps someone else. "I thank God He raised me from a lower depth than the gutter," said a man at a mission meeting—a man who had held a prominent position and lost it through sin. "God came to me and showed me that He was a real God and my personal Saviour. My atheism and the blackness of my sins were swept away. No part of my thought or being is the same as it was before. I am a changed and entirely new man. No tongue can ever describe the marvellous love of God as I feel it in my heart to-night. Jesus has done a wonderful work in me. I am a miracle of God's grace."

MARCH 22nd. REVIEW.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The great love of Jesus Christ. (2) Have faith in God.

THROUGHOUT the quarter's lessons the wonderful love of Jesus Christ has shone like a great beacon. He was ever going about doing good, and to follow in His footsteps is the privilege of every believer.

The following incident affords an illustration of how this may be done. A great Bible

teacher, now dead, used to relate that one Sunday morning a minister said to him, "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we get home I will tell you their story." When they reached home, the minister again remarked that all the family had been won by a smile. "As I was walking down a street one day," he said, "I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled and we bowed. So it was the second time. It was not long before there was another child, the group grew, and at last a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday; they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. To make a long story short, the father and mother and five children were converted."

MARCH 29th. THE FOLLY OF INTemperance.

Proverbs xxiii. 29—35.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The physical marks of drunkenness. (2) The wise man's warning. (3) The sting of death.

A Good Use for his Head.

No one can drink alcoholic liquor in any quantity or for any time without suffering both physically and mentally. Frances E. Willard said on one occasion, "I once asked Edison if he were a total abstainer, and when he told me that he only tasted liquor on rare occasions I said, 'May I inquire whether it was home influence that made you so?' He replied, 'No, I think it was because I always felt that I had a better use for my head.'" If that head had been muddled with drink, instead of being electric with original ideas, what a loss it would have been to the world!



The League of Loving Hearts.

ABOUT this time of the year many of us are overwhelmed with the large number of appeals which reach us from various Societies. How gladly would we contribute to them all if only we could afford it! Realising that this is the case with many people, I have founded the League of Loving Hearts in order that anyone may contribute to ten splendid philanthropies with the least possible trouble. Any sum which you may like to send me for the League of Loving Hearts will be distributed between the Societies whose names are mentioned below.

I am glad to say that I have had in several instances sums of money sent from long distances by people who would otherwise find it difficult to contribute to Societies whose addresses they do not always know. By joining the League of Loving Hearts, which

you can do by sending a postal order for one shilling and filling up the coupon which you will find among the advertisement pages at the end of this magazine, you will be able to contribute to each of the ten Societies which we are helping. The money I receive is divided equally among them, and many have written to express approval of this method of helping. Of course, if you can send more than one shilling I am still more pleased, as every gift is of great value.

We have now more than 2,700 members, including the original members who helped us so splendidly in "The Quiver" Bazaar last year. Please do not delay, but cut out the coupon to-day and fill it in with your name and address and send it to the Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, E.C., with a postal order.

SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
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WHY DON'T YOU MOTOR?

I MAKE my bow to the readers of THE QUIVER full of hope and good resolutions to interest and help them in all Motormatters. Firstly, my intention is to make these Motor notes as practical as possible—giving accounts of and discussions on subjects likely to be of real use to my readers, in place of the usual more or less airy Motor "chat." Secondly, I should like to intimate that my advice on any matter pertaining to Motors and Motoring is always at any of my readers' disposal.

There are still some people who insist on looking on motoring as a sport—and an expensive and selfish one—or who regard it as a dangerous fad for speed enthusiasts. All motorists know well enough how incorrect such an idea is, yet in a certain minority of people those feelings still prevail. The motor-car is no longer only a vehicle of

sport, fad, and pleasure, and the one reason that it is regarded as such is because the industry has shown such extraordinarily rapid growth.

SIMPLE, SILENT, RELIABLE MOTOR-CARS.

Ten years ago motoring was in its infancy—it was an innovation, an entirely new method of locomotion. Its great imperfections roused widespread antipathy, but from an uncertain and somewhat dangerous pastime it has, in this last decade, reached a state almost of perfection in strength, simplicity, silence, and reliability. To-day it stands for the simplest, quickest, and easiest mode of getting from place to place.

Commerce has reached forth her homy hand, and folded the new-comer to her breast—our fire-engines and fire-boats are being



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Ober-Hofmarschall-Amt
Seiner Majestät
des Kaisers und Königs.

Berlin, the 20th December 1907.

The Count E u l e n b u r g has much pleasure in informing the Daimler Company, that His Majesty the Emperor has been very satisfied with the motor cars which the Company has sent to the Imperial Household during His stay in Highcliffe as well as in London.

The motor cars worked without a fault and the chauffeurs showed themselves to be very reliable and careful so that His Majesty has been highly satisfied.



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driven by petrol engines, and even the military authorities of Europe acknowledge that the motor-car has won its place in the most difficult of all fields of traction—that of war. If we study the “chauffeurless” low-powered car from an unprejudiced point of view these facts are apparent and undeniable.

Apart from being infinitely quicker in actual speed, the motor-car is a readier vehicle than any other. It is ready the *moment* it is required—not the hour, but the actual moment. In upkeep, no other conveyance is so handily stored, takes up so little room, or is half so clean. But most important of all considerations, a light-powered car driven by the owner may be kept and run more economically than almost any other private vehicle. I have merely recounted these facts for the benefit of those whose ideas on the subject are still those of five or ten years ago.

WHERE DOCTORS MAY SAVE TIME.

I have often felt surprise at the way medical men, clergymen, and politicians in country districts disregard the great advantages the motor-car can bring them. First, let us take the medical man's case. During the day he finds that, owing to the distances he has to cover, his time is too short. He jogs along in his carriage at his eight or ten miles an hour. There is no possible chance of accelerating his speed, so that not only is his round of visits a source of worry and bustle, but his sphere of action is very limited, and oftentimes, as a natural result, his work becomes considerably curtailed.

Now various motor manufacturers have built cars expressly for this description of work, most moderate in price, with handsome bodies and strong reliable chassis, varying from eight to fourteen h.p.; their speeds, roughly, are from twenty to thirty miles an hour, and whilst the initial cost is exceedingly moderate, they embody only thoroughly dependable material. Thirty miles as against eight! Why, each day would count as two, so far as the amount of time saved for work is considered. This one advantage is sufficient to show how superior the car is above all forms of horse traction.

NIGHT CALLS AT EXPRESS SPEED.

A medical friend of mine, who has driven a car for some months now, says: “Every day I gain more pleasure from my car, and greater time for my work. As you told

me before I ventured on buying it, the time saved is enormous. But I find that on top of that my health is really benefited by driving. I look forward every day to the brisk runs. At first I was rather afraid that the delightful exhilaration would have rather a bad result on my nerves, but the opposite is the case. I regard it as a tonic, and I am sure I sleep sounder than ever before. Last week I had two urgent night calls, and instead of having to wait whilst the cob was being harnessed, and then jolting along at a ten-mile pace, I simply jumped into the car and (I timed the last call) did an eight-mile run in nineteen minutes. Since I bought the car my only expense, outside petrol and oil, has been a few shillings for a couple of sparking plugs.”

This is a typical case. My friend drives his car himself, and gains pleasure in so doing. For a very small sum it is thoroughly cleaned at the local garage, for nowadays every village has a more or less complete “Motor Shop.” He has no groom to pay; and he is free from the worry of detail always associated with keeping a horse. He has improved both his practice and his health, and reduced his expenses at the same time.

CLERGY ON THEIR PARISH ROUNDS.

Clergymen in country districts derive the same benefits from the automobile. Where their parishioners are widely scattered, they find it almost impossible to keep in close touch with all their people, and the trouble is intensified when sick calls come from any distance. The cheapness and reliability of the modern car specially built for this class of work offers, in my opinion, a final solution of many of the troubles from which country clergymen and doctors now suffer.

In precisely the same way the automobile comes to the rescue of the politician in the country. During elections and bye-elections the candidate's life consists in trying to speak at three meetings at the same time, of rushing from one end of his constituency to the other, and giving a few personal words to as many of his constituents as he possibly can. It is not a great exaggeration to say that fortune favours the man with the motor-car.

Here he is addressing a meeting; immediately he has finished speaking he has to rush off to another village or to the other end of the town. What in this instance

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can be better than the automobile? Three seconds after he has finished speaking, he is whirring smoothly and swiftly to his next fighting point, calm in the knowledge that he is losing not one moment of his precious time. And in addition his tired body and brain are recuperating and being refreshed by the pleasure and exhilaration of the drive.

EVILS OF THE COUNTRY GARAGE.

mentioned country garages a few lines back, and an experience I had of late with

Soon afterwards we reached a village where I noticed the sign "Garage" hung outside an unpretentious house. I left my friends at the hotel and drove down to the garage, leaving the car there for them to put the wheel up for me. Four men and a boy at the garage expressed their willingness and complete confidence in their ability to put matters right, and I returned to the hotel, with a light heart, for luncheon.

About an hour after I returned to the garage to take the car away, and found my worthy quintet holding solemn con-



8-11 H. P. PEUGEOT, ENGLISH VICTORIA BODY. PRICE £250.

one of them prompts me to extend a timely warning to those who use their cars for touring purposes. I was travelling through Devon with a party of friends, and having no room for a chauffeur I drove myself. I must admit that I was not very well acquainted with this particular make of car, but with the exception of one or two slight engine troubles (probably due to my ignorance) we ran along quite well. Our troubles began, however, when one of our front tyres burst. Luckily we had a Stepney spare wheel, and I fixed this on safely enough.

over the wheel. I promptly investigated matters, and found to my extreme disgust that they had pinched a new inner tube. In attempting to get the new cover on, and had apparently in despair cut the burst tyre off.

I remonstrated in the most emphatic language at my disposal, and was met with the casually drawled remark that, "Them there things got in the way"—"them there things" being the security bolts. To complete the whole affair, after these intelligent motor men had damaged the tube and cut

the cover to ribbons, I was called upon to pay the bill for the work they had done for me. I may, perhaps, have been exceptionally unlucky in my experience, but I offer it as a warning to my readers to be careful in out-of-the-way villages. If I had not happened to have that spare cover our plight would have become serious.

DO YOUR OWN REPAIRS.

In these days of nearly perfect motor-cars, mechanical troubles have been reduced to a minimum, but as even on the best of roads motorists are frequently held up on account of annoying tyre troubles, it is a pleasure to learn of a quick and satisfactory

method of overcoming them. By the use of a portable vulcaniser which is carried on the car in a small case, motorists are enabled quickly and thoroughly to repair the damage to the tyre, without being dependent on the services of a repair shop, which may be many miles from the scene of the breakdown. The H. F. Vulcaniser is just what is needed, being so simple that even a novice can easily repair the tyre damage, while it is so complete as to be equal to the resources of a tyre factory. The makers, Messrs. Harvey, Frost and Co., Ltd., are fully justified in saying that the use of this handy apparatus will save fifty per cent. of the tyre upkeep.



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"The Quiver" Funds.

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including January 31st, 1908. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: M. A. L. (Hounslow), 10s.; Kirkcaldy, £1; A Friend (Stirling), 1s.; E. T. (Bramley), 5s.; I. Uffold, 15s.—Total: £2 11s.

Sent direct to *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: "K.", £10; "W. P.", 5s.; "J. B.", 10s.; G. M. B., six pairs of socks.

For "*The Quiver*" *Waits' Fund*: Miss Stewart (Pitlochrie), £5; Miss Warren, 1s.; M. Stroud, 1s.—Total: £5 2s.

For *The Church Army*: "Well Wisher", 2s. 6d.

For *The Missions to Seamen*: I. Uffold, 5s.; A. C. K. (Lewisham), 2s. 6d.—Total: 7s. 6d.

For *The Mission to Lepers*: "A Reader of THE QUIVER" (Jersey), 2s. 6d.

For *The London City Mission*: "Y.", 5s.

For *The Home for Incurables, Streatham*: Mrs. Mann (Barbados), 1s. 2½d.

For *Sir William Treloar's Cripple Fund*: I. Uffold, 10s.

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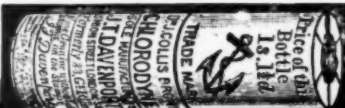
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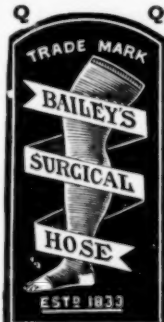


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